LIFE

OF

GEORGE ELIOT

"OUR FINEST HOPE IS FINEST MEMORY"

GEORGE ELIOT - 1864.

Drawn by Mr Frederic Burton.

Etched by Mr Paul Rajon.

GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE

AS

RELATED IN HER LETTERS AND JOURNALS

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY HER HUSBAND

J. W. CROSS

NEW EDITION

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
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PREFACE.

With the materials in my hands I have endeavoured to form an *autobiography* (if the term may be permitted) of George Eliot. The life has been allowed to write itself in extracts from her letters and journals. Free from the obtrusion of any mind but her own, this method serves, I think, better than any other open to me, to show the development of her intellect and character.

In dealing with the correspondence, I have been influenced by the desire to make known the woman, as well as the author, through the presentation of her daily life.

On the intellectual side there remains little to be learnt by those who already know George Eliot's books. In the twenty volumes which she wrote and published in her lifetime, will be found her best and ripest thoughts. The letters now published throw light on another side of her nature—not less important, but hitherto unknown to the public—the side of the affections.

The intimate life was the core of the root from which sprung the fairest flowers of her inspiration. Fame came to her late in life, and, when it presented itself, was so weighted with the sense of responsibility, that it was in truth a rose with many thorns, for George Eliot had the temperament that shrinks from the position of a public character. The belief in the wide, and I may add in the beneficent, effect of her writing, was no doubt the highest happiness, the reward of the artist which she greatly cherished:

but the joys of the hearth-side, the delight in the love of her friends, were the supreme pleasures in her life.

By arranging all the letters and journals so as to form one connected whole, keeping the order of their dates, and with the least possible interruption of comment, I have endeavoured to combine a narrative of day-to-day life with the play of light and shade, which only letters, written in various moods, can give, and without which no portrait can be a good likeness. I do not know that the particular method in which I have treated the letters has ever been adopted before. Each letter has been pruned of everything that seemed to me irrelevant to my purpose — of everything that I thought my wife would have wished to be omitted. Every sentence that remains, adds, in my judgment, something (however small it may be) to the means of forming a conclusion about her character.

Excepting a slight introductory sketch of the girlhood, up to the time when letters became available, and a few words here and there to elucidate the correspondence, I have confined myself to the work of selection and arrangement.

I have refrained almost entirely from quoting remembered sayings by George Eliot, because it is difficult to be certain of complete accuracy, and everything depends upon accuracy. Recollections of conversation are seldom to be implicitly trusted in the absence of notes made at the time. The value of spoken words depends, too, so much upon the *tone*, and on the circumstances which gave rise to their utterance, that they often mislead as much as they enlighten, when, in the process of repetition, they have taken colour from another mind. "All interpretations depend upon the interpreter," and I have judged it best to let George Eliot be her own interpreter, as far as possible.

I owe thanks to Mr Isaac Evans, the brother of my wife, for much of the information in regard to her child-life; and the whole book is a long record of debts due to other friends for letters. It is not therefore necessary for me to recapitulate the list of names in this place. My thanks to all are heartfelt. But there is a very special acknowledgment due to Miss Sara Hennell, to Mrs Bray, to the late Mr Charles Bray, and to Mrs John Cash of Coventry,

not only for the letters which they placed at my disposal, but also for much information given to me in the most friendly spirit. The very important part of the life from 1842 to 1854 could not possibly have been written without their contribution.

To Mr Charles Lewes, also, I am indebted for permission to make use of some valuable letters written by his father, besides the letters addressed to himself. He also obtained for me an important letter written by George Eliot to Mr R. H. Hutton; and throughout the preparation of the book I have had the advantage of his sympathetic interest, and his concurrence in the publication of all the materials.

Special thanks are likewise due to Messrs Wm. Blackwood & Sons for having placed at my disposal George Eliot's long correspondence with the firm. The letters (especially those addressed to her friend the late Mr John Blackwood) throw a light, that could not otherwise have been obtained, on the most interesting part of her literary career.

To the legal representatives of the late Charles Dickens, of the late Lord Lytton, and of Mrs Carlyle; to Mr J. A. Froude, and to the Rev. Archer Gurney,—I owe thanks for leave to print letters written by them.

For all the defects that there may be in the plan of the book, I alone am responsible. The lines were determined, and the work was substantially put into shape, before I submitted the manuscript to any one. Whilst passing the winter in the south of France, I had the good fortune at Cannes to find in Lord Acton a friend always most kindly ready to assist me with valuable counsel and with cordial generous sympathy. He was the first reader of the manuscript, and whatever accuracy may have been arrived at in the names of foreign books, foreign persons, and foreign places, is in great part due to his friendly, careful help.

As regards the illustrations, I owe thanks to Sir Frederic Burton for permitting me to reproduce as a frontispiece M. Rajon's etching of the beautiful drawing, executed in 1864, now in the National Portrait Gallery, South Kensington.

The view of the old house at Rosehill is from a drawing by

Miss Sara Hennell. It is connected with some of George Eliot's happiest experiences, and with the period of her most rapid intellectual development.

For permission to use the sketch of the drawing-room at The Priory, I am indebted to Messrs Harpers of New York.

In conclusion, it is in no conventional spirit, but from my heart, that I bespeak the indulgence of readers for my share of this work. Of its shortcomings no one can be so convinced as I am myself.

J. W. C.

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GEORGE ELIOT'S LIFE.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH OF CHILDHOOD.

"*Nov.* 22, 1819.—Mary Ann Evans was born at Arbury Farm,[1] at five o'clock this morning."

This is an entry in Mr Robert Evans's handwriting on the page of an old diary that now lies before me, and records, with characteristic precision, the birth of his youngest child, afterwards known to the world as George Eliot. Let us pause for a moment to pay its due homage to the precision, because it was in all probability to this most noteworthy quality of her father's nature that the future author was indebted for one of the principal elements of her own after success—the enormous faculty for taking pains. The baby was born on St Cecilia's day, and Mr Evans, being a good Churchman, takes her, on the 29th November, to be baptised in the church at Chilvers Coton—the parish in which Arbury Farm lies—a church destined to impress itself strongly on the child's imagination, and to be known by many people in many lands afterwards as Shepperton Church. The father was a remarkable man, and many of the leading traits in his character are to be found in Adam Bede and in Caleb Garth—although, of course, neither of these is a portrait. He was born in 1773, at Roston Common, in the parish of Norbury, in the county of Derby, son of a George Evans, who carried on the business of builder and carpenter there: the Evans family having come originally from Northop, in Flintshire. Robert was brought up to the business, and after a time changed his residence to Ellastone, in Staffordshire. About

[1] The farm is also known as the South Farm, Arbury.

1799, or a little before, he held a farm of Mr Francis Newdigate at Kirk Hallam, in Derbyshire, and became his agent. On Sir Roger Newdigate's death, the Arbury estate came to Mr Francis Newdigate for his life, and Mr Evans accompanied him into Warwickshire in 1806 in the capacity of agent. In 1801 he had married Harriott Poynton, by whom he had two children—Robert, born 1802, at Ellastone, and Frances Lucy, born 1805, at Kirk Hallam. His first wife died in 1809; and on 8th February 1813 he married Christiana Pearson, by whom he had three children—Christiana, born 1814; Isaac, born 1816; and Mary Ann, born 1819. Shortly after the last child's birth, Robert, the son, became the agent, under his father, for the Kirk Hallam property, and lived there with his sister Frances, who afterwards married a Mr Houghton. In March 1820, when the baby girl was only four months old, the Evans family removed to Griff, a charming red-brick, ivy-covered house on the Arbury estate—"the warm little nest where her affections were fledged"—and there George Eliot spent the first twenty-one years of her life.

Let us remember what the England was upon which this observant child opened her eyes.

The date of her birth was removed from the beginning of the French Revolution by just the same period of time as separates a child born this year, 1884, from the beginning of the Crimean War. To a man of forty-six to-day, the latter event seems but of yesterday. It took place at a very impressionable period of his life, and the remembrance of every detail is perfectly vivid. Mr Evans was forty-six when his youngest child was born. He was a youth of sixteen when the Revolution began, and that mighty event, with all its consequences, had left an indelible impression on him, and the convictions and conclusions it had fostered in his mind permeated through to his children, and entered as an indestructible element into the susceptible soul of his youngest daughter. There are bits in the paper "Looking Backward," in 'Theophrastus Such,' which are true autobiography.

"In my earliest remembrance of my father his hair was already grey, for I was his youngest child; and it seemed to me that advanced age was appropriate to a father, as indeed in all respects I considered him a parent so much to my honour, that the mention of my relationship to him was likely to secure me regard among those to whom I was otherwise a stranger—his stories from his life including so many names of distant persons, that my imagination placed no

limit to his acquaintanceship. . . . Nor can I be sorry, though myself given to meditative if not active innovation, that my father was a Tory who had not exactly a dislike to innovators and dissenters, but a slight opinion of them as persons of ill-founded self-confidence. . . . And I often smile at my consciousness that certain conservative prepossessions have mingled themselves for me with the influences of our midland scenery, from the tops of the elms down to the buttercups and the little wayside vetches. Naturally enough. That part of my father's prime to which he oftenest referred had fallen on the days when the great wave of political enthusiasm and belief in a speedy regeneration of all things had ebbed, and the supposed millennial initiative of France was turning into a Napoleonic empire. . . . To my father's mind the noisy teachers of revolutionary doctrine were, to speak mildly, a variable mixture of the fool and the scoundrel; the welfare of the nation lay in a strong Government which could maintain order; and I was accustomed to hear him utter the word 'Government' in a tone that charged it with awe, and made it part of my effective religion, in contrast with the word 'rebel,' which seemed to carry the stamp of evil in its syllables, and, lit by the fact that Satan was the first rebel, made an argument dispensing with more detailed inquiry."

This early association of ideas must always be borne in mind, as it is the key to a great deal in the mental attitude of the future thinker and writer. It is the foundation of the latent Conservative bias.

The year 1819 is memorable as a culminating period of bad times and political discontent in England. The nation was suffering acutely from the reaction after the excitement of the last Napoleonic war. George IV. did not come to the throne till January 1820, so that George Eliot was born in the reign of George III. The trial of Queen Caroline was the topic of absorbing public interest. Waterloo was not yet an affair of five years old. Byron had four years, and Goethe had thirteen years, still to live. The last of Miss Austen's novels had been published only eighteen months, and the first of the Waverley series only six years before. Thackeray and Dickens were boys at school, and George Sand, as a girl of fifteen, was leaving her loved freedom on the banks of the Indre for the Couvent des Anglaises at Paris. That "Greater Britain" (Canada and Australia), which to-day forms so large a reading public, was then scarcely more than a geographical expression, with less than

half a million of inhabitants, all told, where at present there are eight million; and in the United States, where more copies of George Eliot's books are now sold than in any other quarter of the world, the population then numbered less than ten million where to-day it is fifty-five million. Including Great Britain, these English-speaking races have increased from thirty million in 1820 to one hundred million in 1884; and with the corresponding increase in education we can form some conception how a popular English writer's fame has widened its circle.

There was a remoteness about a detached country house, in the England of those days, difficult for us to conceive now with our railways, penny post, and telegraphs; nor is the Warwickshire country about Griff an exhilarating surrounding. There are neither hills nor vales—no rivers, lakes, or sea—nothing but a monotonous succession of green fields and hedgerows, with some fine trees. The only water to be seen is the "brown canal." The effect of such a landscape on an ordinary observer is not inspiring, but "effective magic is transcendent nature;" and with her transcendent nature George Eliot has transfigured these scenes, dear to midland souls, into many an idyllic picture, known to those who know her books. In her childhood the great event of the day was the passing of the coach before the gate of Griff house, which lies at a bend of the highroad between Coventry and Nuneaton, and within a couple of miles of the mining village of Bedworth, where the land began "to be blackened with coal-pits, the rattle of handlooms to be heard in hamlets and villages. Here were powerful men walking queerly with knees bent outward from squatting in the mine, going home to throw themselves down in their blackened flannel and sleep through the daylight, then rise and spend much of their high wages at the ale-house with their fellows of the Benefit Club; here the pale eager faces of handloom-weavers, men and women, haggard from sitting up late at night to finish the week's work, hardly begun till the Wednesday. Everywhere the cottages and the small children were dirty, for the languid mothers gave their strength to the loom; pious Dissenting women, perhaps, who took life patiently, and thought that salvation depended chiefly on predestination, and not at all on cleanliness. The gables of Dissenting chapels now made a visible sign of religion, and of a meeting-place to counterbalance the ale-house, even in the hamlets. . . . Here was a population not convinced that old England was as good as possible;

GRIFF—FRONT VIEW.

here were multitudinous men and women aware that their religion was not exactly the religion of their rulers, who might therefore be better than they were, and who, if better, might alter many things which now made the world perhaps more painful than it need be, and certainly more sinful. Yet there were the grey steeples too, and the churchyards, with their grassy mounds and venerable headstones, sleeping in the sunlight; there were broad fields and homesteads, and fine old woods covering a rising ground, or stretching far by the roadside, allowing only peeps at the park and mansion which they shut in from the working-day world. In these midland districts the traveller passed rapidly from one phase of English life to another: after looking down on a village dingy with coal-dust, noisy with the shaking of looms, he might skirt a parish all of fields, high hedges, and deep-rutted lanes; after the coach had rattled over the pavement of a manufacturing town, the scene of riots and trades-union meetings, it would take him in another ten minutes into a rural region, where the neighbourhood of the town was only felt in the advantages of a near market for corn, cheese, and hay, and where men with a considerable banking account were accustomed to say that 'they never meddled with politics themselves.'"[1]

We can imagine the excitement of a little four-year-old girl and her seven-year-old brother waiting on bright frosty mornings to hear the far-off ringing beat of the horses' feet upon the hard ground, and then to see the gallant appearance of the four greys, with coachman and guard in scarlet, outside passengers muffled up in furs, and baskets of game and other packages hanging behind the boot, as his Majesty's mail swung cheerily round on its way from Birmingham to Stamford. Two coaches passed the door daily —one from Birmingham at 10 o'clock in the morning, the other from Stamford at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. These were the chief connecting links between the household at Griff and the outside world. Otherwise life went on with that monotonous regularity which distinguishes the country from the town. And it is to these circumstances of her early life that a great part of the quality of George Eliot's writing is due, and that she holds the place she has attained in English literature. Her roots were down in the pre-railroad, pre-telegraphic period—the days of fine old leisure—but the fruit was formed during an era of extraordinary activity in scientific and mechanical discovery. Her genius

[1] 'Felix Holt'—Introduction.

was the outcome of these conditions. It could not have existed in the same form deprived of either influence. Her father was busy both with his own farm work and increasing agency business. He was already remarked in Warwickshire for his knowledge and judgment in all matters relating to land, and for his general trustworthiness and high character, so that he was constantly selected as arbitrator and valuer. He had a wonderful eye, especially for valuing woods, and could calculate with almost absolute precision the quantity of available timber in a standing tree. In addition to his merits as a man of business, he had the good fortune to possess the warm friendship and consistent support of Colonel Newdigate of Astley Castle, son of Mr Francis Newdigate of Arbury, and it was mainly through the Colonel's introduction and influence that Mr Evans became agent also to Lord Aylesford, Lord Lifford, Mr Bromley Davenport, and several others.

His position cannot be better summed up than in the words of his daughter, writing to Mr Bray on 30th September 1859, in regard to some one who had written of her, after the appearance of 'Adam Bede,' as a "self-educated farmer's daughter."

"My father did not raise himself from being an artisan to be a farmer: he raised himself from being an artisan to be a man whose extensive knowledge in very varied practical departments made his services valued through several counties. He had large knowledge of building, of mines, of plantations, of various branches of valuation and measurement—of all that is essential to the management of large estates. He was held by those competent to judge as *unique* amongst land agents for his manifold knowledge and experience, which enabled him to save the special fees usually paid by landowners for special opinions on the different questions incident to the proprietorship of land. So far as I am personally concerned, I should not write a stroke to prevent any one, in the zeal of antithetic eloquence, from calling me a tinker's daughter: but if my father is to be mentioned at all, —if he is to be identified with an imaginary character,—my piety towards his memory calls on me to point out to those who are supposed to speak with information what he really achieved in life."

Mr Evans was also—like Adam Bede—noteworthy for his extraordinary physical strength and determination of character. There is a story told of him, that one day when he was travelling on the top of a coach, down in Kent, a decent

woman sitting next him complained that a great hulking sailor on her other side was making himself offensive. Mr Evans changed places with the woman, and taking the sailor by the collar, forced him down under the seat, and held him there with an iron hand for the remainder of the stage: and at Griff it is still remembered that the master happening to pass one day whilst a couple of labourers were waiting for a third to help to move the high heavy ladder used for thatching ricks, braced himself up to a great effort, and carried the ladder alone and unaided from one rick to the other, to the wide-eyed wonder and admiration of his men. With all this strength, however, both of body and of character, he seems to have combined a certain self-distrust, owing perhaps to his early imperfect education, which resulted in a general submissiveness in his domestic relations, more or less portrayed in the character of Mr Garth.

His second wife was a woman with an unusual amount of natural force—a shrewd practical person, with a considerable dash of the Mrs Poyser vein in her. Hers was an affectionate, warm-hearted nature, and her children, on whom she cast "the benediction of her gaze," were thoroughly attached to her. She came of a race of yeomen, and her social position was therefore rather better than her husband's at the time of their marriage. Her family are, no doubt, prototypes of the Dodsons in the 'Mill on the Floss.' There were three other sisters married and all living in the neighbourhood of Griff—Mrs Everard, Mrs Johnson, and Mrs Garner,—and probably Mr Evans heard a good deal about "the traditions in the Pearson family." Mrs Evans was a very active hard-working woman, but shortly after her last child's birth she became ailing in health, and consequently her eldest girl, Christiana, was sent to school at a very early age, to Miss Lathom's at Attleboro—a village a mile or two from Griff,—whilst the two younger children spent some part of their time every day at the cottage of a Mrs Moore, who kept a Dame's school close to Griff gates. The little girl very early became possessed with the idea that she was going to be a personage in the world; and Mr Charles Lewes has told me an anecdote which George Eliot related of herself as characteristic of this period of her childhood. When she was only four years old she recollected playing on the piano, of which she did not know one note, in order to impress the servant with a proper notion of her acquirements and generally distinguished position. This was the time when the love for her brother grew in to the child's affec-

tions. She used always to be at his heels, insisting on doing everything he did. She was not in these baby-days in the least precocious in learning. In fact, her half-sister, Mrs Houghton—who was some fourteen years her senior—told me that the child learned to read with some difficulty; but Mr Isaac Evans says that this was not from any slowness in apprehension, but because she liked playing so much better. Mere sharpness, however, was not a characteristic of her mind. Hers was a large, slow-growing nature; and I think it is at any rate certain that there was nothing of the infant phenomenon about her. In her moral development she showed, from the earliest years, the trait that was most marked in her all through life—namely, the absolute need of some one person who should be all in all to her, and to whom she should be all in all. Very jealous in her affections, and easily moved to smiles or tears, she was of a nature capable of the keenest enjoyment and the keenest suffering, knowing "all the wealth and all the woe" of a pre-eminently exclusive disposition. She was affectionate, proud, and sensitive in the highest degree.

The sort of happiness that belongs to this budding time of life—from the age of three to five—is apt to impress itself very strongly on the memory; and it is this period which is referred to in the Brother and Sister Sonnet, "But were another childhood's world my share, I would be born a little sister there." When her brother was eight years old, he was sent to school at Coventry, and, her mother continuing in very delicate health, the little Mary Ann, now five years of age, went to join her sister at Miss Lathom's school at Attleboro, where they continued as boarders for three or four years, coming occasionally home to Griff on Saturdays. During one of our walks at Witley, in 1880, my wife mentioned to me that what chiefly remained in her recollection about this very early school-life was the difficulty of getting near enough the fire in winter, to become thoroughly warmed, owing to the circle of girls forming round too narrow a fireplace. This suffering from cold was the beginning of a low general state of health: also at this time she began to be subject to fears at night—"the susceptibility to terror"—which she has described as haunting Gwendolen Harleth in her childhood. The other girls in the school, who were all naturally very much older, made a great pet of the child, and used to call her "little mamma," and she was not unhappy except at nights; but she told me that this liability to have "all her soul become a quivering fear," which remained with her

GRIFF; WITH THE FARM OFFICES.

afterwards, had been one of the supremely important influences dominating at times her future life. Mr Isaac Evans's chief recollection of this period is the delight of the little sister at his home-coming for holidays, and her anxiety to know all that he had been doing and learning. The eldest child, who went by the name of Chrissey, was the chief favourite of the aunts, as she was always neat and tidy, and used to spend a great deal of her time with them, whilst the other two were inseparable playfellows at home. The boy was his mother's pet and the girl her father's. They had everything to make children happy at Griff,—a delightful old-fashioned garden—a pond, and the canal to fish in—and the farm offices, close to the house—"the long cow-shed where generations of the milky mothers have stood patiently —the broad-shouldered barns where the old-fashioned flail once made resonant music," and where butter-making and cheese-making were carried on with great vigour by Mrs Evans.

Any one, about this time, who happened to look through the window on the left-hand side of the door of Griff house, would have seen a pretty picture in the dining-room on Saturday evenings after tea. The powerful middle-aged man with the strongly-marked features sits in his deep leather-covered arm-chair, at the right-hand corner of the ruddy fireplace, with the head of "the little wench" between his knees. The child turns over the book with pictures that she wishes her father to explain to her—or that perhaps she prefers explaining to him. Her rebellious hair is all over her eyes, much vexing the pale, energetic mother who sits on the opposite side of the fire, cumbered with much service, letting no instant of time escape the inevitable click of the knitting-needles—accompanied by epigrammatic speech. The elder girl, prim and tidy, with her work before her, is by her mother's side; and the brother, between the two groups, keeps assuring himself by perpetual search that none of his favourite means of amusement are escaping from his pockets. The father is already very proud of the astonishing and growing intelligence of his little girl. From a very early age he has been in the habit of taking her with him in his drives about the neighbourhood, "standing between her father's knees as he drove leisurely," so that she has drunk in knowledge of the country and of country folk at all her pores. An old-fashioned child, already living in a world of her own imagination, impressible to her finger-tips, and willing to give her views on any subject.

The first book that George Eliot read, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was a little volume published in 1822, entitled 'The Linnet's Life,' which she gave to me in the last year of her life, at Witley. It bears the following inscription, written some time before she gave it to me:—

"This little book is the first present I ever remember having received from my father. Let any one who thinks of me with some tenderness after I am dead, take care of this book for my sake. It made me very happy when I held it in my little hands, and read it over and over again; and thought the pictures beautiful, especially the one where the linnet is feeding her young."

It must, I think, have been very shortly after she received this present, that an old friend of the family, who was in the habit of coming as a visitor to Griff from time to time, used occasionally to bring a book in his hand for the little girl. I very well remember her expressing to me deep gratitude for this early ministration to her childish delights; and Mr Burne Jones has been kind enough to tell me of a conversation with George Eliot about children's books, when she also referred to this old gentleman's kindness. They were agreeing in disparagement of some of the books that the rising generation take their pleasure in, and she recalled the dearth of child-literature in her own home, and her passionate delight and total absorption in Æsop's Fables (given to her by the aforesaid old gentleman), the possession of which had opened new worlds to her imagination. Mr Burne Jones particularly remembers how heartily she laughed in recalling her infantine enjoyment of the humour in the fable of Mercury and the Statue-seller. Having so few books at this time, she read them again and again, until she knew them by heart. One of them was a Joe Miller jest-book, with the stories from which she used greatly to astonish the family circle. But the beginning of her serious reading-days did not come till later. Meantime her talent for observation gained a glorious new field for employment in her first journey from home, which took place in 1826. Her father and mother took her with them on a little trip into Derbyshire and Staffordshire, where she saw Mr Evans's relations, and they came back through Lichfield, sleeping at the "Swan."[1] They were away only a week, from the 18th to the 24th of May; but "what time is little" to an imaginative, observant child of seven on her first journey? About this time a deeply felt crisis occurred in her life, as her

[1] See *post*, Journal, Aug. 25, 1859—chap. ix.

brother had a pony given to him, to which he became passionately attached. He developed an absorbing interest in riding, and cared less and less to play with his sister. The next important event happened in her eighth or ninth year, when she was sent to Miss Wallington's school at Nuneaton, with her sister. This was a much larger school than Miss Lathom's — there being some thirty girls, boarders. The principal governess was Miss Lewis, who became then, and remained for many years after, Mary Ann Evans's most intimate friend and principal correspondent; and I am indebted to the letters addressed to her from 1836 to 1842 for most of the information concerning that period. Books now became a passion with the child: she read everything she could lay hands on, greatly troubling the soul of her mother by the consumption of candles as well as of eyesight in her bedroom. From a subsequent letter, it will be seen that she was "early supplied with works of fiction by those who kindly sought to gratify her appetite for reading."

It must have been about this time that the episode occurred in relation to 'Waverley' which is mentioned by Miss Simcox in her article in the June 1881 number of the 'Nineteenth Century Review.' It was quite new to me, and as it is very interesting, I give it in Miss Simcox's own words: "Somewhere about 1827 a friendly neighbour lent 'Waverley' to an elder sister of little Mary Ann Evans. It was returned before the child had read to the end, and in her distress at the loss of the fascinating volume, she began to write out the story as far as she had read it for herself, beginning naturally where the story begins with Waverley's adventures at Tully Veolan, and continuing until the surprised elders were moved to get her the book again." Miss Simcox has pointed out the reference to this in the motto of the 57th chapter of 'Middlemarch':—

"They numbered scarce eight summers when a name
Rose on their souls and stirred such motions there
As thrill the buds and shape their hidden frame
At penetration of the quickening air:
His name who told of loyal Evan Dhu,
Of quaint Bradwardine, and Vich Ian Vor,
Making the little world their childhood knew
Large with a land of mountain, lake, and scaur,
And larger yet with wonder, love, belief
Toward Walter Scott, who living far away
Sent them this wealth of joy and noble grief.
The book and they must part, but day by day,
In lines that thwart like portly spiders ran
They wrote the tale, from Tully Veolan."

Miss Simcox also mentions that "Elia divided her childish allegiance with Scott, and she remembered feasting with singular pleasure upon an extract in some stray almanac from the essay in commemoration of 'Captain Jackson and his slender ration of Single Gloucester.' This is an extreme example of the general rule that a wise child's taste in literature is sounder than adults generally venture to believe."

We know too from the 'Mill on the Floss' that the 'History of the Devil,' by Daniel Defoe, was a favourite. The book is still religiously preserved at Griff, with its pictures just as Maggie looked at them. 'The Pilgrim's Progress' also and 'Rasselas' had a large share of her affections.

At Miss Wallington's the growing girl soon distinguished herself by an easy mastery of the usual school learning of her years, and there, too, the religious side of her nature was developed to a remarkable degree. Miss Lewis was an ardent evangelical Churchwoman, and exerted a strong influence on her young pupil, whom she found very sympathetically inclined. But Mary Ann Evans did not associate freely with her schoolfellows, and her friendship with Miss Lewis was the only intimacy she indulged in.

On coming home for their holidays the sister and brother began, about this time, the habit of acting charades together before the Griff household and the aunts, who were greatly impressed with the cleverness of the performance; and the girl was now recognised in the family circle as no ordinary child.

Another epoch presently succeeded on her removal to Miss Franklin's school at Coventry, in her thirteenth year. She was probably then very much what she has described her own Maggie at the age of thirteen:—

"A creature full of eager, passionate longings for all that was beautiful and glad; thirsty for all knowledge; with an ear straining after dreamy music that died away and would not come near to her; with a blind unconscious yearning for something that would link together the wonderful impressions of this mysterious life, and give her soul a sense of home in it. No wonder, when there is this contrast between the outward and the inward, that painful collisions came of it."

In 'Our Times' of June 1881, there is a paper by a lady whose mother was at school with Mary Ann Evans, which gives some interesting particulars of the Miss Franklins.

"They were daughters of a Baptist minister, who had

preached for many years in Coventry, and who inhabited during his pastorate a house in the Chapel-yard almost exactly resembling that of Rufus Lyon in 'Felix Holt.' For this venerable gentleman Miss Evans as a school-girl had a great admiration, and I, who can remember him well, can trace in Rufus Lyon himself many slight resemblances, such as the 'little legs,' and the habit of walking up and down when composing. Miss Rebecca Franklin was a lady of considerable intellectual power, and remarkable for her elegance in writing and conversation, as well as for her beautiful caligraphy. In her classes for English Composition Mary Ann Evans was, from her first entering the school, far in advance of the rest; and while the themes of the other children were read, criticised, and corrected in class, hers were reserved for the private perusal and enjoyment of the teacher, who rarely found anything to correct. Her enthusiasm for music was already very strongly marked, and her music master, a much-tried man, suffering from the irritability incident to his profession, reckoned on his hour with her as a refreshment to his wearied nerves, and soon had to confess that he had no more to teach her. In connection with this proficiency in music, my mother recalls her sensitiveness at that time as being painfully extreme. When there were visitors, Miss Evans, as the best performer in the school, was sometimes summoned to the parlour to play for their amusement, and though suffering agonies from shyness and reluctance, she obeyed with all readiness; but on being released, my mother has often known her to rush to her room and throw herself on the floor in an agony of tears. Her schoolfellows loved her as much as they could venture to love one whom they felt to be so immeasurably superior to themselves, and she had playful nicknames for most of them. My mother, who was delicate, and to whom she was very kind, was dubbed by her 'Miss Equanimity.' A source of great interest to the girls, and of envy to those who lived further from home, was the weekly cart which brought Miss Evans new-laid eggs and other delightful produce of her father's farm."

In talking about these early days, my wife impressed on my mind the debt she felt that she owed to the Miss Franklins for their excellent instruction, and she had also the very highest respect for their moral qualities. With her chameleon-like nature, she soon adopted their religious views with intense eagerness and conviction, although she never formally joined the Baptists or any other communion than the Church of England. She at once, however, took a foremost place in

the school, and became a leader of prayer-meetings amongst the girls. In addition to a sound English education, the Miss Franklins managed to procure for their pupils excellent masters for French, German, and music; so that, looking to the lights of those times, the means of obtaining knowledge were very much above the average for girls. Her teachers, on their side, were very proud of their exceptionally-gifted scholar; and years afterwards, when Miss Evans came with her father to live in Coventry, they introduced her to one of their friends not only as a marvel of mental power, but also as a person "sure to get something up very soon in the way of clothing club or other charitable undertaking."

This year, 1832, was not only memorable for the change to a new and superior school, but it was also much more memorable to George Eliot for the riot which she saw at Nuneaton, on the occasion of the election for North Warwickshire, after the passing of the great Reform Bill, and which subsequently furnished her with the incidents for the riot in 'Felix Holt.' It was an event to lay hold on the imagination of an impressionable girl of thirteen, and it is thus described in the local newspaper of 29th December 1832:—

"On Friday the 21st December, at Nuneaton, from the commencement of the poll till nearly half-past two, the Hemingites[1] occupied the poll; the numerous plumpers for Sir Eardley Wilmot and the adherents of Mr Dugdale being constantly interrupted in their endeavours to go to the hustings to give an honest and conscientious vote. The magistrates were consequently applied to, and from the representations they received from all parties, they were at length induced to call in aid a military force. A detachment of the Scots Greys accordingly arrived; but it appearing that that gallant body was not sufficiently strong to put down the turbulent spirit of the mob, a reinforcement was considered by the constituted authorities as absolutely necessary. The tumult increasing, as the detachment of the Scots Greys were called in, the Riot Act was read from the windows of the Newdigate Arms; and we regret to add that both W. P. Inge, Esq., and Colonel Newdigate, in the discharge of their magisterial duties, received personal injuries.

"On Saturday the mob presented an appalling appearance, and but for the forbearance of the soldiery, numerous lives would have fallen a sacrifice. Several of the officers of the Scots Greys were materially hurt in their attempt to quell

[1] A Mr Heming was the Radical candidate.

the riotous proceedings of the mob. During the day the sub-sheriffs at the different booths received several letters from the friends of Mr Dugdale, stating that they were outside of the town, and anxious to vote for that gentleman, but were deterred from entering it from fear of personal violence. Two or three unlucky individuals, drawn from the files of the military on their approach to the poll, were cruelly beaten and stripped literally naked. We regret to add that one life has been sacrificed during the contest, and that several misguided individuals have been seriously injured."

The term ending Christmas 1835 was the last spent at Miss Franklin's. In the first letter of George Eliot's that I have been able to discover, dated 6th January 1836, and addressed to Miss Lewis, who was at that time governess in the family of the Rev. L. Harper, Burton Latimer, Northamptonshire, she speaks of her mother having suffered a great increase of pain, and adds—

"We dare not hope that there will be a permanent improvement. Our anxieties on my mother's account, though so great, have been since Thursday almost lost sight of in the more sudden, and consequently more severe trial which we have been called on to endure in the alarming illness of my dear father. For four days we had no cessation of our anxiety; but I am thankful to say that he is now considered out of danger, though very much reduced by frequent bleeding and very powerful medicines."

In the summer of this year—1836—the mother died, after a long and painful illness, in which she was nursed with great devotion by her daughters. It was their first acquaintance with death; and to a highly wrought, sensitive girl of sixteen, such a loss seems an unendurable calamity. "To the old, sorrow is sorrow; to the young it is despair." Many references will be found in the subsequent correspondence to what she suffered at this time, all summed up in the old popular phrase, "We can have but one mother." In the following spring Christiana was married to Mr Edward Clarke, a surgeon practising at Meriden in Warwickshire. One of Mr Isaac Evans's most vivid recollections is that on the day of the marriage, after the bride's departure, he and his younger sister had "a good cry" together over the break up of the old home-life, which of course could never be the same with the mother and the elder sister wanting.

Twenty-three years later we shall find George Eliot writing, on the death of this sister, that she "had a very special

feeling for her—stronger than any third person would think likely." The relation between the sisters was somewhat like that described as existing between Dorothea and Celia in 'Middlemarch'—no intellectual affinity, but a strong family affection. In fact, my wife told me, that although Celia was not in any sense a portrait of her sister, she "had Chrissey continually in mind" in delineating Celia's character. But we must be careful not to found too much on such *suggestions* of character in George Eliot's books; and this must particularly be borne in mind in the 'Mill on the Floss.' No doubt the early part of Maggie's portraiture is the best autobiographical representation we can have of George Eliot's own feelings in her childhood, and many of the incidents in the book are based on real experiences of family life, but so mixed with fictitious elements and situations that it would be absolutely misleading to trust to it as a true history. For instance, all that happened in real life between the brother and sister was, I believe, that as they grew up their characters, pursuits, and tastes diverged more and more widely. He took to his father's business, at which he worked steadily, and which absorbed most of his time and attention. He was also devoted to hunting, liked the ordinary pleasures of a young man in his circumstances, and was quite satisfied with the circle of acquaintance in which he moved. After leaving school at Coventry he went to a private tutor's at Birmingham, where he imbibed strong High Church views. His sister had come back from the Miss Franklins' with ultra-evangelical tendencies, and their differences of opinion used to lead to a good deal of animated argument. Miss Evans, as she now was, could not rest satisfied with a mere profession of faith without trying to shape her own life—and it may be added, the lives around her—in accordance with her convictions. The pursuit of pleasure was a snare; dress was vanity; society was a danger.

"From what you know of her, you will not be surprised that she threw some exaggeration and wilfulness, some pride and impetuosity, even into her self-renunciation: her own life was still a drama for her, in which she demanded of herself that her part should be played with intensity. And so it came to pass that she often lost the spirit of humility by being excessive in the outward act; she often strove after too high a flight, and came down with her poor little half-fledged wings dabbled in the mud. . . . That is the path we all like when we set out on our abandonment of egoism—the path of martyrdom and endurance, where the palm branches

grow, rather than the steep highway of tolerance, just allowance, and self-blame, where there are no leafy honours to be gathered and worn." [1]

After Christiana's marriage the entire charge of the Griff establishment devolved on Mary Ann, who became a most exemplary housewife, learned thoroughly everything that had to be done, and, with her innate desire for perfection, was never satisfied unless her department was administered in the very best manner that circumstances permitted. She spent a great deal of time in visiting the poor, organising clothing clubs, and other works of active charity. But over and above this, as will be seen from the following letters, she was always prosecuting an active intellectual life of her own. Mr Brezzi, a well-known master of modern languages at Coventry, used to come over to Griff regularly to give her lessons in Italian and German. Mr M'Ewen, also from Coventry, continued her lessons in music, and she got through a large amount of miscellaneous reading by herself. In the evenings she was always in the habit of playing to her father, who was very fond of music. But it requires no great effort of imagination to conceive that this life, though full of interests of its own, and the source from whence the future novelist drew the most powerful and the most touching of her creations, was, as a matter of fact, very monotonous, very difficult, very discouraging. It could scarcely be otherwise to a young girl, with a full passionate nature and hungry intellect, shut up in a farmhouse in the remote country. For there was no sympathetic human soul near with whom to exchange ideas on the intellectual and spiritual problems that were beginning to agitate her mind. "You may try, but you can never imagine what it is to have a man's force of genius in you, and yet to suffer the slavery of being a girl." [2] This is a point of view that must be distinctly recognised by any one attempting to follow the development of George Eliot's character, and it will always be corrected by the other point of view which she has made so prominent in all her own writing—the soothing, strengthening, sacred influences of the home life, the home loves, the home duties. Circumstances in later life separated her from her kindred, but among her last letters it will be seen that she wrote to her brother in May 1880, that "our long silence has never broken the affection for you which began when we were little ones," [3]—and she expresses her satisfaction in the growing prosperity

[1] 'Mill on the Floss,' chap. iii. book iv.
[2] 'Daniel Deronda.'
[3] See chap. xix.

of himself and all his family. It was a real gratification to her to hear from some Coventry friends that her nephew, the Rev. Frederic Evans, the present Rector of Bedworth, was well spoken of as a preacher in the old familiar places, and in our last summer at Witley we often spoke of a visit to Warwickshire, that she might renew the sweet memories of her child-days. No doubt, the very monotony of her life at Griff, and the narrow field it presented for observation of society, added immeasurably to the intensity of a naturally keen mental vision, concentrating into a focus what might perhaps have become dissipated in more liberal surroundings. And though the field of observation was narrow in one sense, it included very various grades of society. Such fine places as Arbury, and Packington, the seat of Lord Aylesford, where she was being constantly driven by her father, affected the imagination and accentuated the social differences—differences which had a profound significance for such a sensitive and such an intellectually commanding character, and which left their mark on it.

"No one who has not a strong natural prompting and susceptibility towards such things [the signs and luxuries of ladyhood], and has, at the same time, suffered from the presence of opposite conditions, can understand how powerfully those minor accidents of rank which please the fastidious sense can preoccupy the imagination." [1]

The tone of her mind will be seen from the letters written during the following years; and I remember once, after we were married, when I was urging her to write her autobiography, she said, half sighing, half smiling, "The only thing I should care much to dwell on would be the absolute despair I suffered from of ever being able to achieve anything. No one could ever have felt greater despair, and a knowledge of this might be a help to some other struggler" —adding with a smile, "but, on the other hand, it might only lead to an increase of bad writing."

[1] 'Felix Holt,' chap. xxxviii.

CHAPTER I.

In the foregoing introductory sketch, I have endeavoured to present the influences to which George Eliot was subjected in her youth, and the environment in which she grew up; I am now able to begin the fulfilment of the promise on the title-page, that the life will be related in her own letters—or rather in extracts from her own letters, for no single letter is printed entire from the beginning to the end. I have not succeeded in obtaining any between 6th January 1836 and 18th August 1838; but from the latter date the correspondence becomes regular, and I have arranged it as a continuous narrative, with the names of the persons to whom the letters are addressed in the margin. The slight thread of narrative or explanation which I have written to elucidate the letters, where necessary, will hereafter occupy an inside margin, so that the reader will see at a glance what is narrative and what is correspondence, and will be troubled as little as possible with marks of quotation or changes of type.

The following opening letter of the series to Miss Lewis describes a first visit to London with her brother:—

Let me tell you, though, that I was not at all delighted with the stir of the great Babel, and the less so, probably, owing to the circumstances attending my visit thither. Isaac and I went alone (that seems rather Irish), and stayed only a week, every day of which we worked hard at seeing sights. I think Greenwich Hospital interested me more than anything else. Letter to Miss Lewis, 18th Aug. 1838.

Mr Isaac Evans himself tells me that what he remembers chiefly impressed her was the first hearing the great bell of St Paul's. It affected her deeply. At that time she was so much under the influence of religious and ascetic ideas, that she would not go to any of the theatres with her brother, but spent all her evenings alone reading. A characteristic reminiscence is that the chief thing she wanted to buy was Josephus's 'History of the Jews'; and at the same bookshop where her brother got her this, he bought for himself a pair of hunting sketches. In the same letter, alluding to the marriage of one of her friends, she says:—

For my part, when I hear of the marrying and giving in marriage that is constantly being transacted, I can only sigh

Letter to Miss Lewis, 18th Aug.

for those who are multiplying earthly ties which, though powerful enough to detach their hearts and thoughts from heaven, are so brittle as to be liable to be snapped asunder at every breeze. You will think that I need nothing but a tub for my habitation to make me a perfect female Diogenes; and I plead guilty to occasional misanthropical thoughts, but not to the indulgence of them. Still I must believe that those are happiest who are not fermenting themselves by engaging in projects for earthly bliss, who are considering this life merely a pilgrimage, a scene calling for diligence and watchfulness, not for repose and amusement. I do not deny that there may be many who can partake with a high degree of zest of all the lawful enjoyments the world can offer, and yet live in near communion with their God—who can warmly love the creature, and yet be careful that the Creator maintains His supremacy in their hearts; but I confess that in my short experience and narrow sphere of action I have never been able to attain to this. I find, as Dr Johnson said respecting his wine, total abstinence much easier than moderation. I do not wonder you are pleased with Pascal;[1] his thoughts may be returned to the palate again and again with increasing rather than diminished relish. I have highly enjoyed Hannah More's letters: the contemplation of so blessed a character as hers is very salutary. "That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises," is a valuable admonition. I was once told that there was nothing out of myself to prevent my becoming as eminently holy as St Paul; and though I think that is too sweeping an assertion, yet it is very certain we are generally too low in our aims, more anxious for safety than sanctity, for place than purity, forgetting that each involves the other, and that, as Doddridge tells us, to rest satisfied with any attainments in religion is a fearful proof that we are ignorant of the very first principles of it. Oh that we could live only for eternity! that we could realise its nearness! I know you do not love quotations, so I will not give you one; but if you do not distinctly remember it, do turn to the passage in Young's 'Infidel Reclaimed,' beginning, "O vain, vain, vain all else eternity," and do love the lines for my sake.

I really feel for you sacrificing, as you are, your own tastes and comforts for the pleasure of others, and that in a manner the most trying to rebellious flesh and blood; for I verily believe that in most cases it requires more of a

[1] Given to her as a school prize when she was fourteen: see chap. xviii.

martyr's spirit to endure, with patience and cheerfulness, daily crossings and interruptions of our petty desires and pursuits, and to rejoice in them if they can be made to conduce to God's glory and our own sanctification, than even to lay down our lives for the truth. Letters to Miss Lewis, 18th Aug.

I can hardly repress a sort of indignation towards second causes. That your time and energies should be expended in ministering to the petty interests of those far beneath you in all that is really elevating, is about as *bienséant* as that I should set fire to a goodly volume to light a match by! I have had a very unsettled life lately—Michaelmas with its onerous duties and anxieties, much company (for us) and little reading, so that I am ill prepared for corresponding with profit or pleasure. I am generally in the same predicament with books as a glutton with his feast, hurrying through one course that I may be in time for the next, and so not relishing or digesting either; not a very elegant illustration, but the best my organs of ideality and comparison will furnish just now. 6th Nov.

I have just begun the life of Wilberforce, and I am expecting a rich treat from it. There is a similarity, if I may compare myself with such a man, between his temptations, or rather *besetments*, and my own, that makes his experience very interesting to me. Oh that I might be made as useful in my lowly and obscure station as he was in the exalted one assigned to him! I feel myself to be a mere cumberer of the ground. May the Lord give me such an insight into what is truly good, that I may not rest contented with making Christianity a mere addendum to my pursuits, or with tacking it as a fringe to my garments! May I seek to be sanctified wholly! My nineteenth birthday will soon be here (the 22d)—an awakening signal. My mind has been much clogged lately by languor of body, to which I am prone to give way, and for the removal of which I shall feel thankful.

We have had an oratorio at Coventry lately, Braham, Phillips, Mrs Knyvett, and Mrs Shaw—the last, I think, I shall attend. I am not fitted to decide on the question of the propriety or lawfulness of such exhibitions of talent and so forth, because I have no soul for music. "Happy is he that condemneth not himself in that thing which he alloweth." I am a tasteless person, but it would not cost me any regrets if the only music heard in our land were that of strict worship, nor can I think a pleasure that involves the devotion of all the time and powers of an immortal being to

Letter to Miss Lewis, 6th Nov.

the acquirement of an expertness in so useless (at least in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred) an accomplishment, can be quite pure or elevating in its tendency.

The above remarks on oratorio are the more surprising, because two years later, when Miss Evans went to the Birmingham festival in September 1840, previous to her brother's marriage, she was affected to an extraordinary degree, so much so that Mrs Isaac Evans—then Miss Rawlins—told me that the attention of people sitting near was attracted by her hysterical sobbing. And in all her later life music was one of the chiefest delights to her, and especially oratorio.

"Not that her enjoyment of music was of the kind that indicates a great specific talent; it was rather that her sensibility to the supreme excitement of music was only one form of that passionate sensibility which belonged to her whole nature, and made her faults and virtues all merge in each other—made her affections sometimes an impatient demand, but also prevented her vanity from taking the form of mere feminine coquetry and device, and gave it the poetry of ambition."[1]

The next two letters, dated from Griff—February 6th and March 5th, 1839—are addressed to Mrs Samuel Evans, a Methodist preacher, the wife of a younger brother of Mr Robert Evans. They are the more interesting from the fact, which will appear later, that an anecdote related by this aunt during her visit to Griff in 1839 was the germ of 'Adam Bede.' To what extent this Elizabeth Evans resembled the ideal character of Dinah Morris will also be seen in its place in the history of 'Adam Bede.'

Letter to Mrs Samuel Evans, 6th Feb. 1839

I am so unwilling to believe that you can forget a promise, or to entertain fears respecting your health, that I persuade myself I must have mistaken the terms of the agreement between us, and that I ought to have sent you a letter before I considered myself entitled to one from Wirksworth. However this may be, I feel so anxious to hear of your wellbeing in every way, that I can no longer rest satisfied without using my only means of obtaining tidings of you. My dear father is not at home to-night, or I should probably have a message of remembrance to give you from him in addition to the good news that he is as well as he has been for the last two years, and even, I think, better, except that he feels more fatigue after exertion of mind or body than formerly.

[1] 'Mill on the Floss,' chap. v. book vi.

Letters to Mrs Samuel Evans, 6th Feb.

If you are able to fill a sheet, I am sure both uncle and you would in doing so be complying with the precept, "Lift up the hands that hang down, and strengthen the feeble knees." I need not tell you that this is a dry and thirsty land, and I shall be as grateful to you for a draught from your fresh spring as the traveller in the Eastern desert is to the unknown hand that digs a well for him. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," seems to be my character, instead of that regular progress from strength to strength that marks, even in this world of mistakes, the people that shall in the heavenly Zion stand before God. I shall not only suffer, but be delighted to receive, the word of exhortation, and I beg you not to withhold it. If I did not know how little you need human help, I should regret that my ignorance and want of deep feeling in spiritual things prevent me from suggesting profitable or refreshing thoughts; but I daresay I took care to tell you that my desire for correspondence with you was quite one of self-interest.

I am thankful to tell you that my dear friends here are all well. I have a faint hope that the pleasure and profit I have felt in your society may be repeated in the summer: there is no place I would rather visit than Wirksworth, or the inhabitants of which have a stronger hold on my affections.

In the next letter the touch about Mrs Fletcher's life is characteristic.

5th March.

My dear father is just now so plunged in business, and that of a fatiguing kind, that I should put your confidence in my love and gratitude to an unreasonably severe trial if I waited until he had leisure to unite with me in filling a sheet. You were very kind to remember my wish to see Mrs Fletcher's life: I only desire such a spiritual digestion as has enabled *you* to derive so much benefit from its perusal. I am truly glad to hear that you are less embarrassed with respect to your congregation, &c., than you were when we saw you. I must protest against your making apologies for speaking of yourself, for nothing that relates to you can be uninteresting to me.

The unprofitableness you lament in yourself, during your visit to us, had its true cause, not in your lukewarmness, but in the little improvement I sought to derive from your society, and in my lack of humility and Christian simplicity, that makes me willing to obtain credit for greater knowledge and deeper feeling than I really possess. Instead of putting my light under a bushel, I am in danger of ostentatiously

Letter to Mrs Samuel Evans, 5th March.

displaying a false one. You have much too high an opinion, my dear aunt, of my spiritual condition, and of my personal and circumstantial advantages. My soul seems for weeks together completely benumbed, and when I am aroused from this torpid state, the intervals of activity are comparatively short. I am ever finding excuses for this in the deprivation of outward excitement and the small scope I have for the application of my principles, instead of feeling self-abasement under the consciousness that I abuse precious hours of retirement which would be eagerly employed in spiritual exercises by many a devoted servant of God who is struggling with worldly cares and occupations. I feel that my besetting sin is the one of all others most destroying, as it is the fruitful parent of them all,—ambition, a desire insatiable for the esteem of my fellow-creatures. This seems the centre whence all my actions proceed. But you will perhaps remember, my dear aunt, that I do not attach much value to a disclosure of religious feelings, owing probably to the dominant corruption I have just been speaking of, which "turns the milk of my good purpose all to curd."

On 16th March 1839, in a letter to Miss Lewis, there is a reference to good spirits, which is of the rarest occurrence all through the correspondence:—

Letter to Miss Lewis, 6th March.

I am this morning hardly myself, owing to the insuppressible rising of my animal spirits on a deliverance from sick headache;—

and then the letter continues as to the expediency of reading works of fiction, in answer to a question Miss Lewis had asked:

I put out of the question all persons of perceptions so quick, memories so eclectic and retentive, and minds so comprehensive, that nothing less than omnivorous reading, as Southey calls it, can satisfy their intellectual man; for (if I may parody the words of Scripture without profaneness) they will gather to themselves all facts, and heap unto themselves all ideas. For such persons we cannot legislate. Again, I would put out of the question standard works, whose contents are matter of constant reference, and the names of whose heroes and heroines briefly, and therefore conveniently, describe characters and ideas: such are 'Don Quixote,' Butler's 'Hudibras,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Gil Blas,' Byron's Poetical Romances, Southey's ditto, &c. Such, too, are Walter Scott's novels and poems. Such allusions as "He is a perfect Dominie Sampson," "He is as industrious in finding out antiquities, and about as successful, as Jona-

than Oldbuck," are likely to become so common in books and conversation, that, *always providing* our leisure is not circumscribed by duty within narrow bounds, we should, I think, qualify ourselves to understand. Shakspeare has a higher claim than this on our attention; but we have need of as nice a power of distillation as the bee, to suck nothing but honey from his pages. However, as in life we must be exposed to malign influences from intercourse with others if we would reap the advantages designed for us by making us social beings, so in books. Having cleared our way of what would otherwise have encumbered us, I would ask why is one engaged in the instruction of youth to read, as a purely conscientious and self-denying performance of duty, works whose value to others is allowed to be doubtful? I can only imagine two shadows of reasons. Either that she may be able experimentally to decide on their desirableness for her pupils, or else that there is a certain power exerted by them on the mind that would render her a more efficient "tutress" by their perusal. I would not depreciate the disinterestedness of those who will make trial of the effect on themselves of a cup suspected poisonous, that they may deter another from risking life; but it appears to me a work of supererogation, since there are enough witnesses to its baneful effect on themselves already to put an end to all strife in the matter. The Scriptural declaration, "As face answereth to face in a glass, so the heart of man to man," will exonerate me from the charge of uncharitableness, or too high an estimation of myself, if I venture to believe that the same causes which exist in my own breast to render novels and romances pernicious, have their counterpart in that of every fellow-creature. I am, I confess, not an impartial member of a jury in this case; for I owe the culprits a grudge for injuries inflicted on myself. When I was quite a little child, I could not be satisfied with the things around me: I was constantly living in a world of my own creation, and was quite contented to have no companions, that I might be left to my own musings, and imagine scenes in which I was chief actress. Conceive what a character novels would give to these Utopias. I was early supplied with them by those who kindly sought to gratify my appetite for reading, and of course I made use of the materials they supplied for building my castles in the air. But it may be said—"No one ever dreamed of recommending children to read them: all this does not apply to persons come to years of discretion, whose judgments are in some degree

Letter to Miss Lewis, 16th March.

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matured." I answer that men and women are but children of a larger growth: they are still imitative beings. We cannot (at least those who ever read to any purpose at all)—we cannot, I say, help being modified by the ideas that pass through our minds. We hardly wish to lay claim to such elasticity as retains no impress. We are active beings too. We are each one of the *dramatis personæ* in some play on the stage of Life: hence our actions have their share in the effects of our reading. As to the discipline our minds receive from the perusal of fictions, I can conceive none that is beneficial but may be attained by that of history. It is the merit of fictions to come within the orbit of probability: if unnatural they would no longer please. If it be said the mind must have relaxation, "Truth is strange—stranger than fiction." When a person has exhausted the wonders of truth, there is no other resort than fiction: till then, I cannot imagine how the adventures of some phantom, conjured up by fancy, can be more entertaining than the transactions of real specimens of human nature from which we may safely draw inferences. I daresay Mr James's 'Huguenot' would be recommended as giving an idea of the times of which he writes; but as well may one be recommended to look at landscapes for an idea of English scenery. The real secret of the relaxation talked of is one that would not generally be avowed; but an appetite that wants seasoning of a certain kind cannot be indicative of health. Religious novels are more hateful to me than merely worldly ones: they are a sort of centaur or mermaid, and, like other monsters that we do not know how to class, should be destroyed for the public good as soon as born. The weapons of the Christian warfare were never sharpened at the forge of romance. Domestic fictions, as they come more within the range of imitation, seem more dangerous. For my part, I am ready to sit down and weep at the impossibility of my understanding or barely knowing a fraction of the sum of objects that present themselves for our contemplation in books and in life. Have I, then, any time to spend on things that never existed?

20th May.

You allude to the religious, or rather irreligious, contentions that form so prominent a feature in the aspect of public affairs,—a subject, you will perhaps be surprised to hear me say, full of interest to me, and on which I am unable to shape an opinion for the satisfaction of my mind. I think no one feels more difficulty in coming to a decision on

controverted matters than myself. I do not mean that I have not preferences; but, however congruous a theory may be with my notions, I cannot find that comfortable repose that others appear to possess after having made their election of a class of sentiments. The other day Montaigne's motto came to my mind (it is mentioned by Pascal) as an appropriate one for me—"Que sais-je?"—beneath a pair of balances, though, by the by, it is an ambiguous one, and may be taken in a sense that I desire to reprobate, as well as in a Scriptural one to which I do not refer. I use it in a limited sense as a representation of my oscillating judgment. On no subject do I veer to all points of the compass more frequently than on the nature of the visible Church. I am powerfully attracted in a certain direction, but when I am about to settle there, counter-assertions shake me from my position. I cannot enter into details, but when we are together I will tell you all my difficulties—that is, if you will be kind enough to listen. I have been reading the new prize essay on 'Schism' by Professor Hoppus and Milner's 'Church History' since I last wrote to you: the former ably expresses the tenets of those who deny that any form of Church government is so clearly dictated in Scripture as to possess a divine right, and, consequently, to be binding on Christians; the latter, you know, exhibits the views of a moderate Evangelical Episcopalian on the inferences to be drawn from ecclesiastical remains. He equally repudiates the loud assertion of a *jus divinum*, to the exclusion of all separatists from the visible Church, though he calmly maintains the superiority of the evidence in favour of Episcopacy, of a moderate kind both in power and extent of diocese, as well as the benefit of a national establishment. I have been skimming the 'Portrait of an English Churchman' by the Rev. W. Gresley: this contains an outline of the system of those who exclaim of the Anglican Church as the Jews did of their sacred building (that they do it in as reprehensible a spirit I will not be the judge), "the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord" is exclusively theirs; while the authors of the Oxford Tracts go a step further, and evince by their compliments to Rome, as a dear though erring sister, and their attempts to give a Romish colour to our ordinance, with a very confused and unscriptural statement of the great doctrine of justification, a disposition rather to fraternise with the members of a Church carrying on her brow the prophetical epithets applied by St John to the Scarlet beast, the mystery of Iniquity,

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than with pious Nonconformists. It is true they disclaim all this, and that their opinions are seconded by the extensive learning, the laborious zeal, and the deep devotion of those who propagate them; but a reference to facts will convince us that such has generally been the character of heretical teachers. Satan is too crafty to commit his cause into the hands of those who have nothing to recommend them to approbation. According to their dogmas, the Scotch Church and the foreign Protestant Churches, as well as the non-Episcopalians of our own land, are wanting in the essentials of existence as part of the Church.

In the next letter there is the first allusion to authorship, but, from the wording of the sentence, the poem referred to has evidently not been a first attempt.

17th July. I send you some doggerel lines, the crude fruit of a lonely walk last evening, when the words of one of our martyrs occurred to me. You must be acquainted with the idiosyncrasy of my authorship, which is, that my effusions, once committed to paper, are like the laws of the Medes and Persians, that alter not.

"'*Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle.*'—2 PETER i. 14.

"As o'er the fields by evening's light I stray,
I hear a still small whisper—Come away;
Thou must to this bright, lovely world soon say
Farewell!

"The mandate I'd obey, my lamp prepare,
Gird up my garments, give my soul to pray'r,
And say to earth, and all that breathe earth's air,
Farewell!

"Thou sun, to whose parental beam I owe
All that has gladden'd me while here below,
Moon, stars, and covenant-confirming bow,
Farewell!

"Ye verdant meads, fair blossoms, stately trees,
Sweet song of birds and soothing hum of bees,
Refreshing odours wafted on the breeze,
Farewell!

"Ye patient servants of creation's Lord,
Whose mighty strength is govern'd by His word,
Who raiment, food, and help in toil afford,
Farewell!

"Books that have been to me as chests of gold,
Which, miserlike, I secretly have told,
And for them love, health, friendship, peace have sold,
Farewell!

"Blest volume! whose clear truth-writ page once known,
Fades not before heaven's sunshine or hell's moan,
To thee I say not, of earth's gifts alone,
Farewell!

"There shall my new-born senses find new joy,
New sounds, new sights my eyes and ears employ,
Nor fear that word that here brings sad alloy,
Farewell!"

I had a dim recollection that my wife had told me that this poem had been printed somewhere. After a long search, I found it in the 'Christian Observer' for January 1840. The version there published has the two following additional verses, and is signed "M. A. E."

"Ye feebler, frëer tribes that people air,
Ye gaudy insects, making buds your lair,
Ye that in water shine and frolic there,
Farewell!

Dear kindred whom the Lord to me has given,
Must the strong tie that binds us now be riven?
No! say I—only till we meet in heaven,
Farewell!"

The editor of the 'Christian Observer' has added this note: "We do not often add a note to a poem: but if St John found no temple in the New Jerusalem, neither will there be any need of a Bible; for we shall not then see through a glass darkly—through the veil of Sacraments or the written Word—but face to face. The Bible is God's gift, but not for heaven's use. Still on the very verge of heaven we may cling to it, after we have bid farewell to everything earthly; and this perhaps is what M. A. E. means."

In the following letter we already see the tendency to draw illustrations from science:—

Letter to Miss Lewis, 4th Sept.

I have lately led so unsettled a life, and have been so desultory in my employments, that my mind, never of the most highly organised genus, is more than usually chaotic; or rather it is like a stratum of conglomerated fragments, that shows here a jaw and rib of some ponderous quadruped, there a delicate alto-relievo of some fern-like plant, tiny shells, and mysterious nondescripts encrusted and united with some unvaried and uninteresting but useful stone. My mind presents just such an assemblage of disjointed specimens of history, ancient and modern; scraps of poetry picked

Letters to Miss Lewis, 4th Sept.

up from Shakspeare, Cowper, Wordsworth, and Milton; newspaper topics; morsels of Addison and Bacon, Latin verbs, geometry, entomology, and chemistry; Reviews and metaphysics,—all arrested and petrified and smothered by the fast-thickening everyday accession of actual events, relative anxieties, and household cares and vexations. How deplorably and unaccountably evanescent are our frames of mind, as various as the forms and hues of the summer clouds! A single word is sometimes enough to give an entirely new mould to our thoughts—at least I find myself so constituted; and therefore to me it is pre-eminently important to be anchored within the veil, so that outward things may be unable to send me adrift. Write to me as soon as you can. Remember Michaelmas is coming, and I shall be engaged in matters so nauseating to me that it will be a charity to console me; to reprove and advise me no less.

22d Nov.

I have emerged from the slough of domestic troubles, or rather, to speak quite clearly, "malheurs de cuisine," and am beginning to take a deep breath in my own element, though with a mortifying consciousness that my faculties have become superlatively obtuse during my banishment from it. I have been so self-indulgent as to possess myself of Wordsworth at full length, and I thoroughly like much of the contents of the first three vols., which I fancy are only the low vestibule of the three remaining ones. I never before met with so many of my own feelings expressed just as I could like them. The distress of the lower classes in our neighbourhood is daily increasing from the scarcity of employment for weavers, and I seem sadly to have handcuffed myself by unnecessary expenditure. To-day is my 20th birthday.

This allusion to Wordsworth is interesting, as it entirely expresses the feeling she had to him up to the day of her death. One of the very last books we read together at Cheyne Walk was Mr Frederick Myers's 'Wordsworth' in the "English Men of Letters," which she heartily enjoyed.

2d May, 1840.

I have just received my second lesson in German.

I know you will be glad to think of me as thoroughly employed, as indeed I am to an extent that makes me fear I shall not be able to accomplish everything well. I have engaged, if possible, to complete the Chart,[1] the plan of which I sketched out last year, by November next, and I am

[1] Of ecclesiastical history.

encouraged to believe that it will answer my purpose to print it. The profits arising from its sale, if any, will go partly to Attleboro Church, and partly to a favourite object of my own. Mrs Newdigate is very anxious that I should do this, and she permits me to visit her library when I please, in search of any books that may assist me. Will you ask Mr Craig what he considers the best authority for the date of the apostolical writings? I should like to carry the Chart down to the Reformation, if my time and resources will enable me to do so. We are going to have a clothing club, the arrangement and starting of which are left to me. I am ashamed to run the risk of troubling you, but I should be very grateful if you could send me an abstract of the rules by which yours is regulated. Letters to Miss Lewis, 2d May.

Our house is now, and will be for the next two months, miserably noisy and disorderly with the musical operations of masons, carpenters, and painters. You know how abhorrent all this is to my tastes and feelings, taking all the spice out of my favourite little epithet, "this working-day world": I can no longer use it figuratively. How impressive must the gradual rise of Solomon's Temple have been! each prepared mass of virgin marble laid in reverential silence. I fancy Heber has compared it to the growth of a palm. Your nice miniature chart, which I shall carefully treasure up, has quite satisfied me that Dr Pearson at least has not realised my conceptions, though it has left me still dubious as to my own power of doing so. I will just (if you can bear to hear more of the matter) give you an idea of the plan, which may have partly faded from your memory. The series of perpendicular columns will successively contain the Roman emperors with their dates, the political and religious state of the Jews, the Bishops, remarkable men and events in the several Churches, a column being devoted to each of the chief ones, the aspect of heathenism and Judaism towards Christianity, the chronology of the Apostolical and Patristical writings, schisms and heresies, General Councils, eras of corruption (under which head the remarks would be general), and I thought possibly an application of the apocalyptic prophecies, which would merely require a few figures and not take up room. I think there must be a break in the Chart, after the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the empire, and I have come to a determination not to carry it beyond the first acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Pope by Phocas in 606, when Mahommedanism became a besom of destruction in the hand of the Lord, and com- 21st May.

Letter to Miss Lewis, 21st May.

pletely altered the aspect of ecclesiastical history. So much for this at present airy project, about which I hope never to tease you more. Mr Harper[1] lent me a little time ago a work by the Rev. W. Gresley, begging me to read it, as he thought it was calculated to make me a proselyte to the opinions it advocates. I had skimmed the book before ('Portrait of an English Churchman'), but I read it attentively a second time, and was pleased with the spirit of piety that breathes throughout. His last work is one in a similar style ('The English Citizen'), which I have cursorily read; and as they are both likely to be seen by you, I want to know your opinion of them. Mine is this: that they are sure to have a powerful influence on the minds of small readers and shallow thinkers, as from the simplicity and clearness with which the author, by his *beau idéal* characters, enunciates his sentiments, they furnish a magazine of easily wielded weapons for *morning-calling* and *evening-party* controversialists, as well as that really honest minds will be inclined to think they have found a resting-place amid the footballing of religious parties. But it appears to me that there is unfairness in arbitrarily selecting a train of circumstances and a set of characters as a development of a class of opinions. In this way we might make atheism appear wonderfully calculated to promote social happiness. I remember, as I daresay you do, a very amiable atheist depicted by Bulwer in 'Devereux'; and for some time after the perusal of that book, which I read seven or eight years ago,[2] I was considerably shaken by the impression that religion was not a requisite to moral excellence.

Have you not alternating seasons of mental stagnation and activity?—just such as the political economists say there must be in a nation's pecuniary condition—all one's precious specie, time, going out to procure a stock of commodities, while one's own manufactures are too paltry to be worth vending. I am just in that condition—partly, I think, owing to my not having met with any steel to sharpen my edge against for the last three weeks. I am going to read a volume of the Oxford Tracts and the 'Lyra Apostolica': the former I almost shrink from the labour of conning, but the other I confess I am attracted towards by some highly poetical extracts that I have picked up in various quarters. I have just bought Mr Keble's 'Christian Year,' a volume of sweet poetry that perhaps you know. The fields of poesy

[1] The Squire of Coton.

[2] When she would be thirteen years old.

look more lovely than ever, now I have hedged myself in the geometrical regions of fact, where I can do nothing but draw parallels and measure differences in a double sense. Letters to Miss Lewis, 21st May.

[1] I will only hint that there seems a probability of my being an unoccupied damsel, of my being severed from all the ties that have hitherto given my existence the semblance of a usefulness beyond that of making up the requisite quantum of animal matter in the universe. A second important intimation respecting my worthy self is one that, I confess, I impart without one sigh, though perhaps you will think my callousness discreditable. It is that Seeley & Burnside have just published a Chart of Ecclesiastical History, doubtless giving to my airy vision a local habitation and a name. I console all my little regrets by thinking that what is thus evidenced to be a desideratum has been executed much better than if left to my slow fingers and slower head. I fear I am laboriously doing nothing, for I am beguiled by the fascination that the study of languages has for my capricious mind. I could e'en give myself up to making discoveries in the world of words. 26th May.

May I trouble you to procure for me an Italian book recommended by Mr Brezzi, Silvio Pellico's 'Le mie Prigioni'—if not, 'Storia d'Italia'? If they are cheap I should like both.

I shall have, I hope, a little trip with my father next week into Derbyshire, and this "lark" will probably be beneficial to me; so that do not imagine I am inviting you to come and hear moaning, when you need all attainable relaxation.

Your letter greeted me last night on my arrival from Staffordshire. The prospectus of Mr Henslow's work is as marvellous to my ignorant conceptions as the prophecies of the wonders of the steam engine would have been to some British worthy in the days of Caractacus. I can only gape as he would probably have done. I hope Mr H. has not imitated certain show-keepers, who give so exaggerated a representation of their giantess, on the outside, that the spectators have disappointment for their cash within. 23d June.

If I do not see you, how shall I send your 'Don Quixote,' which I hope soon to finish? I have been sadly interrupted by other books that have taken its scanty allowance of time, or I should have made better haste with it. Will you try to get me Spenser's 'Faery Queen'? the cheapest edition, with a glossary, which is quite indispensable, together with a clear

[1] Written probably in view of her brother's marriage.

Letters to Miss Lewis 23d June.

and correct type. I have had some treats on my little excursion, not the least of which was the gazing on some—albeit the smallest—of the "everlasting hills," and on those noblest children of the earth—fine healthy trees—as independent in their beauty as virtue; set them where you will, they adorn and need not adornment. Father indulged me with a sight of Ashborne Church, the finest mere parish church in the kingdom—in the *interior;* of Alton Gardens, where I saw actually what I have often seen mentally—the bread-fruit tree, the fan-palm, and the papyrus; and last, of Lichfield Cathedral, where, besides the exquisite architectural beauties both external and internal, I saw Chantrey's famous monument of the Sleeping Children. There is a tasteless monument to the learned and brilliant female pedant of Lichfield, Miss Seward, with a poor epitaph by Sir Walter Scott. In the town we saw a large monument erected to Johnson's memory, showing his Titanic body, in a sitting posture, on the summit of a pedestal which is ornamented with bas-reliefs of three passages in his life: his penance in Uttoxeter Market, his chairing on the shoulders of his schoolmates, and his listening to the preaching of Sacheverel. The statue is opposite to the house in which Johnson was born—altogether inferior to that in St Paul's, which shook me almost as much as a real glance from the literary monarch. I am ashamed to send you so many ill-clothed nothings. My excuse shall be a state of head that calls for four leeches before I can attack Mrs Somerville's 'Connection of the Physical Sciences.'

I write with a very tremulous hand, as you will perceive: both this, and many other defects in my letter, are attributable to a very mighty cause—no other than the boiling of currant jelly! I have had much of this kind of occupation lately, and I grieve to say I have not gone through it so cheerfully as the character of a Christian who professes to do *all*, even the most trifling, duty as the Lord demands. My mind is consequently run all wild, and bears nothing but *dog-roses.* I am truly obliged to you for getting me Spenser. How shall I send to you 'Don Quixote,' which I have quite finished?

8th July

I believe it is decided that father and I should leave Griff and take up our residence somewhere in the neighbourhood of Coventry, if we can obtain a suitable house, and this is at present a matter of anxiety. So you see I am likely still to have a home where I can independently welcome you. I am really so plunged in an abyss of books, preserves, and sundry

important trivialities, that I must send you this bare proof that I have not cast the remembrance of you to a dusty corner of my heart. Ever believe that "my heart is as thy heart," that you may rely on me as a second self, and that I shall, with my usual selfishness, lose no opportunity of gratifying my duplicate. Letters to Miss Lewis, 8th July.

The Epistle to the Colossians is pre-eminently rich in the colouring with which it portrays the divine fulness contained in the Saviour, contrasted with the beggarly elements that a spirit of self-righteousness would, in some way, mingle with the light of life, the filthy rags it would tack round the "fine raiment" of His righteousness. I have been reading it in connection with a train of thought suggested by the reading of 'Ancient Christianity and the Oxford Tracts,' by Isaac Taylor, one of the most eloquent, acute, and pious of writers. Five numbers only have yet appeared. Have you seen them? If not, I should like to send you an abstract of his argument. I have gulped it (pardon my coarseness) in a most reptile-like fashion. I must *chew* it thoroughly to facilitate its assimilation with my mental frame. When your pupils can relish Church history, I venture to recommend the Chart lately published by Seeley & Burnside—far superior in conception to mine, as being more compendious, yet answering the purpose of presenting epochs as nuclei round which less important events instinctively cluster. 12th Aug.

Mrs John Cash of Coventry, who was then Miss Mary Sibree, daughter of a Nonconformist minister there, and whose acquaintance Miss Evans made a year or two later in Coventry, writes in regard to this book of Isaac Taylor's: "In her first conversations with my father and mother, they were much interested in learning in what high estimation she held the writings of Isaac Taylor. My father *thought* she was a little disappointed on hearing that he was a Dissenter. She particularly enjoyed his 'Saturday Evening,' and spoke in years after to me of his 'Physical Theory of Another Life,' as exciting thought and leading speculation further than he would have desired. When his 'Ancient Christianity' was published in numbers, Miss Evans took it in, and kindly forwarded the numbers to us. From the impression made on my own mind by unfavourable facts about 'The Fathers,' and from her own subsequent references to this work, I am inclined to think it had its influence in unsettling her views of Christianity."

Letters to Miss Lewis, 17th Sept.

I have thought of you as *the* one who has ever shown herself so capable of consideration for my weakness and sympathy in my warm and easily fastened affections. My imagination is an enemy that must be cast down ere I can enjoy peace or exhibit uniformity of character. I know not which of its caprices I have most to dread—that which incites it to spread sackcloth "above, below, around," or that which makes it "cheat my eye with blear illusion, and beget strange dreams" of excellence and beauty in beings and things of only working-day price. The beautiful heavens that we have lately enjoyed awaken in me an indescribable sensation of exultation in existence, and aspiration after all that is suited to engage an immaterial nature. I have not read very many of Mr B.'s poems, nor any with much attention. I simply declare my determination not to feed on the broth of literature when I can get strong soup — such, for instance, as Shelley's "Cloud," the five or six stanzas of which contain more poetic metal than is beat out in all Mr B.'s pages. You must know I have had bestowed on me the very pretty cognomen of Clematis, which, in the floral language, means mental beauty. I cannot find in my heart to refuse it, though, like many other appellations, it has rather the appearance of a satire than a compliment. *Addio!* I will send your floral name in my next, when I have received my dictionary. My hand and mind are wearied with writing four pages of German and a letter of business.

1st Oct.

My dear Veronica—which, being interpreted, is fidelity in friendship,—Last week I was absent from home from Wednesday to Saturday, in quest of the "coy maiden" Pleasure —at least nominally so, the real motive being rather to gratify another's feeling.[1] I heard the "Messiah" on Thursday morning at Birmingham, and some beautiful selections from other oratorios of Handel and Haydn on Friday. With a stupid, drowsy sensation, produced by standing sentinel over damson cheese and a warm stove, I cannot do better than ask you to read, if accessible, Wordsworth's short poem on the "Power of Sound," with which I have just been delighted. I have made an alteration in my plans with Mr Brezzi, and shall henceforward take Italian and German alternately, so that I shall not be liable to the consciousness of having imperative employment for every interstice of time. There seems a greater affinity between German and my mind than Italian, though less new to me, possesses.

I am reading Schiller's "Maria Stuart," and Tasso.

[1] Visit to Miss Rawlins, her brother's *fiancée*.

I was pleased with a little poem I learnt a week or two ago in German; and, as I want you to like it, I have just put the idea it contains into English doggerel, which quite fails to represent the beautiful simplicity and nature of the original, but yet, I hope, will give you sufficiently its sense to screen the odiousness of the translation. *Eccola:*— Letters to Miss Lewis, 1st Oct.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

"'Where blooms, O my father, a thornless rose?'
'That can I not tell thee, my child;
Not one on the bosom of earth e'er grows
But wounds whom its charms have beguiled.'

'Would I'd a rose on my bosom to lie,
But I shrink from the piercing thorn:
I long, but I dare not its point defy;
I long, and I gaze forlorn.'

'Not so, O my child—round the stem again
Thy resolute fingers entwine;
Forego not the joy for its sister, pain—
Let the rose, the sweet rose, be thine.'"

Would not a parcel reach you by railway?

This is the first allusion to the new means of locomotion, which would, no doubt, be attracting much interest in the Griff household, as valuation was a large part of Mr Evans's business. Long years after, George Eliot wrote:—

"Our midland plains have never lost their familiar expression and conservative spirit for me; yet at every other mile, since I first looked on them, some sign of world-wide change, some new direction of human labour, has wrought itself into what one may call the speech of the landscape. . . . There comes a crowd of burly navvies with pickaxes and barrows, and while hardly a wrinkle is made in the fading mother's face or a new curve of health in the blooming girl's, the hills are cut through, or the breaches between them spanned, we choose our level, and the white steam-pennon flies along it."

My only reason for writing is to obtain a timely promise that you will spend your holidays chiefly with me, that we may once more meet among scenes which, now I am called on to leave them, I find to have *grown in* to my affections. Carlyle says that to the artisans of Glasgow the world is not one of blue skies and a green carpet, but a world of copperas-fumes, low cellars, hard wages, "striking," and whisky; and if the recollection of this picture did not remind me that gratitude should be my reservoir of feeling, 27th Oct

Letter to Miss Lewis, 27th Oct.

that into which all that comes from above or around should be received as a source of fertilisation for my soul, I should give a lachrymose parody of the said description, and tell you all-seriously what I now tell you playfully, that mine is too often a world such as Wilkie can so well paint — a walled-in world furnished with all the details which he remembers so accurately, and the least interesting part thereof is often what I suppose must be designated the intelligent; but I deny that it has even a comparative claim to the appellation, for give me a three-legged stool, and it will call up associations—moral, poetical, mathematical—if I do but ask it, while some human beings have the odious power of contaminating the very images that are enshrined as our soul's arcana. Their baleful touch has the same effect as would a uniformity in the rays of light—it turns all objects to pale-lead colour. O how luxuriously joyous to have the wind of heaven blow on one after being *stived* in a human atmosphere — to feel one's heart leap up after the pressure that Shakspeare so admirably describes: "When a man's wit is not seconded by the forward chick understanding, it strikes a man as dead as a large reckoning in a small room." But it is time I check this Byronic invective, and, in doing so, I am reminded of Corinne's, or rather Oswald's, reproof—"La vie est un *combat*, pas un *hymne*." We should aim to be like a plant in the chamber of sickness—dispensing purifying air even in a region that turns all pale its verdure, and cramps its instinctive propensity to expand. Society is a wide nursery of plants, where the hundreds decompose to nourish the future ten, after giving collateral benefits to their contemporaries destined for a fairer garden. An awful thought! one so heavy that if our souls could once sustain its whole weight, or rather if its whole weight were once to drop on them, they would break and burst their tenements. How long will this continue? The cry of the martyrs heard by St John finds an echo in every heart that, like Solomon's, groans under "the outrage and oppression with which earth is filled." Events are now so momentous, and the elements of society in so chemically critical a state, that a drop seems enough to change its whole form.

I am reading Harris's 'Great Teacher,' and am *innig bewegt*, as a German would say, by its stirring eloquence, which leaves you no time or strength for a cold estimate of the writer's strict merits. I wish I could read some extracts to you. Isaac Taylor's work is not yet complete. When it is so, I hope to reperuse it. Since I wrote to you I have had

Aimé Martin's work, 'L'Education des Mères,' lent to me, and I have found it to be the real Greece whence "Woman's Mission" has only imported to us a few marbles — but! Martin is a *soi-disant* rational Christian, if I mistake him not. I send you an epitaph which he mentions on a tomb in Paris —that of a mother: "Dors en paix, O ma mère; ton fils t'obéira toujours." I am reading eclectically Mrs Hemans's poems, and venture to recommend to your perusal, if unknown to you, one of the longest ones—"The Forest Sanctuary." I can give it my pet adjective—Exquisite. Letters to Miss Lewis, 27th Oct.

I have adopted as my motto—"*Certum pete finem*"—Seek a sure end.[1]

Come when you would best like to do so: if my heart beat at all at the time, it will be with a more rapid motion than the general, from the joy of seeing you. I cannot promise you more than calmness when that flush is past, for I am aweary, aweary—longing for rest, which seems to fly from my very anticipations. But this wrought-up sensitiveness which makes me shrink from all contact is, I know, not for communication or sympathy, and is, from that very character, a kind of trial best suited for me. Whatever tends to render us ill-contented with ourselves, and more earnest aspirants after perfect truth and goodness, is gold, though it come to us all molten and burning, and we know not our treasure until we have had long smarting. 5th Dec.

It is impossible, to me at least, to be poetical in cold weather. I understand the Icelanders have much national poetry, but I guess it was written in the neighbourhood of the boiling springs. I will promise to be as cheerful and as Christmas-like as my rickety body and chameleon-like spirits will allow. I am about to commence the making of mince-pies, with all the interesting sensations characterising young enterprise or effort.

Happily, the moody, melancholy temperament has some counterbalancing advantages to those of the sanguine: it *does* sometimes meet with results more favourable than it expected, and by its knack of imagining the pessimus, cheats the world of its power to disappoint. The very worm-like originator of this coil of sentiment is the fact that you write more cheerfully of yourself than I had been thinking of you, and that *ergo* I am pleased.

On Monday and Tuesday my father and I were occupied with the sale of furniture at our new house: it is probable 11th Feb. 1841.

[1] By a curious coincidence, when she became Mrs Cross, this actually was her motto.

Letters to Miss Lewis, 11th Feb.

that we shall migrate thither in a month. I shall be incessantly hurried until after our departure, but at present I have to be grateful for a smooth passage through contemplated difficulties. Sewing is my staple article of commerce with the hard trader Time. Now the wind has veered to the south I hope to do much more, and that with greater zest than I have done for many months—I mean of all kinds.

I have been reading the three volumes of the 'Life and Times of Louis the Fourteenth,' and am as eagerly waiting for the fourth and last as any voracious novel-reader for Bulwer's last. I am afraid I am getting quite martial in my spirit, and, in the warmth of my sympathy for Turenne and Condé, losing my hatred of war. Such a conflict between *individual* and *moral* influence is no novelty. But certainly war, though the heaviest scourge with which the divine wrath against sin is manifested in Time, has been a necessary vent for impurities and a channel for tempestuous passions that must have otherwise made the whole earth, like the land of the devoted Canaanites, to vomit forth the inhabitants thereof. Awful as such a sentiment appears, it seems to me that in the present condition of man (and I do not mean this in the sense that Cowper does), such a purgation of the body politic is probably essential to its health. A foreign war would soon put an end to our national humours, that are growing to so alarming a head.

What do you think of the Progress of Architecture as a subject for poetry?

8th March.

I am just about to set out on a purchasing expedition to Coventry: you may therefore conceive that I am full of little plans and anxieties, and will understand why I should be brief. I hope by the close of next week that we and our effects shall be deposited at Foleshill, and until then and afterwards I shall be fully occupied, so that I am sure you will not expect to hear from me for the next six weeks. One little bit of unreasonableness you must grant me—the request for a letter from yourself within that time.

CHAPTER II.

New circumstances now created a change almost amounting to a revolution in Miss Evans's life. Mr Isaac

House in Foleshill Road, Coventry.

Evans, who had been associated for some time with his father in the land agency business, married, and it was arranged that he should take over the establishment at Griff. This led to the removal in March 1841 of Mr Robert Evans and his daughter to a house on the Foleshill Road, in the immediate neighbourhood of Coventry. The house is still standing, although considerably altered—a semi-detached house with a good bit of garden round it, and from its upper windows a wide view over the surrounding country, the immediate foreground being unfortunately, however, disfigured by the presence of mills and chimneys. It is town life now instead of country life, and we feel the effects at once in the tone of the subsequent letters. The friendships now formed with Mr and Mrs Bray and Miss Sara Hennell particularly, and the being brought within reach of a small circle of cultivated people generally, render this change of residence an exceedingly important factor in George Eliot's development. It chanced that the new house was next door to Mrs Pears, a sister of Mr Bray, and as there had been some acquaintance in days gone by between him and the family at Griff, this close neighbourhood led to an exchange of visits. The following extracts from letters to Miss Lewis show how the acquaintance ripened, and will give some indications of the first impressions of Coventry life :—

Letter to Miss Lewis, April.

Last evening I mentioned you to my neighbour (Mrs Pears), who is growing into the more precious character of a friend. I have seriously to be thankful for far better health than I have possessed, I think, for years, and I am imperatively called on to trade diligently with this same talent. I am likely to be more and more busy, if I succeed in a project that is just now occupying my thoughts and feelings. I seem to be tried in a contrary mode to that in which most of my dearest friends are being tutored—tried in the most dangerous way—by prosperity. Solomon says, "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider." It seems to me that a transposition, *vice versâ*, of the admonitions would be equally salutary and just. Truly, as the prophet of Selwyn has told us, "Heaven is formidable in its favours." Not that a wise and grateful reception of blessings obliges us to stretch our faces to the length of one of Cromwell's Barebones; nor to shun that joyous bird-like enjoyment of things (which, though perishable as to their actual existence, will be embalmed to eternity in the precious spices

Letters to Miss Lewis, April.

of gratitude) that is distinct from levity and voluptuousness. I am really crowded with engagements just now, and I have added one to the number of my correspondents.

The whole of last week was devoted to a bridesmaid's[1] duties, and each day of this has been partially occupied in paying or receiving visits. I have a calm in sea and sky that I doubt not will ere long be interrupted. This is not our rest, if we are among those for whom there remaineth one, and to pass through life without tribulation (or, as Jeremy Taylor beautifully says, with only such a measure of it as may be compared to an artificial discord in music, which nurses the ear for the returning harmony) would leave us destitute of one of the marks that invariably accompany salvation, and of that fellowship in the sufferings of the Redeemer which can alone work in us a resemblance to one of the most prominent parts of His divinely perfect character, and enable us to obey the injunction, "In patience possess your souls." I have often observed how, in secular things, active occupation in procuring the necessaries of life renders the character indifferent to trials not affecting that one object. There is an analogous influence produced in the Christian by a vigorous pursuit of duty, a determination to work while it is day.

28th April.

One of the penalties women must pay for modern deference to their intellect is, I suppose, that they must give reasons for their conduct after the fashion of men. The days are past for pleading a woman's reason. The truth is, that the hindrances to my writing have been like the little waves of the brooks that look so lovely just now—they have arisen one after another close to my side, but when I have looked back I have found the ripples too insignificant to be marked in the distance. My father's longer *séjours* at home than formerly, and multiplied acquaintances and engagements, are really valid excuses for me hitherto, but I do not intend to need them in future; I hope to be a "snapper up of unconsidered" moments. I have just been interrupted by a visit from a lass of fourteen who has despoiled me of half an hour, and I am going out to dinner, so that I cannot follow the famous advice, "Hasten slowly." I suppose that you framed your note on the principle that a sharp and sudden sound is the most rousing, but there are *addenda* about yourself that I want to know, though I dare not ask for them. I do not feel settled enough to write more at present. How is it that Erasmus could write volumes on volumes and multifarious letters besides, while I, whose

[1] Brother's marriage.

labours hold about the same relation to his as an ant-hill to a pyramid or a drop of dew to the ocean, seem too busy to write a few? A most posing query! Letters to Miss Lewis, 28th April.

I have of late felt a depression that has disordered the vision of my mind's eye and made me *alive* to what is certainly a fact (though my imagination when I am in health is an adept at concealing it), that I am *alone* in the world. I do not mean to be so sinful as to say that I have not friends *most* undeservedly kind and tender, and disposed to form a far too favourable estimate of me, but I mean that I have no one who enters into my pleasures or my griefs, no one with whom I can pour out my soul, no one with the same yearnings, the same temptations, the same delights as myself. I merely mention this as the impression that obtrudes itself when my body tramples on its keeper — (a metaphor borrowed from a menagerie of wild beasts if it should happen to puzzle you!)—mysterious "connection exquisite of distant worlds" that we present! A few drops of steel will perhaps make me laugh at the simple objects that, in gloom and mist, I conjure into stalking apparitions. June.

I am beginning to be interlaced with multiplying ties of duty and affection that, while they render my new home happier, forbid me to leave it on a pleasure-seeking expedition. I think, indeed, that both my heart and limbs would leap to behold the great and wide sea—that old ocean on which man can leave no trace.

I have been revelling in Nichol's 'Architecture of the Heavens and Phenomena of the Solar System,' and have been in imagination winging my flight from system to system, from universe to universe, trying to conceive myself in such a position and with such a visual faculty as would enable me to enjoy what Young enumerates among the novelties of the "Stranger" man when he bursts the shell to 3d Sept.

> "Behold an infinite of floating worlds
> Divide the crystal waves of ether pure
> In endless voyage without port."

"Hospitable infinity!" Nichol beautifully says. How should I love to have a thoroughgoing student with me, that we might read together! We might each alternately employ the voice and the fingers, and thus achieve just twice as much as a poor solitary. I am more impressed than ever with a truth beautifully expressed in 'Woman's Mission'—"Learning is only so far valuable as it serves to enlarge and enlighten the bounds of conscience." This I believe it

Letters to Miss Lewis, 3d Sept.

eminently does when pursued humbly and piously, and from a belief that it is a solemn duty to cultivate every faculty of our nature so far as primary obligations allow. There is an exhortation of St Paul's that I should love to take as my motto: "Finally, my brethren, whatsoever things are honest" (you know the continuation)—"if there be *any* virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." I have had to lament lately that mine is not a *hard-working* mind—it requires frequent rest. I am violently in love with the Italian fashion of repeating an adjective or adverb, and even noun, to give force to expression: there is so much more fire in it than in our circumlocutory phrases, our dull "verys" and "exceedinglys" and "extremelys." I strongly recommend Hallam to you. I shall read it again if I live. When a sort of haziness comes over the mind, making one feel weary of articulated or written signs of ideas, does not the notion of a less laborious mode of communication, of a perception approaching more nearly to intuition, seem attractive? Nathless, I love words: they are the quoits, the bows, the staves that furnish the gymnasium of the mind. Without them, in our present condition, our intellectual strength would have no implements. I have been rather humbled in thinking that if I were thrown on an uncivilised island, and had to form a literature for its inhabitants from my own mental stock, how very fragmentary would be the information with which I could furnish them! It would be a good mode of testing one's knowledge to set one's self the task of writing sketches of all subjects that have entered into one's studies entirely from the chronicles of memory. The prevalence of misery and want in this boasted nation of prosperity and glory is appalling, and really seems to call us away from mental luxury. Oh to be doing some little toward the regeneration of this groaning, travailing creation! I am supine and stupid—overfed with favours, while the haggard looks and piercing glance of want and conscious hopelessness are to be seen in the streets

1st Oct.

Is not this a true autumn day? Just the still melancholy that I love — that makes life and nature harmonise. The birds are consulting about their migrations, the trees are putting on the hectic or the pallid hues of decay, and begin to strew the ground, that one's very footsteps may not disturb the repose of earth and air, while they give us a scent that is a perfect anodyne to the restless spirit. Delicious autumn! My very soul is wedded to it, and if I were a bird I would fly about the earth seeking the successive autumns.

I am going, I hope, to-day to effect a breach in the thick wall of indifference behind which the denizens of Coventry seem inclined to intrench themselves; but I fear I shall fail. Letters to Miss Lewis, 2d Nov.

This probably refers to the first visit paid by Miss Evans to Mr and Mrs Bray at their house. They had met in the previous May at Mrs Pears's; but although they were at once mutually attracted, the acquaintance does not seem to have been immediately prosecuted further. Now, however, any time lost in the beginning was quickly made up, and it is astonishing how rapidly the most intimate relations were formed. Mr Bray was a ribbon-manufacturer, well-to-do at that time, and had a charming house, Rosehill, with a beautiful lawn and garden, in the outskirts of Coventry. Only a part of his time was occupied with his business, and he had much leisure and opportunity, of which he availed himself, for liberal self-education and culture. His was a robust self-reliant mind, and he was a professed freethinker. Already, in 1839, he had published a work on the 'Education of the Feelings,' viewed from the phrenological standpoint; and in this year, 1841, appeared his most important book, 'The Philosophy of Necessity.' He always remained a sincere and complete believer in the science of phrenology. He had married Miss Caroline Hennell, sister of the Mr Charles Hennell who published in 1838 'An Inquiry Concerning the Origin of Christianity'—a remarkable book, which was translated into German, Strauss contributing a preface to the translation. It will be seen from subsequent letters how greatly Miss Evans was interested in this book—how much she admired it; and the reading of it, combined with the association with her new friends—with the philosophical speculations of Mr Bray, and with Mrs Bray's sympathy in her brother's critical and sceptical standpoint—no doubt hastened the change in her attitude towards the dogmas of the Church. The following extract from a letter to Miss Lewis, dated 13th November 1841, apparently fixes the date of the first acknowledgment by herself that her opinions were undergoing so momentous a change, although there had evidently been a good deal of half-unconscious preparation beforehand, as indicated by Mrs Cash's remarks on Isaac Taylor's works in the last chapter.

My whole soul has been engrossed in the most interesting of all inquiries for the last few days, and to what result my 13th Nov.

Letter to Miss Lewis, 13th Nov.

thoughts may lead, I know not—possibly to one that will startle you; but my only desire is to know the truth, my only fear to cling to error. I venture to say our love will not decompose under the influence of separation, unless you excommunicate me for differing from you in opinion. Think—is there any *conceivable* alteration in me that would prevent your coming to me at Christmas? I long to have a friend such as you are, I think I may say, alone to me, to unburthen every thought and difficulty—for I am still a solitary, though near a city. But we have the universe to talk with, infinity in which to stretch the gaze of hope, and an all-bountiful, all-wise Creator in whom to confide,—He who has given us the untold delights of which our reason, our emotion, our sensations are the ever-springing sources.

What a pity that while mathematics are indubitable, immutable, and no one doubts the properties of a triangle or a circle, doctrines infinitely important to man are buried in a charnel-heap of bones over which nothing is heard but the barks and growls of contention! "Unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united."

It is unfortunate that there are no other letters at this date giving further direct information on this very important crisis, especially as the whole plan of this book is to let George Eliot always speak for herself if possible, and more particularly where matters of opinion are concerned. But under the circumstances, I have been glad to avail myself of the following interesting communication from Mrs John Cash, which gives her recollections and impressions of Miss Evans at this juncture.

"It was in the early part of the year 1841, when I was sixteen years of age, that Miss Franklin came to see my mother at our house on the Foleshill Road—about a mile and a half from Coventry—to tell her as a piece of most interesting news, that an old pupil, of whom she herself and her sister Rebecca had always been very proud, was coming at the Ladyday quarter to live at a house on the same road, within five minutes' walk of ours. This was Miss Evans, then twenty-one years of age. Miss Franklin dwelt with much pride on Miss Evans's mental power, on her skill in music, &c.; but the great recommendation to my mother's interest was the zeal for others which had marked her earnest piety at school, where she had induced the girls to come together for prayer, and which had led her to visit the poor most diligently in the cot-

tages round her own home. Many years after, an old nurse of mine told me that these poor people had said after her removal, 'We shall never have another Mary Ann Evans.'

"My mother was asked to second and help her in work of this kind. 'She will be sure to get something up very soon,' was the last remark I can recall; and on her first visit to us I well remember she told us of a club for clothing set going by herself and her neighbour Mrs Pears, in a district to which she said 'the euphonious name of the Pudding-Pits had been given.' In conversation she gave expression to her great appreciation of the writings of Isaac Taylor. The controversy raised by the 'Tracts for the Times,' which gave occasion for the publication of Mr Taylor's 'Ancient Christianity,' being now remote, I give the following extract from a footnote in Trench's 'Notes on the Parables,' to show the influence such a work as Mr Taylor's would be likely to exercise on the mind of one who esteemed its author, and also the feeling it excited against an eminently religious man, by revelations which he desired and believed would serve the cause of New Testament Christianity. The note is on the 'Tares.' The quotation, containing the reference, is from Menken.

"'Many so-called Church historians (*authors of "Ancient Christianity" and the like*), ignorant of the purpose and of the hidden glory of the Church, have their pleasure in the Tares, and imagine themselves wonderfully wise and useful when out of Church history (which ought to be the history of the Light and the Truth) they have made a shameful history of error and wickedness.'

"It was upon her first or second interview with my mother that Miss Evans told her how shocked she had been by the apparent union of religious feeling with a low sense of morality among the people in the district she visited, who were mostly Methodists. She gave as an instance the case of a woman who, when a falsehood was clearly brought home to her by her visitors, said, 'She did not feel that she had grieved the Spirit much.' Now those readers of the letters to Miss Lewis who are acquainted with modern Evangelicalism, even in its 'after-glow,' especially as it was presented to the world by Church of England teaching and practice, will recognise its characteristics in the moral scrupulousness, the sense of obligation on the part of Christians to avoid the

very appearance of evil, the practical piety which those letters reveal.

"Mrs Evans (the mother) was a very serious, earnest-minded woman, anxiously concerned for the moral and religious training of her children: glad to place them under the care of such persons as the Misses Franklin, to whose school a mother of a different order objected, on the ground that 'it was where that saint Mary Ann Evans had been.'

"It is natural then that, early awed by and attracted towards beliefs cherished by the best persons she had known, and advocated in the best books she had read, the mind of Miss Evans should have been stirred by exhibitions of a *theoretic* severance of religion from morality, whether presented among the disciples of 'Ancient Christianity' or by the subjects of its modern revivals: it is probable that she may thereby have been led, as others have been, to a reconsideration of the creeds of Christendom, and to further inquiry concerning their origin.

"On the same grounds, it is likely that the presentation of social virtues, apart from evangelical motives, would impress her; and I have authority for stating that to the inquiry of a friend in after years, as to the influence to which she attributed the first unsettlement of her orthodox views, she quickly made answer: 'Oh, Walter Scott's.' Now I well remember her speaking to me of Robert Hall's confession that he had been made unhappy for a week by the reading of Miss Edgeworth's Tales, in which useful, good, and pleasant lives are lived with no reference to religious hopes and fears; and her drawing my attention to the real greatness of mind and sincerity of faith which this candid confession betokened. Such remarks, I think, throw light upon the way in which her own evangelical belief had been affected by works in which its dogmas are not enforced as necessary springs of virtuous action.

"It was not until the winter of 1841, or early in 1842, that my mother first received (not from Miss Evans's own lips, but through a common friend) the information that a total change had taken place in this gifted woman's mind with respect to the evangelical religion which she had evidently believed in up to the time of her coming to Coventry, and for which, she once told me, she had at one time sacrificed the cultivation of her intellect and a proper regard to personal appearance. 'I used,' she said,

'to go about like an owl, to the great disgust of my brother; and I would have denied him what I now see to have been quite lawful amusements.'

"My mother's grief on hearing of this change in one whom she had begun to love was very great; but she thought that argument and expostulation might do much, and I well remember a long evening devoted to it by my father. The discussion is now vividly present to my mind. There was not only on Miss Evans's part a vehemence of tone, startling in one so quiet, but a crudeness in her objections, an absence of proposed solution of difficulties which partly distressed and partly pleased me (siding as I did mentally with my father), and which was in strange contrast to the satisfied calm which marked her subsequent treatment of religious differences.

"Upon my father's using an argument (common enough in those days) drawn from the present condition of the Jews as a fulfilment of prophecy, and saying, 'If I were tempted to doubt the truth of the Bible, I should only have to look at a Jew to confirm my faith in it,'—'Don't talk to me of the Jews!' Miss Evans retorted, in an irritated tone; 'to think that they were deluded into expectations of a temporal deliverer, and then punished because they couldn't understand that it was a spiritual deliverer that was intended!' To something that followed from her, intimating the claim of creatures upon their Creator, my father objected, 'But we have no claim upon God.' 'No claim upon God!' she reiterated indignantly; 'we have the strongest possible claim upon Him.'

"I regret that I can recall nothing more of a conversation carried on for more than two hours; but I vividly remember how deeply Miss Evans was moved, and how, as she stood against the mantelpiece during the last part of the time, her delicate fingers, in which she held a small piece of muslin on which she was at work, trembled with her agitation.

"To her affectionate and pathetic speech to my mother, 'Now, Mrs Sibree, you won't care to have anything more to do with me,' my mother rejoined: 'On the contrary, I shall feel more interested in you than ever.' But it was very evident at this time that she stood in no *need* of sympathising friends—that the desire for congenial society, as well as for books and larger opportunities for

culture, which had led her most eagerly to seek a removal from Griff to a home near Coventry, had been met beyond her highest expectations.

"Alteration was traceable even in externals — in the changed tone of voice and manner—from formality to a geniality which opened my heart to her, and made the next five years the most important epoch in my life.

"The impression allowed to remain upon the minds of her friends, for some time after she had made declaration of her heresies, was of her being in a troubled, unsettled state. So great were her simplicity and candour in acknowledging this, and so apparent was her earnest desire for truth, that no hesitation was felt in asking her to receive visits from persons of different persuasions, who were judged competent to bring forward the best arguments in favour of orthodox doctrines. One of these was a Baptist minister, introduced to her by Miss Franklin: he was said to be well read in divinity, and I remember him as an original and interesting preacher. After an interview with Miss Evans, meeting my father, he said: 'That young lady must have had the devil at her elbow to suggest her doubts, for there was not a book that I recommended to her in support of Christian evidences that she had not read.'

"Mr Watts, one of the professors at Spring Hill College (Independent), Birmingham, a colleague of Mr Henry Rogers, author of the 'Eclipse of Faith,' and who had himself studied at the Hallé University, and enjoyed the friendship of Dr Tholück, was requested (I think by my mother) to call on Miss Evans. His acquaintance with German Rationalism (rare in England in those days) qualified him to enter into, and it was hoped to meet, difficulties raised by a critical study of the New Testament. After his first or second interview, my brother remembers his observing with emphasis, '*She* has gone into the question;' and I can recall a reference made by him at a later date in my hearing to Miss Evans's discontent with her own solutions—or rather with her own standpoint at that time. This discontent he said 'was so far satisfactory.' Doubtless it gave him hope of the reconversion of one who had, as he told my mother, awakened deep interest in his own mind, as much by the earnestness which characterised her inquiries as by her exceptional attainments.

"From letters that passed between my brother and

myself during his residence in Germany, I give the following extracts referring to this period.

"The first is from one of mine, dated September 2, 1842.

"'In my father's absence we (my mother and I) called on Miss Evans. She now takes up a different position. Her views are not altogether altered, but she says it would be extreme arrogance in so young a person to suppose she had obtained *yet* any just ideas of truth. She had been reading Dr Tholück's reply to Strauss's 'Life of Jesus,' but said Mr Watts had advised her *not* to read his 'Guido and Julius.'

"In answer to this my brother says, in a letter dated Hallé, September 26, 1842, 'You have given, doubtless, a very accurate account of Miss Evans's mode of stating her present sentiments. Mr Watts's reason for advising that Dr Tholück's 'Guido and Julius' be not read is, perhaps, that the reasoning is not satisfactory.'

"In another letter, addressed to my brother at Hallé, and dated October 28, 1842, I tell him — 'Last week mother and I spent an evening with Miss Evans. She seems more settled in her views than ever, and rests her objections to Christianity on this ground, that Calvinism is Christianity, and this granted, that it is a religion based on pure selfishness. She occupied, however, a great part of the time in pleading for works of imagination, maintaining that they perform an office for the mind which nothing else can. On the mention of Shakspeare, she praised him with her characteristic ardour, was shocked at the idea that mother should disapprove the perusal of his writings, and quite distressed lest, through her influence, I should be prevented from reading them. She could be content were she allowed no other book than Shakspeare; and in educating a child, this would be the first book she would place in its hands.

"'She seems to have read a great deal of Italian literature, and speaks with rapture of Metastasio's novels. She has lent me 'Le mie Prigioni' by Silvio Pellico, in his own tongue, as a book to begin with. She says there is a prevailing but very mistaken idea that Italian is an easy language, though she is exceedingly delighted with it. If at any time I wish to begin German, she would very much like to give me some instruction.'

"In addition to the above relating to Shakspeare, I recall the protest that my mother's objection to his plays

(my mother *had* been an ardent lover of 'the play'), on the ground that there were things in them that offended her, was as reasonable as the objection to walk in a beautiful garden, 'because toads and weeds are to be found in it.'

"In a letter dated March 6, 1843, I write to my brother: 'Your request that you may be informed as to the precise nature of Miss Evans's philosophical views, I shall find it very difficult to comply with, inasmuch as on our last interview she did not express herself so fully on this subject as formerly; indeed I believe she is not now so desirous of controversy. She, however, appeared, to me at least, to have rather changed her ground on some points. For instance, she said she considered Jesus Christ as the embodiment of perfect love, and seemed to be leaning slightly to the doctrines of Carlyle and Emerson when she remarked that she considered the Bible a revelation in a certain sense, as she considered herself a revelation of the mind of Deity, &c. She was very anxious to know if you had heard Schelling.'

"In a letter addressed to my brother at Spring Hill College, and dated October 28, 1844, I find this reference to Dr Harris, who had been preaching a charity sermon in a chapel at Foleshill:—

"'Miss Evans has just been reproaching me for not informing her of Dr Harris's preaching, which she would have given anything to hear, as she says his 'Great Teacher' left more delightful impressions on her mind than anything she ever read, and is, she thinks, the best book that could be written by a man holding his principles.'

"In the same letter I mention a second lesson in German given me by Miss Evans. In one written some time before, I tell my brother of her kind proposal, but add that my parents object 'on account of her dangerous sentiments.' She had, however, since called at our house one morning to renew it: and I well remember how eagerly I watched my mother, looking so affectionately at Miss Evans, and saying quietly, 'You know, with your superior intellect, I cannot help fearing you might influence Mary, though you might not intend to do so. But,' she went on to say, 'her father does not agree with me: he does not see any danger, and thinks we ought not to refuse, as it is so very kind of you to be willing to take the trouble,—and we know it would

be a great advantage to her to learn German; for she will probably have to earn her living by teaching.' Seeing at a glance how matters stood, Miss Evans turned round quickly to me, and said, 'Come on Saturday at three o'clock, and bring what books you have.'

"So I went, and began 'Don Carlos,' continuing to go, with some intervals occasioned by absence, pretty regularly on Saturday afternoons, for nearly two years; but it was not until the end of the second year, when I received Miss Evans's suggestion that the lessons were no longer necessary and should be discontinued, that I fully realised what this companionship had been to me. The loss was like the loss of sunshine.

"No promise had been given that my religious belief should be undisturbed, nor was any needed.

"After my brother's year's residence at the Hallé University (in 1842-43), my own mind had been much exercised in the matter of religion, and I felt the moral difficulties press heavily on my conscience, so that my whole heart was necessarily poured out to my guide, philosopher, and friend. But she steadily turned my attention from theoretical questions to a confession of my own want of thoroughness in arithmetic, which I pretended to teach, with the request that I would specially give attention to this study, and get my conscience clear about it, and that I would not come to her again until my views of religion were also clear.

"Interest was turned aside from Calvinism and Arminianism, which at an early age had engaged my attention, towards manifestations of nobility of character, and sympathy with human struggles and sufferings under varied conditions. The character of the 'Marquis von Posa' (in 'Don Carlos') roused an enthusiasm for heroism and virtue, which it was delightful to express to one who so fully shared it. Placing together one day the works of Schiller, which were in two or three volumes, Miss Evans said, 'Oh, if *I* had given these to the world, how happy I should be!'

"It must have been to confirm myself in my traditional faith by confession of it, that I once took upon myself to say to her how sure I was that there could be no true morality without evangelical belief. 'Oh, it is so, is it?' she said, with the kindest smile, and nothing further passed. From time to time, however, her reverence and affection for the character of Christ

and the Apostle Paul, and her sympathy with genuine religious feeling, were very clear to me. Expressing one day her horror of a crowd, she said, 'I never would press through one, unless it were to see a second Jesus.' The words startled me—the conception of Jesus Christ in my mind being so little associated with a human form; but they impressed me with a certain reality of feeling which I contrasted, as I did Miss Evans's abiding interest in great principles, with the somewhat factitious and occasional as well as fitful affection and concern manifest in many whom I looked up to as 'converted' people.

"Once only do I remember such contrast being made by herself. She attended the service at the opening of a new church at Foleshill with her father, and remarked to me the next day, that looking at the gaily dressed people, she could not help thinking how much easier life would be to her, and how much better she should stand in the estimation of her neighbours, if only she could take things as they did, be satisfied with outside pleasures, and conform to the popular beliefs without any reflection or examination. Once, too, after being in the company of educated persons 'professing and calling themselves Christians,' she commented to me on the *tone* of conversation, often frivolous, sometimes ill-natured, that seemed yet to excite in no one any sense of impropriety.

"It must have been in those early days that she spoke to me of a visit from one of her uncles in Derbyshire, a Wesleyan, and how much she had enjoyed talking with him, finding she could enter into his feelings so much better than she had done in past times, when her views seemed more in accordance with his own, but were really less so.

"Amongst other books, I remember the 'Life of Dr Arnold' interested her deeply. Speaking of it to me one morning, she referred to a conversation she had had with a friend the evening before, and said they had agreed that it was a great good for such men to remain within the pale of orthodoxy, that so they might draw from the old doctrines the best that was to be got from them.

"Of criticisms on German books read with Miss Evans, I recall one or two. In the 'Robbers,' she criticised the attempt to enhance the horror of the situation of the

abandoned father, by details of physical wretchedness, as a mistake in Art. 'Wallenstein' she ranked higher from an intellectual point of view than any other work of Schiller's. The talk of the soldiers in the 'Lager' she pointed out to me as 'just what it would be.' On my faint response, 'I suppose it is!' she returned, 'No, you do not *suppose*,—we *know* these things;' and then gave me a specimen of what might be a navvy's talk—'The sort of thing such people say, is, "I'll break off your arm, and bloody your face with the stump."'

"Kingsley's 'Saint's Tragedy' was not so popular as his other works, but Miss Evans was deeply moved by it. Putting it into my hands one morning, she said, 'There, read it,—*you* will care for it.'

"The 'Life of Jean Paul Richter,' published in the Catholic Series (in which the head of Christ, by De la Roche, so dear to her, figures as a vignette), was read and talked of with great interest, as was his 'Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces,' translated by the late Mr Edward Noel of Hampstead. Choice little bits of humour from the latter she greatly enjoyed.

"Margaret Fuller's 'Woman in the Nineteenth Century,' I think Miss Evans gave to me. I know it interested her, as did 'Emerson's Essays.' Intercourse was kept up with my family, otherwise than through the lessons, by calls, and in little gatherings of friends in evenings, when we were favoured to hear Miss Evans sing. Her voice was not strong, and I think she preferred playing on the piano; but her low notes were effective, and there was always an elevation in the rendering.

"As I knew Miss Evans, no one escaped her notice. In her treatment of servants, for instance, she was most considerate. 'They come to me,' she used to say, 'with all their troubles,' as indeed did her friends generally,—sometimes, she would confess, to an extent that quite oppressed her. When any object of charity came under her notice, and power to help was within her reach, she was very prompt in rendering it. Our servant's brother or sister, or both of them, died, leaving children dependent on friends themselves poor. Miss Evans at once offered to provide clothing and school-fees for one of these, a chubby-faced little girl four or five years of age. Unexpectedly, however, an aunt at a distance proposed to adopt the child. I recollect taking her to say good-

bye to her would-be benefactress, and can see her now standing still and subdued in her black frock and cape, with Miss Evans kneeling down by her, and saying, after giving her some money, 'Then I suppose there is nothing else we can do for her.'

"My husband's mother, who was a member of the Society of Friends, established, with the help of her daughters and a few others interested, an Industrial Home for girls about the age of fourteen. It was in the year 1843, and was therefore one of the first institutions of the kind in England. The model was taken from something of the same order attempted by a young girl in France. The girls were, as far as practicable, to maintain themselves, working under conditions of comfort and protection more attainable than in their own homes. The idea was new; the Home could not be started without funds, and my mother undertook to collect for it in her own neighbourhood. In a letter to me, written at this time, she tells me she is 'not doing much to help dear Mrs Cash,' there being a 'prejudice against the scheme;' but adds, 'This morning Miss Evans called, and brought me two guineas from her father.' I tell of this, as one among many indications of Miss Evans's ever-growing zeal to serve humanity in a broader way, motived as *she* felt by a higher aim than what she termed 'desire to save one's soul by making up coarse flannel for the poor.'

"On one occasion at Mr Bray's house at Rosehill, roused by a remark of his on the beneficial influence exercised by evangelical beliefs on the moral feelings, she said energetically, 'I say it now, and I say it once for all, that I am influenced in my own conduct at the present time by far higher considerations, and by a nobler idea of duty, than I ever was while I held the evangelical beliefs.'

"In these broad views,—in this desire to bring her less advantaged neighbours nearer to her own level, to meet them on common ground, to raise them above the liability to eleemosynary charity,—she had Mr Bray's full sympathy. To me she dwelt frequently upon his genuine benevolence, upon his ways of advancing the interests of the working men, as being in her judgment wise and good. She visited periodically, in turn with Mrs Bray, myself, and a few others, an infant-school which Mr Bray had helped to start; and although this

sort of work was so little suited to her, yet so much did she feel the duty of living for others, especially the less privileged, that one morning she came to Mrs Bray, expressing strongly her desire to help in *any* work that could be given her. The only thing that could be thought of was the illustration of some lessons in Natural History, on sheets of cardboard, needed then when prints of the kind were not to be procured for schools. The class of animals to be illustrated by Mrs Bray on the sheet taken by Miss Evans was the 'Rodentiæ,' and at the top a squirrel was to figure, the which she undertook to draw. This I have seen, half-finished —a witness to the willing mind; proof that its proper work lay otherwhere. Lectures at the Mechanics' Institute were matters of great interest to Miss Evans; and I remember the pleasure given her by the performance of the music of 'Comus,' with lecture by Professor Taylor, at our old St Mary's Hall. In that hall, too, we heard the first lecture on total abstinence that I remember to have heard in Coventry, though of 'Temperance Societies' we knew something. The lecturer was the Rev. Mr Spencer, a clergyman at Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath, and uncle of Mr Herbert Spencer. Miss Evans was present at the lecture, with Mr Bray, who told me afterwards he had some difficulty in restraining her from going up, as soon as the lecture was over, to take the pledge, he thought without due consideration. 'I felt,' she said, speaking to me afterwards of the lecturer, 'that he had got hold of a power for good that was of incalculable worth.'

"I need scarcely say that I received, along with lessons in German, some 'rules and lessons for life' from Miss Evans. One of the first was an injunction to be accurate—enforced with the warning, that the tendency is to grow less and less so as we get older. Another was, tolerance. How well I can remember the remonstrance, 'My dear child, the great lesson of life is tolerance.' In the proverb, 'Live and let live,' she saw a principle involved, harder to act upon, she would say, than the maxims of benevolence, — I think, because bringing less credit with it. A third was the duty of making conversation profitable, and in general of using time for serious purposes—of the positive immorality of frittering it away in ill-natured or in poor profitless talk.

"The reading of dramas and romances naturally gives

rise to discussion of their main theme. In treating of love and marriage, Miss Evans's feeling was so fine as to satisfy a young girl in her teens, with her impossible ideals. The conception of the union of two persons by so close a tie as marriage, without a previous union of minds as well as hearts, was to her dreadful. 'How terrible it must be,' she once said to me, 'to find one's self tied to a being whose limitations you could see, and must know were such as to prevent your ever being understood!' She thought that though in England marriages were not professedly 'arrangés,' they were so too often practically: young people being brought together, and receiving intimations that mutual interest was desired and expected, were apt to drift into connections on grounds not strong enough for the wear and tear of life; and this, too, among the middle as well as in the higher classes. After speaking of these and other facts, of how things were and would be, in spite of likelihood to the contrary, she would end by saying, playfully, 'Now remember I tell you this, and I am sixty!'

"She thought the stringency of laws rendering the marriage-tie (at that date) irrevocable, practically worked injuriously; the effect being 'that many wives took far less pains to please their husbands in behaviour and appearance, because they knew their own position to be invulnerable.' And at a later time she spoke of marriages on the Continent, where separations did not necessarily involve discredit, as being very frequently far happier.

"One claim, as she regarded it, from equals to each other was this, the right to hear from the aggrieved, 'You have ill-treated me; do you not see your conduct is not fair, looked at from my side?' Such frankness would, she said, bring about good understanding better than reticent endurance. Her own filial piety was sufficiently manifest; but of the converse obligation, that of the claim of child upon parent, she was wont to speak thus strongly. 'There may be,' she would say, 'conduct on the part of a parent which should exonerate his child from further obligation to him; but there cannot be action conceivable which should absolve the parent from obligation to serve his child, seeing that for that child's existence he is himself responsible.' I did not at the time see the connection between this view and the change of a fundamental nature marked by Miss Evans's earlier contention for our 'claim on God.' The bearing

of the above on orthodox religion I did not see. Some time ago, however, I came across this reflection, made by a clergyman of the Broad Church school—that since the *claims* of children had, in the plea for schools, been based on the responsibility of parents towards them, a higher principle had been maintained on the platform than was preached from the pulpit, as the basis of the popular theology.

"I have already made mention of Miss Evans's sympathy with me in my own religious difficulties; and my obligations to her were deepened by her seconding my resolve to acknowledge how much of the traditional belief had fallen away from me, and left a simpler faith. In this I found her best help when, as time passed on, my brother saw he could not conscientiously continue in the calling he had chosen. As, however, his heresies were not considered fatal, and he was esteemed by the professors and students of his college, there was for some time hesitation. In this predicament I wrote to him, a little favouring compromise. My mother also wrote. I took the letters to Miss Evans before posting them. She read mine first, with no remark, and then began my mother's, reading until she came upon these words —'In the meantime, let me entreat you not to utter any sentiments either in the pulpit or in conversation that you do not believe to be strictly true;' on which she said, turning to me, 'Look, this is the important point, what your mother says here,' and I immediately put my own letter into the fire. 'What are you doing?' she quickly said; and when I answered, 'You are right, —my mother's letter is to the point, and that only need go,' she nodded assent, and keeping it, sent it enclosed with a few lines from herself.

"I knew what I had done, and so did she: the giving up of the ministry to a young man without other resources was no light matter, and as I rose to go, she said, 'These are the tragedies for which the world cares so little, but which are so much to me.'

"More than twenty years elapsed before I had again the privilege of seeing George Eliot, and that on one occasion only, after her final settlement in London. It touched me deeply to find how much she had retained of her kind interest in all that concerned me and mine, and I remarked on this to Mr Lewes, who came to the door with my daughter and myself at parting. 'Wonderful

sympathy,' I said. 'Is it not?' said he; and when I added, inquiringly, 'The power lies there?' 'Unquestionably it does,' was his answer; 'she forgets nothing that has ever come within the curl of her eyelash: above all, she forgets no one who has ever spoken to her one kind word.' This trait in her character led Miss Evans very frequently to acknowledge to me the debt which she owed during the years of her life with her father to the intercourse she enjoyed with her friend at Rosehill.

"In Mr and Mrs Bray and in the Hennell family she had found friends who called forth her interest and stimulated her powers in no common degree. They were her world, and on my saying to her once, as we closed the garden door together, that we seemed to be entering a Paradise, she said, 'I do indeed feel that I shut the world out when I shut that door.' Speaking to my mother of her dearest friend Mrs Bray, she said, 'She is the most religious person I know.' Of Mr Charles Hennell, in whose writings she had great interest, she said, 'He is a perfect model of manly excellence.'"

The reading of Mr Hennell's 'Inquiry,' which followed close on the first visit to the Brays, had no doubt an important influence on George Eliot's development, and an analysis of the book, done by Miss Evans in 1852, for the Analytical Catalogue of Mr Chapman's publications, may be inserted here as showing her idea of its value eleven years later:—

"The first edition of this work appeared in 1838, when the present strong current of public opinion in favour of free religious discussion had not yet set in; and it probably helped to generate the tone of thought exhibited in more recent works of the same class, to which circumstances have given a wider fame—works which, like the above, in considering questions of Biblical criticism and the philosophy of Christianity, combine high refinement, purity of aim, and candour, with the utmost freedom of investigation, and with a popularity of style which wins them the attention not only of the learned but of the practical.

"The author opens his inquiry with a Historical Sketch, extending from the Babylonish Captivity to the end of the first century, the design of which is to show how, abstracting the idea of the miraculous, or any speciality of divine influence, the gradual development of certain elements in Jewish

character, and the train of events in Jewish history, contributed to form a suitable nidus for the production of a character and career like that of Jesus, and how the devoted enthusiasm generated by such a career in his immediate disciples rendering it easier for them to modify their ideas of the Messiah than to renounce their belief in their Master's Messiahship,—the accession of Gentile converts and the destruction of the last remnant of theocracy necessitating a wider interpretation of Messianic hopes,—the junction of Christian ideas with Alexandrian Platonism, and the decrepitude of Polytheism, combined to associate the name of Jesus, his Messiahship, his death and his resurrection, with a great moral and religious revolution. This historical sketch, which is under the disadvantage of presenting, synthetically, ideas based on a subsequent analysis, is intended to meet the difficulty so often urged, and which might be held to nullify the value of a critical investigation, that Christianity is a fact, for which, if the supposition of a miraculous origin be rejected, no adequate and probable causes can be assigned, and that thus, however defective may be the evidence of the New Testament history, its acceptance is the least difficult alternative.

"In the writer's view, the characteristics of the Essene sect, as traced by Josephus and Philo, justify the supposition that Jesus was educated in their school of philosophy; but with the elevated belief and purity of life which belonged to this sect, he united the ardent patriotic ideas which had previously animated Judas of Galilee, who resisted the Roman authority on the ground that God was the only ruler and lord of the Jews. The profound consciousness of genius, a religious fervour which made the idea of the divine ever present to him, patriotic zeal, and a spirit of moral reform, together with a participation in the enthusiastic belief of his countrymen that the long-predicted exaltation of Israel was at hand, combined to produce in the mind of Jesus the gradual conviction that he was himself the Messiah, with whose reign that exaltation would commence. He began, as John the Baptist had already done, to announce 'the kingdom of heaven,'—a phrase which, to the Jewish mind, represented the national glorification of Israel; and by his preaching, and the influence of his powerful personality, he won multitudes in Galilee to a participation in his belief that he was the expected son of David. His public entrance into Jerusalem in the guise which tradition associated with the Messiah, when he sanctioned the homage of the multitude,

was probably the climax of his confidence that a great demonstration of divine power, in concurrence with popular enthusiasm, would seat him triumphantly on the throne of David. No such result appearing, his views of the divine dispensation with respect to himself began to change, and he felt the presentiment that he must enter on his Messianic reign through the gates of suffering and death. Viewing Jesus as a pretender not only to spiritual but to political power, as one who really expected the subversion of the existing government to make way for his own kingship (though he probably relied on divine rather than on human means), he must necessarily have appeared in a dangerous light to those of his countrymen who were in authority, and who were anxious at any price to preserve public tranquillity in the presence of the Roman power, ready to visit with heavy vengeance any breach of order, and to deprive them of the last remnants of their independence; and hence the motives for his arrest and execution. To account for the belief of the disciples in the resurrection of their Master—a belief which appears to have been sincere—the author thinks it necessary to suppose a certain nucleus of fact, and this he finds in the disappearance of the body of Jesus, a point attested by all the four Evangelists. The secret of this disappearance probably lay with Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, who were anxious to avoid implicating themselves with that fermentation of regretful enthusiasm to which a resort of the disciples to the grave might give rise. Animated by a belief in the resurrection — which, being more harmless in the eyes of the authorities than that in a living Messiah, they were permitted to preach with little molestation—the zeal of the disciples won many converts; a new impulse was given to their cause by the accession of Paul, who became the chief missionary of the new faith, as construed by himself, to the Gentiles; and the concurrence of the causes indicated above, modifying the early creed of the apostles, and blending it with trains of thought already prevalent, bore along Christianity in its conquest over the minds of men until it became the dominant religion of the Roman world.

"Having sought to show, in this preliminary sketch, that a belief in miracles is not entailed on us by the fact of the early growth of Christianity, the author enters on the inquiry whether the claims of the Evangelical writers on our credence are such as to sustain the miraculous part of their narratives. The answer is in the negative. He discusses,

first, the date and credibility of each Gospel, and concludes that while Matthew has many marvellous stories, incongruous in themselves, and not only unsupported but contradicted by the other Evangelists, he nevertheless presents the most comprehensible account of the career of Jesus; that in Mark, evidently more remote in time and circumstances, both from his events and from Jewish modes of thought, the idea conveyed of Jesus is much vaguer and less explicable; that in Luke there is a still further modification of his character, which has acquired a tinge of asceticism; while in John the style of his teaching is wholly changed, and instead of the graphic parable and the pithy apothegm, he utters long mystical discourses in the style of the first epistle bearing the name of the same Evangelist. Mr Hennell, however, adheres to the conclusion that the substance of this Gospel came from the apostle John at an advanced age, when both the events of his early manhood and the scenes of his native land lay in the far distance. The writer then enters on a special examination of the Resurrection and Ascension, and the other miracles in the Gospels and the Acts, and inquires how far they are sustained by the Apostolic Epistles. He examines the prophecies of the Old Testament supposed to have been fulfilled in Jesus, and also the predictions of Jesus himself concerning his death and resurrection; and finally, he considers the character, views, and doctrine of Christ. According to him, an impartial study of the conduct and sayings of Jesus, as exhibited in the Gospels, produces the conviction that he was an enthusiast and a revolutionist, no less than a reformer and a moral and religious teacher. Passages are adduced from the Old Testament, and from the Apocryphal and Rabbinical writings, to show that there is scarcely anything absolutely original in the teaching of Jesus; but, in the opinion of the author, he manifests a freedom and individuality in the use of his materials, and a general superiority of tone and selection, which, united with the devotion of his life to what he held the highest purpose, mark him to be of an order of minds occurring but at rare intervals in the history of our race.

"Shortly after the appearance of this work, it was translated into German through the instrumentality of Dr Strauss, who, in the Preface he prefixed to it, says: 'Not sufficiently acquainted with German to read continuously a learned work in that language, the labours of our theologians were only accessible to him' (the author of the 'Inquiry') 'so far as they were written in Latin, or translated into Eng-

lish, or treated of in English writings or periodicals: especially he is unacquainted with what the Germans have effected in the criticism of the Gospels since Schleiermacher's work on Luke, and even the earlier commentators he knows but imperfectly. Only so much the more remarkable is it, however, that both in the principles and in the main results of his investigation, he is on the very track which has been entered on amongst us in recent years. . . . That at certain periods, certain modes of thought lie as it were in the atmosphere, . . . and come to light in the most remote places without perceptible media of communication, is shown, not only by the contents, but by the spirit, of Mr Hennell's work. No further traces of the ridicule and scorn which characterise his countrymen of the Deistical school; the subject is treated in the earnest and dignified tone of the truth-seeker, not with the rancour of a passionate polemic; we nowhere find him deriving religion from priestcraft, but from the tendencies and wants of human nature. . . . These elevated views, which the learned German of our day appropriates as the fruit of the religious and scientific advancement of his nation, this Englishman, to whom most of the means at our command were wanting, has been able to educe entirely from himself. . . . An Englishman, a merchant, a man of the world, he possesses, both by nature and by training, the practical insight, the sure tact, which lays hold on realities. The solution of problems over which the German flutters with many circuits of learned formulæ, our English author often succeeds in seizing at one spring. . . . To the learned he often presents things under a surprisingly new aspect; to the unlearned, invariably under that which is the most comprehensible and attractive.'"

It was impossible for such a nature as Miss Evans's, in the enthusiasm of this first great change in her religious convictions, to rest satisfied in compliance with the old forms, and she was so uneasy in an equivocal position that she determined to give up going to church. This was an unforgivable offence in the eyes of her father, who was a Churchman of the old school, and nearly led to a family rupture. He went so far as to put into an agent's hands the lease of the house in the Foleshill road, with the intention of going to live with his married daughter. Upon this, Miss Evans made up her mind to go into lodgings at Leamington, and to try to support herself by teaching. The first letter to Mrs Bray refers to this incident:—

My guardian angel, Mrs Pears, has just sent for me to hear your kind note, which has done my aching limbs a little good. I shall be most thankful for the opportunity of going to Leamington, and Mrs Pears is willing to go too. There is but *one* woe, that of leaving my dear father—all else, doleful lodgings, scanty meals, and *gazing-stockism*, are quite indifferent to me. Therefore do not fear for me when I am once settled in my home—wherever it may be—and freed from wretched suspense. Letter to Mrs Bray, Jan. 1842.

Far from being weary of your dear little Henry, his matin visits are as cheering to me as those of any little bird Mrs Pears, Feb.

> "That comes in spite of sorrow,
> And at my window bids good-morrow."

We have not, perhaps, been so systematic as a regular tutor and pupil would have been, but we crave indulgence for some laxity. I was really touched that you should think of *me* while among friends more closely linked with you in every way. I was beginning to get used to the conviction that, ivy-like as I am by nature, I must (as we see ivy do sometimes) shoot out into an isolated tree. Never again imagine that you need ask forgiveness for speaking or writing to me on subjects to me more interesting than aught else; on the contrary, believe that I really enjoy conversation of this nature: blank silence and cold reserve are the only bitters I care for in my intercourse with you. I can rejoice in all the joys of humanity,—in all that serves to elevate and purify feeling and action; nor will I quarrel with the million who, I am persuaded, are with me in intention, though our dialects differ. Of course I must desire the ultimate downfall of error, for no error is innocuous; but this assuredly will occur without my proselytising aid, and the best proof of a real love of the truth—that freshest stamp of divinity—is a calm confidence in its intrinsic power to secure its own high destiny,—that of universal empire. Do not fear that I will become a stagnant pool by a self-sufficient determination only to listen to my own echo; to read the yea, yea on my own side, and be most comfortably deaf to the nay, nay. Would that all rejected *practically* this maxim! To *fear* the examination of any proposition appears to me an intellectual and a moral palsy that will ever hinder the firm grasping of any substance whatever. For my part, I wish to be among the ranks of that glorious crusade that is seeking to set Truth's Holy Sepulchre free from a usurped domination. We shall then see her resurrection! Meanwhile,

Letter to Mrs Pears, Feb.

although I cannot rank among my principles of action a fear of vengeance eternal, gratitude for predestined salvation, or a revelation of future glories as a reward, I fully participate in the belief that the only heaven here, or hereafter, is to be found in conformity with the will of the Supreme; a continual aiming at the attainment of the perfect ideal, the true *logos* that dwells in the bosom of the one Father. I hardly know whether I am ranting after the fashion of one of the Primitive Methodist prophetesses, with a cart for her rostrum, I am writing so fast. Good-bye, and blessings on you, as they will infallibly be on the children of peace and virtue.

Again about the same date in 1842 she writes to Mrs Bray—

Mrs Bray, Feb.

A heart full of love and gratitude to you for all your kindness in thought and act to me undeserving. I daresay my manner belies my feelings; but friendship must live by faith and not by sight, and I shall be a great gainer by leaving you to interpret my mystic character without any other key than your own goodness.

The last letter of the series to Miss Lewis also refers to the difficulties of the situation.

Miss Lewis, 19th Feb.

I daresay you have added, subtracted, and divided suppositions until you think you have a sure product—viz., a good quantum, or rather, a bad one, of indifference and forgetfulness as the representation of my conduct towards you. If so, revise your arithmetic, for be it known to you that, having had my propensities, sentiments, and intellect gauged a second time, I am pronounced to possess a large organ of "adhesiveness," a still larger one of "firmness," and as large of "conscientiousness"—hence if I should turn out a very weather-cock and a most pitiful truckler, you will have data for the exercise of faith maugre common-sense, common justice, and the testimony of your eyes and ears.

How do you go on for society, for communion of spirit, the drop of nectar in the cup of mortals? But why do I say the drop? The mind that feels its value will get large draughts from some source, if denied it in the most commonly chosen way.

'Mid the rich store of nature's gifts to man
Each has his loves, close wedded to his soul
By fine association's golden links.
As the Great Spirit bids creation teem
With conscious being and intelligence,
So man, His miniature resemblance, gives
To matter's every form a speaking soul,

An emanation from his spirit's fount,
The impress true of its peculiar seal.
Here finds he thy best image, sympathy.

Letter to Miss Lewis, 19th Feb.

Beautiful ego-ism, to quote one's own. But where is not this same ego? The martyr at the stake seeks its gratification as much as the court sycophant, the difference lying in the comparative dignity and beauty of the two egos. People absurdly talk of self-denial. Why, there is none in Virtue to a being of moral excellence: the greatest torture to such a soul would be to run counter to the dictates of conscience; to wallow in the slough of meanness, deception, revenge, or sensuality. This was Paul's idea in the 1st chap. of 2d Epistle to Timothy (I think that is the passage).

I have had a weary week. At the beginning more than the usual amount of *cooled* glances, and exhortations to the suppression of self-conceit. The former are so many hailstones that make me wrap more closely around me the mantle of determinate purpose: the latter are needful, and have a tendency to exercise forbearance, that well repays the temporary smart. The heart knoweth its own, whether bitterness or joy: let us, dearest, beware how we, *even with good intentions*, press a finger's weight on the already bruised.

And about the same date she writes to Mrs Bray—

I must relieve my conscience before I go to bed by entering a protest against every word or accent of discontent that I uttered this morning. If I have ever complained of any person or circumstance, I do penance by eating my own words. When my real self has regained its place, I can shake off my troubles "like dewdrops from the lion's mane," and then I feel the baseness of imputing my sorrows to others rather than to my own pitiful weakness. But I do not write for your forgiveness; that I know I have. I only want to satisfy my indignation against myself.

Mrs Bray, end of Feb.

The conclusion of the matter was, that Mr Evans withdrew his house from the agent's hands, and his daughter went to stay at Griff, with Mr and Mrs Isaac Evans, whence she writes the following letter to Mrs Pears:—

I have just been climbing up some favourite old hills, or rather hillocks, and if I could see you I should find myself in high preparation for one of my thorough chats. Oh if I could transport myself to your dining-room, where I guess you and Mr Pears are sitting in anticipation of tea, carrying on no "holy war," but at peace with the world and its opinions, or, if ever you do battle, in the happy ranks of the majority, I could kiss you into sublime liberality! How are

Mrs Pears, March.

Letter to Mrs Pears, March.

you and your dear husband and children? It seems a week of years instead of days since you said to me your kind good-bye, and as I have tried your magnanimity quite long enough to be assured that you will not let me hear of you without a beseeching letter from me, I snatch half an hour from a too short day for the generous purpose of doubly qualifying myself, first by pouring out the contents of my gossip-wallet, and then quietly awaiting the news I want to hear of you. I have here in every way abundant and unlooked-for blessings—delicacy and consideration from all whom I have seen; and I really begin to recant my old belief about the indifference of all the world towards me, for my acquaintances of this neighbourhood seem to seek an opportunity of smiling on me in spite of my heresy. All these things, however, are but the fringe and ribbons of happiness. They are *ad*herent not *in*herent, and without any affectation I feel myself to be acquiring what I must hold to be a precious possession, an independence of what is baptised by the world external good. There are externals (at least, they are such in common thought) that I could ill part with—the deep, blue, glorious heavens, bending as they do over all, presenting the same arch, emblem of a truer omnipresence, wherever we may be chased, and all the sweet peace-breathing sights and sounds of this lovely earth. These, and the thoughts of the good and great, are an inexhaustible world of delight; and the felt desire to be one in will and design with the great mind that has laid open to us these treasures is the sun that warms and fructifies it. I am more and more impressed with the duty of *finding* happiness. On a retrospection of the past month, I regret nothing so much as my own impetuosity both of feeling and judging. I am not inclined to be sanguine as to my dear father's future determination, and I sometimes have an intensely vivid consciousness, which I only allow to be a fleeting one, of all that is painful and that has been so. I can only learn that my father has commenced his alterations at Packington, but he only appears to be temporarily acquiescing in my brother's advice "not to be in a hurry." I do not intend to remain here longer than three weeks, or, at the very farthest, a month; and if I am not then recalled, I shall write for definite directions. I must have a *home*, not a visiting place. I wish you would learn something from my father, and send me word how he seems disposed. I hope you get long walks on these beautiful days. You would love to hear the choristers we have here; they are hymning away incessantly. Can you not drive over and see me? Do come

by hook or by crook. Why, Mr Pears could almost walk hither. I am becoming very hurried, for most welcome tea is in the vicinity, and I must be busy after I have imbibed its inspiration. You will write to me to-morrow, will you not? and pray insist on Mr Pears writing an appendix. I had a note from Mrs Bray this morning, and I liked it better than my breakfast. So do give me a little treat on Saturday. Blessings on you and yours, as all forlorn beggars have said from time immemorial to their benefactors; but real feeling, you know, will sometimes slip into a hackneyed guise. Letter to Mrs Pears, March.

Miss Evans remained for about three weeks at Griff, at the end of which time, through the intervention of her brother, the Brays, and Miss Rebecca Franklin, the father was very glad to receive her again, and she resumed going to church as before.

It will be seen from a subsequent noteworthy letter to Miss Sarah Hennell, dated 19th October 1843, that Miss Evans's view of the best course to be pursued under similar circumstances had already undergone considerable modifications, and in the last year of her life she told me that, although she did not think she had been to blame, few things had occasioned her more regret than this temporary collision with her father, which might, she thought, have been avoided by a little management.

In July of this year (1842) Miss Sarah Hennell—the gifted sister of Mrs Bray—came to Rosehill, on one of her occasional visits to Coventry, and completed the trio destined to exert the most important influence over the life of George Eliot. The individual characters of these three friends, and the relations each bore to their correspondent, will unfold themselves in the letters. It is only necessary here to say that the two ladies—Cara and Sara, as they are always addressed—now became like sisters to Miss Evans, and Mr Bray her most intimate male friend, and the letters to them form an almost unbroken chain during all the remainder of George Eliot's life.

To us Miss Sara Hennell is the most important correspondent, for it is to her that Miss Evans mainly turns now for intellectual sympathy; to Mrs Bray when she is in pain or trouble, and wants affectionate companionship: with Mr Bray she quarrels, and the humorous side of her nature is brought out. Every good story goes to him, with a certainty that it will be appreciated. With all three it is a beautiful and consistent friendship, run-

ning like a thread through the woof of the coming thirty-eight years. For the next twelve years, as will be seen, it is quite the most important thread; and although later it naturally became very much less important, it was never dropped except for a moment in 1854, owing to a brief misunderstanding of letters, which will appear in its due place.

The following letters to Miss Sara Hennell show what was passing from September 1842 to April 1843:—

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, Sept.

How I have delighted in the thought that there are beings who are better than their promises beyond the regions of waking and sleeping dreams.

I have not yet accounted for my tardiness in writing, which, I assure you, is no representation of my usual habit, and has been occasioned only by a week's indisposition, the foster-parent to the ill-favoured offspring of my character and circumstances, gloom and stolidity, and I could not write to you with such companions to my thought. I am anxious that you should not imagine me unhappy even in my most melancholy moods, for I hold all indulgence of sadness that has the slightest tincture of discontent to be a grave delinquency. I think there can be few who more truly feel than I that this is a world of bliss and beauty—that is, that bliss and beauty are the end, the tendency of creation; and evils are the shadows that are the only conditions of light in the picture, and I live in much, much enjoyment.

I am beginning to enjoy the 'Eneid,' though, I suppose, much in the same way as the uninitiated enjoy wine compared with the connoisseurs.

3d Nov.

I have been in high displeasure with myself, have thought my soul only fit for limbo to keep company with other abortions, and my life the shallowest, muddiest, most unblessing stream. Having got my head above this slough of despond, I feel quite inclined to tell you how much pleasure your letter gave me. You observe in your note that some persons say the unsatisfied longing we feel in ourselves for something better than the greatest perfection to be found on earth is a proof that the true object of our desires lies beyond it. Assuredly this earth is not the home of the spirit—it will rest only in the bosom of the Infinite. But the non-satisfaction of the affections and intellect being inseparable from the unspeakable advantage of such a mind as that of man in connection with his corporal condition and *terrene* destiny, forms not at present an argument with me for the realisation of particular desires.

The next letter refers to Miss Mary Hennell's[1] last illness.

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 7th Jan. 1843.

I cannot help wishing to tell you, now that you are in trouble and anxiety, how dear you are to me, and how the recollection of you is ever freshening in my mind. You have need of all your cheeriness and energy; and if they do not fail, I think it almost enviable, as far as one's self is concerned (not, of course, when the sufferer is remembered), to have the care of a sick-room, with its twilight and tiptoe stillness and helpful activity. I have always had a peculiarly peaceful feeling in such a scene.

Again, after the death of Miss Mary Hennell, there is a letter to her sister Sara.

April.

We always find that our stock of appreciated good can never be really diminished. When the chief desire of the eyes is taken, we can afford a gaze to hitherto unnoticed possessions; and even when the topmost boughs are lopped, a thousand shoots spring from below with the energy of new life. So it will be with you; but you cannot yet look beyond the present, nor is it desirable that you should. It would not be well for us to overleap one grade of joy or suffering: our life would lose its completeness and beauty.

Rosehill not only afforded a pleasant variety in the Coventry life, as most visitors to the town of any note found their way there, but the Brays were also frequently in the habit of making little holiday excursions, in many of which Miss Evans now joined. Thus we find them in May 1843 all going to Stratford and Malvern, together with Mr Charles Hennell and Miss Sara Hennell, for a week; and again in July of that year the same party, accompanied by Miss Brabant, daughter of Dr Brabant of Devizes, went on a fortnight's tour, visiting Tenby amongst other places. This trip is chiefly memorable from the fact that it was indirectly responsible for Miss Evans undertaking the translation of Strauss's 'Leben Jesu.' For Miss Brabant (to whom the translation had been confided by Mr Joseph Parkes of Birmingham and a group of friends) became engaged to be married to Mr Charles Hennell; and shortly after her marriage she handed the work over to Miss Evans.

In the next two letters to Miss Sara Hennell there are

[1] Miss Mary Hennell was the author of 'An Outline of the Various Social Systems founded on the Principle of Co-operation,' published in 1841.

allusions to the aproaching marriage, which took place in London on 1st November 1843—the Brays and Miss Evans being present.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 16th Sept.

Many thanks for procuring me the hymns and anthems. I was right glad to play "Ancient of Ages" again, and I shall like still better to sing it with you when we meet. That that is to be so soon, and under circumstances so joyful, are among the *mirabilia* of this changing world. To see and re-see such a cluster of not indifferent persons as the programme for the wedding gives, will be almost too large a *bonne bouche*.

I saw Robert Owen yesterday, Mr and Mrs Bray having kindly asked me to dine with him, and I think if his system prosper it will be in spite of its founder, and not because of his advocacy.

The next letter to Mrs Bray gives a pleasant glimpse of their studies together, and of the little musical society that was in the habit of meeting at Rosehill to play concerted pieces.

Mrs Bray, Sept.

I only wish you would change houses with the mayor, that I might get to you when I would. I send you the first part of 'Wallenstein,' with the proposition that we should study that in conjunction with the 'Thirty Years' War,' as I happen to have a loose copy. We had better omit the "Lager," and begin "Die Piccolomini." You shall have 'Joan of Arc,' my grand favourite, as a *bonne bouche* when you have got through 'Wallenstein,' which will amply repay you for any trouble in translating it, and is not more difficult than your reading ought to be now. I have skimmed Manzoni, who has suffered sadly in being poured out of silver into pewter. The chapter on Philosophy and Theology is worth reading. Miss Brabant sent me my Hyperion with a note the other day. She had put no direction besides Coventry, and the parcel had consequently been sent to some other Miss Evans, and my choice little sentimental treasures, alas! exposed to vulgar gaze. Thank you for the manual, which I have had so long. I trust I did not bestow those scratches on the cover. I have been trying to find a French book that you were not likely to have read, but I do not think I have one, unless it be 'Gil Blas,' which you are perhaps too virtuous to have read, though how any one can opine it to have a vicious tendency I am at a loss to conjecture. They might as well say that to condemn a person to eat a whole plum-pudding would deprive him of all future relish for plain food. I have had a visitor ever

since Saturday, and she will stay till Saturday again. I cannot desire that you should *un*ask Violin and Flute, unless a postponement would be in every way as agreeable to you and them. If you have them, you will give them much more pleasure as Piano than I, so do not think of me in the matter for a moment. Good-bye; and remember to treat your cold as if it were an orphan's cold, or a widow's cold, or any one's cold but your own. Letter to Mrs Bray Sept.

The following is the letter before referred to as containing an important and noteworthy declaration of opinion on the very interesting question of conformity:—

The first thing I have to say to you is to entreat that you and Mrs Hennell will not perplex yourselves for a moment about my accommodation during the night. I am so well now that a hearthrug would be as luxurious a couch as I should need, and I defy anything short of a kettledrum or my conscience to keep me awake after a long day. Miss Sara Hennell, 19th Oct.

The subject of your conversation with Miss D. is a very important one, and worth an essay. I will not now inflict one of mine on you, but I will tell you, as briefly as possible, my present opinion, which you know is contrary to the one I held in the first instance. I am inclined to think that such a change of sentiment is likely to happen to most persons whose views on religious matters undergo a change early in life. The first impulse of a young and ingenuous mind is to withhold the slightest sanction from all that contains even a mixture of supposed error. When the soul is just liberated from the wretched giant's bed of dogmas on which it has been racked and stretched ever since it began to think, there is a feeling of exultation and strong hope. We think we shall run well when we have the full use of our limbs and the bracing air of independence, and we believe that we shall soon obtain something positive which will not only more than compensate us for what we have renounced, but will be so well worth offering to others, that we may venture to proselytise as fast as our zeal for truth may prompt us. But a year or two of reflection, and the experience of our own miserable weakness, which will ill afford to part even with the crutch of superstition, must, I think, effect a change. Speculative truth begins to appear but a shadow of individual minds. Agreement between intellects seems unattainable, and we turn to the *truth of feeling* as the only universal bond of union. We find that the intellectual errors which we once fancied were a mere incrustation have grown into the living body, and that we cannot in the

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 19th Oct.

majority of cases wrench them away without destroying vitality. We begin to find that with individuals, as with nations, the only safe revolution is one arising out of the wants which their own progress has generated. It is the quackery of infidelity to suppose that it has a nostrum for all mankind, and to say to all and singular, "Swallow my opinions and you shall be whole." If, then, we are debarred by such considerations from trying to reorganise opinions, are we to remain aloof from our fellow-creatures on occasions when we may fully sympathise with the feelings exercised, although our own have been melted into another mould? Ought we not on every opportunity to seek to have our feelings in harmony, though not in union, with those who are often richer in the fruits of faith, though not in reason, than ourselves? The results of nonconformity in a family are just an epitome of what happens on a larger scale in the world. An influential member chooses to omit an observance which, in the minds of all the rest, is associated with what is highest and most venerable. He cannot make his reasons intelligible, and so his conduct is regarded as a relaxation of the hold that moral ties had on him previously. The rest are infected with the disease they imagine in him. All the screws by which order was maintained are loosened, and in more than one case a person's happiness may be ruined by the confusion of ideas which took the form of principles. But, it may be said, how then are we to do anything towards the advancement of mankind? Are we to go on cherishing superstitions out of a fear that seems inconsistent with any faith in a Supreme Being? I think the best and the only way of fulfilling our mission is to sow good seed in good (*i.e.*, prepared) ground, and not to root up tares where we must inevitably gather all the wheat with them. We cannot fight and struggle enough for freedom of inquiry, and we need not be idle in imparting all that is pure and lovely to children whose minds are unbespoken. Those who can write, let them do it as boldly as they like—and let no one hesitate at proper seasons to make a full *con*fession (far better than *pro*fession). St Paul's reasoning about the conduct of the strong towards the weak, in the 14th and 15th chapters of Romans, is just in point. But I have not said half what I meant to say. There are so many aspects in which the subject might be presented, that it is useless to attempt to exhaust it. I fear I have written very unintelligibly, for it is rather late, and I am so cold that my thoughts are almost frozen.

After Miss Brabant's marriage to Mr Charles Hennell, Miss Evans went to stay for a week or two with Dr Brabant at Devizes, and some time about the beginning of January 1844 the proposition was made for the transfer of the translation of Strauss from Mrs Charles Hennell. At the end of April 1844, Mrs Bray writes to Miss Sara Hennell that Miss Evans is "working away at Strauss six pages a-day," and the next letter from Miss Evans refers to the beginning of the undertaking.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, Sunday, May.

To begin with business, I send you on the other side the translations you wished (Strauss), but they are perhaps no improvements on what you had done. I shall be very glad to learn from you the particulars as to the mode of publication—who are the parties that will find the funds, and whether the manuscripts are to be put into the hands of any one when complete, or whether they are to go directly from me to the publishers? I was very foolish not to imagine about these things in the first instance, but ways and means are always afterthoughts with me.

You will soon be settled and enjoying the blessed spring and summer time. I hope you are looking forward to it with as much delight as I. One has to spend so many years in learning how to be happy. I am just beginning to make some progress in the science, and I hope to disprove Young's theory that "as soon as we have found the key of life, it opes the gates of death." Every year strips us of at least one vain expectation, and teaches us to reckon some solid good in its stead. I never will believe that our youngest days are our happiest. What a miserable augury for the progress of the race and the destination of the individual, if the more matured and enlightened state is the less happy one! Childhood is only the beautiful and happy time in contemplation and retrospect: to the child it is full of deep sorrows, the meaning of which is unknown. Witness colic and whooping-cough and dread of ghosts, to say nothing of hell and Satan, and an offended Deity in the sky, who was angry when I wanted too much plum-cake. Then the sorrows of older persons, which children see but cannot understand, are worse than all. All this to prove that we are happier than when we were seven years old, and that we shall be happier when we are forty than we are now, which I call a comfortable doctrine, and one worth trying to believe! I am sitting with father, who every now and then jerks off my attention to the history of Queen Elizabeth, which he is reading.

On the 1st July 1844 there was another little trip with the Brays, to the Cumberland Lakes this time, returning by Manchester and Liverpool, and on reaching home about the beginning of August there is the following letter:—

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, Friday, Aug.

Can I have the remaining volumes of Strauss, excepting any part that you may choose to keep for your own use? If you could also send me such parts of the introduction and first section as you wish me to look over, I should like to despatch that business at intervals, when I am not inspired for more thorough labour. Thank you for the encouragement you send me. I only need it when my head is weak and I am unable to do much. Then I sicken at the idea of having Strauss in my head and on my hands for a lustrum, instead of saying good-bye to him in a year. When I can work fast I am never weary, nor do I regret either that the work has been begun or that I have undertaken it. I am only inclined to vow that I will never translate again, if I live to correct the sheets for Strauss. My first page is 257.

31st Oct.

Pray tell Mrs C. Hennell that no apology was needed for the very good translation she has sent me. I shall be glad to avail myself of it to the last word, for I am thoroughly tired of my own garb for Strauss's thoughts. I hope the introduction, &c., will be ready by the end of November, when I hope to have put the last words to the first volume. I am awfully afraid of my own translation, and I want you to come and comfort me. I am relapsing into heathen darkness about everything but Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. "Heaven has sent leanness into my soul"—for reviling them, I suppose. This lovely autumn! Have you enjoyed its long shadows and fresh breezes?

Mrs Bray, Dec.

I do not think it was kind to Strauss (I knew he was handsome) to tell him that a young lady was translating his book. I am sure he must have some twinges of alarm to think he was dependent on that most contemptible specimen of the human being for his English reputation. By the way, I never said that the Canons of the Council of Nice, or the Confession of Augsburg, or even the Thirty-nine Articles, are suggestive of poetry. I imagine no *dogmas* can be. But surely Christianity, with its Hebrew retrospect and millennial hopes, the heroism and divine sorrow of its founder, and all its glorious army of martyrs, might supply and has supplied a strong impulse not only to poetry but to all the Fine Arts. Mr Pears is coming home from Malvern to-night, and the children are coming to tea with me, so that

I have to make haste with my afternoon matters. Beautiful little Susan has been blowing bubbles, and looking like an angel at sport. I am quite happy, only sometimes feeling "the weight of all this unintelligible world." Letter to Mrs Bray, Dec.

Your books are come for the school, and I have covered them—at least those that I think you will like for the children; two or three are quite for grown-up people. What an exquisite little thing that is of Harriet Martineau's—'The Crofton Boys'! I have had some delightful crying over it. There are two or three lines in it that would feed one's soul for a month. Hugh's mother says to him, speaking of people who have permanent sorrow, "They soon had a new and delicious pleasure, which none but the bitterly disappointed can feel—the pleasure of rousing their souls to bear pain, and of *agreeing with God silently*, when nobody knows what is in their hearts." I received 'Sybil' yesterday quite safely. I am not utterly disgusted with D'Israeli. The man hath good veins, as Bacon would say, but there is not enough blood in them.

The 17th April this year was an interesting day, as Miss Evans went with the Brays to Atherstone Hall and met Harriet Martineau for the first time. It will be seen that in later years there was considerable intimacy between them.

If you think any of my future manuscript too untidy for the printer, only mark it to that effect, and I will rewrite it, for I do not mind that mechanical work; and my conscience is rather uneasy lest the illegibility of my hand should increase materially the expense of the publication. Do not be alarmed because I am not well just now: I shall be better very soon, and I am not really disgusted with Strauss. I only fancy so sometimes, as I do with all earthly things. Miss Sara Hennell, 29th April 1845.

In June Mrs Bray writes to Miss Hennell that Miss Evans "looks all the better for her London trip. I never saw her so blooming and buoyant:" but the two next letters show a relapse.

Glad am I that some one can enjoy Strauss! The million certainly will not, and I have ceased to sit down to him with any relish. I should work much better if I had some proof-sheets coming in to assure me that my soul-stupefying labour is not in vain. I am more grateful to you than I can tell you for taking the trouble you do. If it had not been for your interest and encouragement, I should have been almost in despair by this time. June.

And again a little later—

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, June.

I begin utterly to despair that Strauss will ever be published, unless I can imitate the Rev. Mr Davis, and print it myself. At the very best, if we go on according to the rate of procedure hitherto, the book will not be published within the next two years. This seems dolorous enough to me, whose only real satisfaction just now is some hope that I am not sowing the wind. It is very laughable that I should be irritated about a thing in itself so trifling as a translation, but it is the very triviality of the thing that makes delays provoking. The difficulties that attend a really grand undertaking are to be borne, but things should run smoothly and fast when they are not important enough to demand the sacrifice of one's whole soul. The second volume is quite ready. The last few sections were written under anything but favourable circumstances. They are not Strauss's best thoughts, nor are they put into his translator's best language, but I have not courage to imitate Gibbon—put my work in the fire and begin again.

In July 1845, there seems to have arisen some difficulty in getting in the cash subscriptions for the publication. Mr Charles Hennell and Mr Joseph Parkes, however, exerted themselves in the matter, and £300 was collected, and the following letter shows the relief it was to Miss Evans.

Charles Hennell, July.

Thank you for sending me the good news so soon, and for sympathising in my need of encouragement. I have all I want now, and shall go forward on buoyant wing. I am glad for the work's sake, glad for your sake, and glad for "the honourable gentleman's" sake, that matters have turned out so well. Pray think no more of my pens, ink, and paper. I would gladly give much more towards the work than these and my English, if I could do so consistently with duty.

The book now got into the hands of the printers, as will be seen from the next letter:—

Miss Sara Hennell, Aug.

I have just been looking over some of the *revise*, and reading again your sweet letter to me from Hastings, and an impulse of gratitude and love will not let me rest without writing you a little note, though my hand has almost done its possible for the day under this intense heat. You do not guess how much pleasure it gives me to look over your pencillings—they prove so clearly that you have really entered into the meaning of every sentence, and it always gives one satisfaction to see the evidence of brain-work. I am quite indebted to you for your care, and I feel greatly the advan-

tage of having a friend to undertake the office of critic. There is one word I must mention,—Azazel is the word put in the original of the Old Testament for the scape-goat: now I imagine there is some dubiousness about the meaning, and that Strauss would not think it right to translate *scape-goat*, because, from the tenor of his sentence, he appears to include Azazel with the evil demons. I wonder if it be supposed by any one that Azazel is in any way a distinct being from the goat. I know no Hebrew scholar, and have access to no Hebrew lexicon. Have you asked Mr Hennell about it? Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, Aug.

Your letter describes what I *have* felt rather than what I feel. It seems as if my affections were quietly sinking down to temperate, and I every day seem more and more to value thought rather than feeling. I do not think this is man's best estate, but it is better than what I have sometimes known.

I am not ashamed to confess that I should like to be idle with you for a little while, more than anything else I can think of just now. But alas! leathery brain must work at leathery Strauss for a short time before my butterfly days come. Oh how I shall spread my wings then. Anent the Greek, it would produce very dreadful cold perspirations indeed in me, if there were anything amounting to a serious error; but this, I trust, there will not be. You must really expect me, if not to sleep and snore *aliquando*, at least to nod in the course of some thousand pages. I should like you to be deliberate over the Schluss Abhandlung. It is the only part on which I have bestowed much pains, for the difficulty was *piquing*, not piquant. Sept.

I am never pained when I think Strauss right—but in many cases I think him wrong, as every man must be in working out into detail an idea which has general truth, but is only one element in a perfect theory—not a perfect theory in itself.

I am delighted with the proof. The type and everything else are just what I wished. To see the first sheet is the next best thing to seeing the last, which I hope we shall all have done this time next year. There is a very misty vision of a trip to the Highlands haunting us in this quarter. The vision would be much pleasanter if Sara were one of the images in it. You would surely go if we went, and then the thing would be perfect. I long to see you, for you are becoming a sort of transfigured existence, a mere ideal to me, and I have nothing to tell me of your real flesh-and-

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, Sept.

blood self but sundry very useful little pencil marks, and a scrap of Mrs Bray's notes now and then. So if you would have me bear in my memory your own self, and not some aerial creation that I call by your name, you must make your appearance.

In October "the misty vision" took palpable shape, and the Brays, Miss Hennell, and Miss Evans had a delightful fortnight in Scotland—visiting Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, the Trossachs, Stirling, Edinburgh, Melrose, and Abbotsford. They were away from the 14th to the 28th, and on returning to Coventry, Strauss was taken up again. Miss Hennell was reading the translation, and aiding with suggestions and corrections. The next letter to her seems to be dated in November.

Nov. Please to tell Mr Hennell that "habits of thought" is not a translation of the word *particularismus*. This does not mean national idiosyncrasy, but is a word which characterises that idiosyncrasy. If he decidedly objects to *particularism*, ask him to be so good as substitute *exclusiveness*, though there is a shade of meaning in *particularismus* which even that does not express. It was because the word could only be translated by a circumlocution that I ventured to anglicise it.

I have been idle, and have not done a stroke to the prefaces, but they shall be sent as soon as possible. Thanks for the copy of the Latin preface and letter. They are in preconceived harmony with my ideas of the appropriate.

I will leave the title-page to you and Mr Hennell. Thanks for the news in your last *extra Blatt*. I am glad to find that the theological organs are beginning to deal with philosophy, but I can hardly imagine your writer to be a friend with a false cognizance on his shield. These dear orthodox people talk so simply sometimes, that one cannot help fancying them satirists of their own doctrines and fears, though they mean manfully to fight against the enemy. I should like if possible to throw the emphasis on *critically* in the title-page. Strauss means it to be so: and yet I do not know how we can put anything better than what you say.

Dec. I send you to-day the conclusion of the chapter you are reading, and, unless you find anything of importance to be rectified, you need not return this to me, but may forward the whole to the printer as soon as you have read it. I am not altogether satisfied with the use of the word "sacrament" as applied specifically to the *Abendmahl*. It seems like a vulgarism to say *the* sacrament for one thing, and for

another it does not seem *ab*original enough in the life of Jesus ; but I know of no other word that can be substituted. I have altered passover to paschal meal, but τὸ πάσχα is used in the New Testament of the eating of the lamb *par excellence*. You remember in the title of the first section in the Schluss—which I had been so careless as to omit—the expression is "Nothwendiger Uebergang der Kritik in das Dogma." Now Dogmatism will not do, as that would represent *Dogmatismus*. "Dogmatik" is the idea, I believe —*i.e.*, positive theology. Is it allowable to say *dogmatics*, think you? I do not understand how the want of MS. can be so pressing, as I have only had one proof for the last fortnight. It seems quite dispiriting to me now not to see the proofs regularly. I have had a miserable week of headache, but am better now, and ready for work, to which I must go. Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, Dec.

I do pity you with the drunken Christmas workmen keeping you in this uncomfortable interregnum. But do not go distraught ; the spring will really come and the birds—many having had to fly across the Atlantic, which is farther than you have to go to establish yourself. I could easily give the meaning of the Hebrew word in question, as I know where to borrow a lexicon. But observe there are two Hebrew words untranslated in this proof. I do not think it will do to give the English in one place and not in another where there is no reason for such a distinction,—and there is not here, for the note in this proof sounds just as fee-fo-fum-ish as the other without any translation. I could not alter the "troublesome," because it is the nearest usable adjective for *schwierig*, which stands in the German. I am tired of inevitable *importants*, and cannot bear to put them when they do not represent the German. 1st Jan. 1846.

I have been sadly occupied for the last ten days. My father has been ill, and has required much attention, and my own head was very middling for some days, so that I send you but a poor cargo of new MS. Indeed on looking through the last quire of paper this morning for the purpose of putting in the Greek, it seemed all very poor to me ; but the subject is by no means inspiring, and no muse would condescend to visit such an uncertain votary as I have been for the last week or so. How is it that I have only had one proof this week? You know we are five hundred pages in advance of the printer, so you need not be dreadfully alarmed. I have been so pleased to hear some of your letters read to me, but alas! I can reflect no pleasure at this 26th Jan.

moment, for I have a woful pain and am in a desperate hurry.

On 14th February 1846, Mrs Bray writes to Miss Sara Hennell that Miss Evans "says she is Strauss-sick—it makes her ill dissecting the beautiful story of the crucifixion, and only the sight of the Christ image [1] and picture make her endure it. Moreover, as her work advances nearer its public appearance, she grows dreadfully nervous. Poor thing, I do pity her sometimes, with her pale sickly face and dreadful headaches, and anxiety too about her father. This illness of his has tried her so much, for all the time she had for rest and fresh air she had to read to him. Nevertheless she looks very happy and satisfied sometimes in her work."

And about the end of February there is the following letter from Miss Evans :—

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, Feb.

Health and greeting, my Achates, in this veritable spring month. I shall send you a parcel on Monday with 64 new pages of German for your intellectual man. The next parcel, which will be the LAST, I shall send on the Monday following, and when you have read to the end, you may, if you think it desirable, send the whole to me. Your dull ass does not mend his pace for beating; but he *does* mend it when he finds out that he is near his journey's end, and makes you wonder how he could pretend to find all the previous drawing so hard for him. I plead guilty to having set off in a regular scamper: but be lenient and do not scold me if you find all sorts of carelessnesses in these last 100 pages.

Later in Feb.

I have been guilty of the most unpardonable piece of carelessness, for which I am stretched on a rack of anxiety and mortification. In the proof that came on Thursday, I unwittingly drew out a quarter sheet with the blotting-paper, and did not discover the mistake until Saturday morning, when about to correct the last proof. Surely the printer would discover the absence of the four pages and wait for them—otherwise I would rather have lost one of my fingers or all the hair from my head than have committed such a *faux pas*. For there were three very awkward blunders to be corrected. All this vexation makes a cold and headache doubly intolerable, and I am in a most purgatorial state on this "good Sunday." I shall send the proofs with the un-

[1] This was a cast, 20 inches high, of Thorwaldsen's grand figure of the risen Christ, which was placed in view in her study at Foleshill, where she did all her work at that time—a little room on the first floor, with a charming view over the country.

fortunate quarter sheet and an explanation to-night to Mr Chapman, and prithee do thou enquire and see that the right thing is done. The tears are streaming from my smarting eyes—so farewell. Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, later in Feb.

I wish we could get the book out in May—why not? I suppose the binding could not be all got through—the printing and writing I should think might be managed in time. Shouldn't I like to fleet the time away with thee as they did in the Golden Age—after all our toils to lie reclined on the hills (spiritually), like gods together, careless of mankind. Sooth to speak idleness, and idleness with thee, is just the most tempting mirage you could raise before my mind's eye —I say mirage, because I am determined from henceforth to believe in no substantiality for future time, but to live in and love the present—of which I have done too little. Still the thought of being with you in your own home will attract me to that future; for without all controversy I love thee and miss thee. March.

My soul kisses thee, dear Sara, in gratitude for those dewy thoughts of thine in this morning's note. My poor adust soul wants such refreshment. Continue to do me good—hoping for nothing again. I have had my sister with me all day—an interruption, alas! I cannot write more, but I should not be happy to let the day pass without saying one word to thee.

The last 100 pages have certainly been totally uninteresting to me, considered as matter for translation. Strauss has inevitably anticipated in the earlier part of his work all the principles and many of the details of his criticism, and he seems fagged himself. *Mais courage!* the neck of the difficulty is broken, and there is really very little to be done now. If one's head would but keep in anything like thinking and writing order! Mine has robbed me of half the last fortnight; but I am a little better now, and am saying to myself *Frisch zu!* The Crucifixion and the Resurrection are at all events better than the bursting asunder of Judas. I am afraid I have not made this dull part of Strauss even as tolerable as it might be, for both body and mind have recoiled from it. Thank you, dearest, for all your love and patience for me and with me. I have nothing on earth to complain of but subjective maladies. Father is pretty well, and I have not a single excuse for discontent through the livelong day.

As I believe that even your kindness cannot overcome your sincerity, I will cast aside my fear that your wish to

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, March.

see me in your own home is rather a plan for my enjoyment than for yours. I believe it would be an unmixed pleasure to me to be your visitor, and one that I would choose among a whole bouquet of agreeable possibilities; so I will indulge myself, and accept the good that the heavens and you offer me. I am miserably in want of you to stir up my soul and make it shake its wings, and begin some kind of flight after something good and noble, for I am in a grovelling, slothful condition, and you are the *only* friend I possess who has an animating influence over me. I have written to Mr Hennell anent the title-page, and have voted for *critically examined*, from an entire conviction of its preferableness.

Beginning of April.

See what it is to have a person *en rapport* with you, that knows all your thoughts without the trouble of communication! I am especially grateful to you for restoring the "therefore" to its right place. I was about to write to you to get you to remonstrate about this and the "dispassionate calmness," which I did not at all like; but I thought you had corrected the prefaces, as the marks against the Latin looked like yours, so I determined to indulge my *laissez-faire* inclinations, for I hate stickling and debating unless it be for something really important. I do really like reading our Strauss—he is so *klar und ideenvoll;* but I do not know *one* person who is likely to read the book through—do you? Next week we will be merry and sad, wise and nonsensical, devout and wicked together.

On 19th April 1846 Mrs Bray writes to Miss Hennell that Miss Evans is "as happy as you may imagine at her work being done. She means to come and read Shakspeare through to us as her first enjoyment." And again, on 27th April, that she "is delighted beyond measure with Strauss's elegant Preface. It is just what she likes. And what a nice letter too! The Latin is quite beyond me, but the letter shows how neatly he can express himself."

CHAPTER III.

The completion of the translation of Strauss is another milestone passed in the life journey of George Eliot, and the comparatively buoyant tone of the letters

immediately following makes us feel that the galled neck is out of the yoke for a time. In May, Mrs Bray had left home on a visit, and the next letter is addressed to her.

Do not stay longer than is necessary to do you good, lest I should lose the pleasure of loving you, for my affections are always the warmest when my friends are within an attainable distance. I think I can manage to keep respectably warm towards you for three weeks without seeing you, but I cannot promise more. Tell Mr Bray I am getting too amiable for this world, and Mr Donovan's wizard hand would detect a slight corrugation of the skin on my organs 5 and 6[1]: they are so totally without exercise. I had a lecture from Mr Pears on Friday, as well as a sermon this morning, so you need be in no alarm for my moral health. Do you never think of those Caribs who, by dint of flattening their foreheads, can manage to see perpendicularly above them without so much as lifting their heads? There are some good people who remind me of them. They see everything so clearly and with so little trouble, but at the price of sad self-mutilation. Letters to Mrs Bray, 6th May.

On the 26th May, Miss Evans went to pay a visit to Mrs and Miss Hennell at Hackney, and she writes from there to Mrs Bray, who was expected to join them in London.

I cannot deny that I am very happy without you, but perhaps I shall be happier with you, so do not fail to try the experiment. We have been to town only once, and are saving all our strength to "rake" with you; but we are as ignorant as Primitive Methodists about any of the amusements that are going. Please to come in a very mischievous, unconscientious, theatre-loving humour. Everybody I see is very kind to me, and therefore I think them all very charming; and having everything I want, I feel very humble and self-denying. It is only rather too great a bore to have to write to my friends when I am half asleep, and I have not yet reached that pitch of amiability that makes such magnanimity easy. Don't bring us any bad news or any pains, but only nods and becks and wreathèd smiles. 29th May.

They staid in London till the 5th June, and on the 15th of that month the translation of Strauss was published. On the 2d July Mrs Bray writes to Miss Hennell that Miss Evans "is going to Dover with her father for a fortnight." In passing through Dover on our way to the Continent in 1880 after our marriage, we visited the house they staid at in 1846, and my wife then told me that she had suffered a great deal there, as

[1] Organs of Combativeness.

her father's health began to show signs of breaking up. On returning to Coventry there is the following letter referring to Wicksteed's review of the translation of Strauss, which was advertised for the forthcoming number of the 'Prospective Review.'

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, Aug.

Do you think it worth my while to buy the 'Prospective' for the sake of Wicksteed's review—is there anything new in it? Do you know if Mr Chapman has any unusual facilities for obtaining cheap classics? Such things are to be got handsome and second-hand in London—if one knew but the way. I want to complete Xenophon's works. I have the 'Anabasis,' and I might perhaps get a nice edition of the 'Memorabilia' and 'Cyropædia' in a cheaper way than by ordering them directly from our own bookseller. I have been reading the 'Fawn of Sertorius.'[1] I think you would like it, though the many would not. It is pure, chaste, and classic, beyond any attempt at fiction I ever read. If it be Bulwer's, he has been undergoing a gradual transfiguration, and is now ready to be exalted into the assembly of the saints. The Professor's letter, transmitted through you, gave me infinite consolation, more especially the apt and pregnant quotation from Berosus. Precious those little hidden lakelets of knowledge in the high mountains, far removed from the vulgar eye, only visited by the soaring birds of love.

On 25th September 1846, Mrs Bray writes to Miss Hennell that Miss Evans "looks very brilliant just now. We fancy she must be writing her novel;" and then come the following letters, written in October and November:—

Oct.

All the world is bathed in glory and beauty to me now, and thou sharest in the radiance. Tell me whether I live for you as you do for me, and tell me how gods and men are treating you. You must send me a scrap every month—only a scrap with a dozen words in it, just to prevent me from starving on faith alone—of which you know I have the minimum of endowment. I am sinning against my Daddy by yielding to the strong impulse I felt to write to you, for he looks at me as if he wanted me to read to him.

I do not know whether I can get up any steam again on the subject of Quinet, but I will try—when Cara comes back, however, for she has run away with "Christianity" into Devonshire, and I must have the book as a springing-board. When does the 'Prospective' come out?

[1] Afterwards acknowledged by the author, Robert Landor (brother of Walter Savage Landor), who also wrote the 'Fountain of Arethusa,' &c.

The review of Strauss contains some very just remarks— though, on the whole, I think it shallow, and in many cases unfair. The praise it gives to the translation is just what I should have wished—indeed I cannot imagine anything more gratifying in the way of laudation. Is it not droll that Wicksteed should have chosen one of my interpolations, or rather paraphrases, to dilate on. The expression "granite," applied to the sayings of Jesus, is nowhere used by Strauss, but is an impudent addition of mine to eke out his metaphor. Did you notice the review of Foster's Life?[1] I am reading the life, and thinking all the time how you would like it. It is deeply interesting to study the life of a genius under circumstances amid which genius is so seldom to be found. Some of the thoughts in his journal are perfect gems. Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 1st Nov.

> The words of the Reviewer of the Strauss translation in the 'Prospective' are worth preserving: "A faithful, elegant, and scholarlike translation. Whoever reads these volumes without any reference to the German must be pleased with the easy, perspicuous, idiomatic, and harmonious force of the English style. But he will be still more satisfied when, on turning to the original, he finds that the rendering is word for word, thought for thought, and sentence for sentence. In preparing so beautiful a rendering as the present, the difficulties can have been neither few nor small in the way of preserving, in various parts of the work, the exactness of the translation, combined with that uniform harmony and clearness of style which imparts to the volumes before us the air and spirit of an original. Though the translator never obtrudes himself upon the reader with any notes or comments of his own, yet he is evidently a man who has a familiar knowledge of the whole subject; and if the work be the joint production of several hands, moving in concert, the passages of a specially scholastic character, at least, have received their version from a discerning and well-informed theologian. Indeed Strauss may well say, as he does in the notice which he writes for the English edition, that, as far as he has examined it, the translation is 'et accurata et perspicua.'"

Many things, both outward and inward, have concurred to make this November far happier than the last. One's thoughts End of Nov.

> "Are widened with the process of the suns;"

[1] John Foster, Baptist minister, born 1770, died 1843.

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, end of Nov.

and if one is rather doubtful whether one is really wiser or better, it is some comfort to know that the desire to be so is more pure and dominant. I have been thinking of that most beautiful passage in Luke's Gospel—the appearance of Jesus to the disciples at Emmaus. How universal in its significance! The soul that has hopelessly followed its Jesus—its impersonation of the highest and best—all in despondency; its thoughts all refuted, its dreams all dissipated! Then comes another Jesus—another, but the same—the same highest and best, only chastened—crucified instead of triumphant—and the soul learns that this is the true way to conquest and glory. And then there is the burning of the heart, which assures that "this was the Lord!"—that this is the inspiration from above—the true comforter that leads unto truth. But I am not become a Methodist, dear Sara; on the contrary, if I am pious one day, you may be sure I was very wicked the day before, and shall be so again the next.

26th Dec.

I have been at Griff for the last week, or I should have written before. I thank you most heartily for sending me 'Heliados'—first, because I admire it greatly in itself, and secondly, because it is a pretty proof that I am not dissociated from your most hallowed thoughts. As yet I have read it only once, but I promise myself to read it again and again. I shall not show it to any one, for I hate "friendly criticism," as much for you as for myself; but you have a better spirit than I, and when you come I will render 'Heliados' up to you, that others may have the pleasure of reading it.

18th Feb. 1847.

Lying in bed this morning grievously tormented, your 'Heliados' visited me and revealed itself to me more completely than it had ever done before. How true that "it is only when all portions of an individual nature, or all members of society, move forward harmoniously together, that religious progress is calm and beneficial!" I imagine the sorrowful amaze of a child who had been dwelling with delight on the idea that the stars were the pavement of heaven's court, and that there above them sat the kind but holy God, looking like a venerable Father who would smile on his good little ones—when it was cruelly told, before its mind had substance enough to bear such tension, that the sky was not real, that the stars were worlds, and that even the sun could not be God's dwelling, because there were many, many suns. These ideas would introduce atheism into the child's mind, instead of assisting it to form a nobler

conception of God (of course I am supposing the bare information given, and left to the child to work upon); whereas the idea it previously had of God was perfectly adapted to its intellectual condition, and formed to the child as perfect an embodiment of the all-good, all-wise, and all-powerful as the most enlightened philosopher ever formed to himself. Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 18th Feb.

On 21st April Miss Evans went to London with the Brays, and among other things heard "Elijah" at Exeter Hall. On returning to Coventry she writes:—

I did so long to see you after hearing "Elijah," just to exchange an exclamation of delight. Last night I had a perfect treat, too, in "I Puritani." Castellar was admirable as Elvira, and Gardoni as a seraph. N.B.—I liked the Babel less—another sign of age. 30th April.

It is worth while to forget a friend for a week or ten days, just for the sake of the agreeable kind of startle it gives one to be reminded that one has such a treasure in reserve—the same sort of pleasure, I suppose, that a poor body feels who happens to lay his hand on an undreamt of sixpence which had sunk to a corner of his pocket. When Mr Sibree brought me your parcel, I had been to London for a week; and having been full of Mendelssohn oratorios and Italian operas, I had just this kind of delightful surprise when I saw your note and the beautiful purse. Not that I mean to compare you to a sixpence—you are a bright golden sovereign to me, with edges all unrubbed, fit to remind a poor, tarnished, bruised piece like me, that there are ever fresh and more perfect coinages of human nature forthcoming. I am very proud of my purse—first, because I have long had to be ashamed of drawing my old one out of my pocket; and secondly, because it is a sort of symbol of your love for me—and who is not proud to be loved? For there is a beautiful kind of pride at which no one need frown—I may call it a sort of impersonal pride—a thrill of exultation at all that is good and lovely and joyous as a possession of our human nature. Miss Mary Sibree,[1] 10th May.

I am glad to think of all your pleasures among friends new and old. Mrs D.'s mother is, I daresay, a valuable person; but do not, I beseech thee, go to old people as oracles on matters which date any later than their thirty-fifth year. Only trust them, if they are good, in those practical rules which are the common property of long experience. If they are governed by one special idea which circumstances or their own mental bias have caused them to grasp with pecu-

[1] Now Mrs John Cash of Coventry.

Letter to Miss Mary Sibree, 10th May.

liar firmness, and to work up into original forms, make yourself master of their thoughts and convictions, the residuum of all that long travail which poor mortals have to encounter in their threescore years and ten, but do not trust their application of their gathered wisdom; for however just old people may be in their *principles* of judgment, they are often wrong in their application of them from an imperfect or unjust conception of the matter to be judged. Love and cherish and venerate the old; but never imagine that a worn-out, dried-up organisation can be so rich in inspiration as one which is full fraught with life and energy. I am not talking like one who is superlatively jealous for the rights of the old; yet such I am, I assure thee. I heard Mendelssohn's new oratorio "Elijah" when I was in London. It has been performed four times in Exeter Hall to as large an audience as the building would hold—Mendelssohn himself the conductor. It is a glorious production, and altogether I look upon it as a kind of sacramental purification of Exeter Hall, and a proclamation of indulgence for all that is to be perpetrated there during this month of May. This is a piece of impiety which you may expect from a lady who has been "guanoing" her mind with French novels. This is the impertinent expression of D'Israeli, who, writing himself much more detestable stuff than ever came from a French pen, can do nothing better to bamboozle the unfortunates who are seduced into reading his 'Tancred' than speak superciliously of all other men and things—an expedient much more successful in some quarters than one would expect. But *au fond*, dear Mary, I have no impiety in my mind at this moment, and my soul heartily responds to your rejoicing that society is attaining a more perfect idea and exhibition of Paul's exhortation—"Let the same mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." I believe the Amen to this will be uttered more and more fervently, "Among all posterities for ever more."

Miss Sara Hennell, 15th June

Ask me not why I have never written all this weary time. I can only answer, "All things are full of labour—man cannot utter it"—*et seq.* See the 1st chapter of Ecclesiastes for my experience.

16th Sept.

I have read the 'Inquiry' again with more than interest—with delight and high admiration. My present impression from it far surpasses the one I had retained from my two readings about five years ago. With the exception of a few expressions which seem too little discriminating in the Introductory sketch, there is nothing in its whole tone from beginning to end that jars on my moral sense; and apart from

any opinion of the book as an explanation of the existence of Christianity and the Christian documents, I am sure that no one, fit to read it at all, could read it without being intellectually and morally stronger—the reasoning is so close, the induction so clever, the style so clear, vigorous, and pointed, and the animus so candid and even generous. Mr Hennell ought to be one of the happiest of men that he has done such a life's work. I am sure if I had written such a book, I should be invulnerable to all the arrows of all spiteful gods and goddesses. I should say, "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself," seeing that I have delivered such a message of God to men. The book is full of *wit* to me. It gives me that exquisite kind of laughter which comes from the gratification of the reasoning faculties. For instance: "If some of those who were actually at the mountain doubted whether they saw Jesus or not, we may reasonably doubt whether he was to be seen at all there: especially as the words attributed to him do not seem at all likely to have been said, from the disciples paying no attention to them." "The disciples considered her [Mary Magdalene's] words idle tales, and believed them not." We have thus their example for considering her testimony alone as insufficient, and for seeking further evidence. To say "Jewish philosopher" seems almost like saying a round square: yet those two words appear to me the truest description of Jesus. I think the 'Inquiry' furnishes the utmost that can be done towards obtaining a *real* view of the life and character of Jesus, by rejecting as little as possible from the Gospels. I confess that I should call many things "shining ether," to which Mr Hennell allows the solid angularity of facts; but I think he has thoroughly worked out the problem—subtract from the New Testament the miraculous and highly improbable, and what will be the remainder?

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 16th Sept.

At the end of September Miss Evans and her father went for a little trip to the Isle of Wight, and on their return there is the following letter:—

I heartily wish you had been with me to see all the beauties which have gladdened my soul, and made me feel that this earth is as good a heaven as I ought to dream of. I have a much greater respect for the Isle of Wight, now I have seen it, than when I knew it only by report—a compliment which one can seldom very sincerely pay to things and people that one has heard puffed and bepraised. I do long for you to see Alum Bay. Fancy a very high precipice, the strata upheaved perpendicularly in rainbow-like streaks of the

13th Oct.

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 13th Oct.

brightest maize, violet, pink, blue, red, brown, and brilliant white, worn by the weather into fantastic fretwork, the deep blue sky above and the glorious sea below. It seems an enchanted land, where the earth is of more delicate, refined materials than this dingy planet of ours is wrought out of. You might fancy the strata formed of the compressed pollen of flowers, or powder from bright insects. You can think of nothing but Calypsos, or Prosperos and Ariels, and suchlike beings.

I find one very great spiritual good attendant on a quiet meditative journey among fresh scenes. I seem to have removed to a distance from myself when I am away from the petty circumstances that make up my ordinary environment. I can take myself up by the ears and inspect myself like any other queer monster on a small scale. I have had many thoughts, especially on a subject that I should like to work out—"The superiority of the consolations of philosophy to those of (so-called) religion." Do you stare?

Thank you for putting me on reading Sir Charles Grandison. I have read five volumes, and am only vexed that I have not the two last on my table at this moment, that I might have them for my *convives*. I had no idea that Richardson was worth so much. I have had more pleasure from him than from all the Swedish novels together. The morality is perfect—there is nothing for the new lights to correct.

27th Nov.

How do you like 'Lélia,' of which you have never spoken one word? I am provoked with you for being in the least pleased with 'Tancred'; but if you have found out any lofty meaning in it, or any true picturing of life, tell it me, and I will recant. I have found two new readers of Strauss. One a lady at Leamington, who is also reading the 'Inquiry,' but likes Strauss better! The other is a gentleman here in Coventry; he says "it is most clever and ingenious, and that no one whose faith rests only on the *common* foundation can withstand it." I think he may safely say that his faith rests on an *un*common foundation. The book will certainly give him a lift in the right direction from its critical, logical character—just the opposite of his own. I was interested the other day in talking to a young lady who lives in a nest of clergymen, her brothers, but not of the evangelical school. She had been reading Blanco White's life, and seems to have had her spirit stirred within her, as every one's must be who reads the book with any power of appreciation. She is unable to account to herself for the results at which Blanco White arrived with his earnestness and love

of truth; and she asked me if I had come to the same conclusions. Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 27th Nov.

I think "Live and teach" should be a proverb as well as "Live and learn." We must teach either for good or evil; and if we use our inward light as the Quaker tells us, always taking care to feed and trim it well, our teaching must in the end be for good. We are growing old together—are we not? I am growing happier too. I am amusing myself with thinking of the prophecy of Daniel as a sort of allegory. All those monstrous, "rombustical" beasts with their horns—the horn with eyes and a mouth speaking proud things, and the little horn that waxed rebellious and stamped on the stars, seem like my passions and vain fancies, which are to be knocked down one after the other—until all is subdued into a universal kingdom over which the Ancient of Days presides—the spirit of love—the Catholicism of the Universe—if you can attach any meaning to such a phrase. It *has* a meaning for my sage noddle.

I am reading George Sand's 'Lettres d'un Voyageur' with great delight, and hoping that they will some time do you as much good as they do me. In the meantime, I think the short letter about 'Lélia' will interest you. It has a very deep meaning to my apprehension. You can send back the pages when you have duly digested them. I once said of you that yours was a sort of alkali nature, which would detect the slightest acid of falsehood. You began to phiz-zz directly it approached you. I want you as a test. I now begin to see the necessity of the arrangement (a bad word) that love should determine people's fate while they are young. It is so impossible to admire—"*s'enthousiasmer*" of—an *individual* as one gets older. Jan. 1848.

Here follows an interesting correspondence with Mr John Sibree, the brother of Miss Mary Sibree, who, in 1857, published a translation of Hegel's 'Lectures on the Philosophy of History,' and in 1880 a volume of Poems, entitled 'Fancy and other Rhymes.'

Begin your letter by abusing me according to my example. There is nothing like a little gunpowder for a damp chimney; and an explosion of that sort will set the fire of your ideas burning to admiration. I hate bashfulness and modesties, as Sir Hugh Evans would say; and I warn you that I shall make no apologies, though from my habit of writing only to people who, rather than have nothing from me, will tolerate nothings, I shall be very apt to forget that you are not one of those amiably silly individuals. I must write to you J. Sibree, beginning of 1848.

Letter to J. Sibree, beginning of 1848.

more meo, without taking pains or labouring to be *spirituelle* when heaven never meant me to be so; and it is your own fault if you bear with my letters a moment after they become an infliction. I am glad you detest Mrs Hannah More's letters. I like neither her letters, nor her books, nor her character. She was that most disagreeable of all monsters, a blue stocking—a monster that can only exist in a miserably false state of society, in which a woman with but a smattering of learning or philosophy is classed along with singing mice and card-playing pigs. It is some time since I read 'Tancred,' so that I have no very vivid recollection of its details; but I thought it very "thin," and inferior in the working up to 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil.' Young Englandism is almost as remote from my sympathies as Jacobitism, as far as its force is concerned, though I love and respect it as an effort on behalf of the people. D'Israeli is unquestionably an able man, and I always enjoy his tirades against liberal principles as opposed to popular principles—the name by which he distinguishes his own. As to his theory of races, it has not a leg to stand on, and can only be buoyed up by such windy eloquence as—You chubby-faced, squabby-nosed Europeans owe your commerce, your arts, your religion, to the Hebrews,—nay, the Hebrews lead your armies: in proof of which he can tell us that Masséna, a second-rate general of Napoleon's, was a Jew, whose real name was Manasseh. Extermination up to a certain point seems to be the law for the inferior races—for the rest fusion both for physical and moral ends. It appears to me that the law by which privileged classes degenerate from continual intermarriage, must act on a larger scale in deteriorating whole races. The nations have been always kept apart until they have sufficiently developed their idiosyncrasies, and then some great revolutionary force has been called into action, by which the genius of a particular nation becomes a portion of the common mind of humanity. Looking at the matter æsthetically, our idea of beauty is never formed on the characteristics of a single race. I confess the types of the pure races, however handsome, always impress me disagreeably; there is an undefined feeling that I am looking not at *man*, but at a specimen of an order under Cuvier's class Bimana. The negroes certainly puzzle me. All the other races seem plainly destined to extermination, not excepting even the Hebrew Caucasian. But the negroes are too important, physiologically and geographically, for one to think of their extermination; while the repulsion between them and the other races seems too

strong for fusion to take place to any great extent. On one point I heartily agree with D'Israeli as to the superiority of the oriental races—their clothes are beautiful and their manners are agreeable. Did you not think the picture of the Barroni family interesting? I should like to know who are the originals. The fellowship of race, to which D'Israeli so exultingly refers the munificence of Sidonia, is so evidently an inferior impulse, which must ultimately be superseded, that I wonder even he, Jew as he is, dares to boast of it. My Gentile nature kicks most resolutely against any assumption of superiority in the Jews, and is almost ready to echo Voltaire's vituperation. I bow to the supremacy of Hebrew poetry, but much of their early mythology, and almost all their history, is utterly revolting. Their stock has produced a Moses and a Jesus; but Moses was impregnated with Egyptian philosophy, and Jesus is venerated and adored by us only for that wherein He transcended or resisted Judaism. The very exaltation of their idea of a national deity into a spiritual monotheism seems to have been borrowed from the other oriental tribes. Everything specifically Jewish is of a low grade. Letter to J. Sibree, beginning of 1848.

And do you really think that sculpture and painting are to die out of the world? If that be so, let another deluge come as quickly as possible, that a new race of Glums and Gowries may take possession of this melancholy earth. I agree with you as to the inherent superiority of music—as that questionable woman, the Countess Hahn-Hahn, says painting and sculpture are but an idealising of our actual existence. Music arches over this existence with another and a diviner. Amen, too, to that *ideenvoll* observation of Hegel's—"We hardly know what it is to feel for human misery until we have heard a shriek: and a more perfect hell might be made out of sound than out of any preparation of fire and brimstone." When the tones of our voice have betrayed peevishness or harshness, we seem to be doubly haunted by the ghost of our sin: we are doubly conscious that we have been untrue to our part in the great Handel chorus. But I cannot assent to the notion that music is to supersede the other arts, or that the highest minds must necessarily aspire to a sort of Milton blindness, in which the *tiefste der Sinne* is to be a substitute for all the rest. I cannot recognise the truth of all that is said about the necessity of religious fervour to high art. I am sceptical as to the real existence of such fervour in any of the greatest artists. Artistic power seems to me to resemble dramatic power—to

Letter to J. Sibree, beginning of 1848.

be an intimate perception of the varied states of which the human mind is susceptible, with ability to give them out anew in intensified expression. It is true that the older the world gets, originality becomes less possible. Great subjects are used up, and civilisation tends evermore to repress individual predominance, highly-wrought agony, or ecstatic joy. But all the gentler emotions will be ever new, ever wrought up into more and more lovely combinations, and genius will probably take their direction.

Have you ever seen a head of Christ taken from a statue by Thorwaldsen of Christ scourged? If not, I think it would almost satisfy you. There is another work of his, said to be very sublime, of the Archangel waiting for the command to sound the last trumpet. Yet Thorwaldsen came at the fag end of time.

I am afraid you despise landscape painting; but to me even the works of our own Stanfield and Roberts and Creswick bring a whole world of thought and bliss—"a sense of something far more deeply interfused." The ocean and the sky and the everlasting hills are spirit to me, and they will never be robbed of their sublimity.

I have tired myself with trying to write cleverly, *invitâ Minervâ*, and having in vain endeavoured to refresh myself by turning over Lavater's queer sketches of physiognomies, and still queerer judgments on them, it is a happy thought of mine that I have a virtuous reason for spending my *ennui* on you.

I send you a stanza I picked up the other day in George Sand's 'Lettres d'un Voyageur,' which is almost the ultimatum of human wisdom on the question of human sorrow:—

> "Le bonheur et le malheur,
> Nous viennent du même auteur,
> Voilà la *ressemblance.*
> Le bonheur nous rend heureux,
> Et le malheur malheureux,
> Voilà la différence."

Ah, here comes a cup of coffee to console me! When I have taken it I will tell you what George Sand says: "Sais tu bien que tout est dit devant Dieu et devant les hommes quand l'homme infortuné demande compte de ses maux et qu'il obtient cette réponse? Qu'y a-t-il de plus? Rien." But I am not a mocking pen, and if I were talking to you instead of writing, you would detect some falsity in the ring of my voice. Alas! the atrabiliar patient you describe is

first cousin to me in my very worst moods, but I have a profound faith that the serpent's head will be bruised. This conscious kind of false life that is ever and anon endeavouring to form itself within us, and eat away our true life, will be overcome by continued accession of vitality, by our perpetual increase in "quantity of existence," as Foster calls it. Creation is the superadded life of the intellect: sympathy, all-embracing love, the superadded moral life. These given more and more abundantly, I feel that all the demons, which are but my own egotism mopping and mowing and gibbering, would vanish away, and there would be no place for them,— Letter to J. Sibree, beginning of 1848.

> "For every gift of noble origin
> Is breathed upon by hope's perpetual breath."

Evils, even sorrows, are they not all negations? Thus matter is in a perpetual state of decomposition,—superadd the principle of life, and the tendency to decomposition is overcome. Add to this consciousness, and there is a power of self-amelioration. The passions and senses decompose, so to speak. The intellect by its analytic power restrains the fury with which they rush to their own destruction; the moral nature purifies, beautifies, and at length transmutes them. But to whom am I talking? You know far more *sur ce chapitre* than I.

Every one talks of himself or herself to me, and I beg you will follow every one's example in this one thing only. Individuals are precious to me in proportion as they unfold to me their intimate selves. I have just had lent me the journal of a person who died some years ago. When I was less venerable I should have felt the reading of such a thing insupportable; now it interests me, though it is the simplest record of events and feelings.

Mary says she has told you about Mr Dawson and his lecture—miserably crude and mystifying in some parts, but with a few fine passages. He is a very delightful man, but not (at least so say my impressions) a great man. How difficult it is to be great in this world where there is a tariff for spiritualities as well as for beeves and cheese and tallow. It is scarcely possible for a man simply to give out his true inspiration—the real profound conviction which he has won by hard wrestling, or the few and far-between pearls of imagination: he must go on talking or writing by rote, or he must starve. Would it not be better to take to tent-making with Paul, or to spectacle-making with Spinoza?

Letter to J. Sibree, Feb.

Write and tell you that I join you in your happiness about the French Revolution? Very fine, my good friend. If I made you wait for a letter as long as you do me, our little *échantillon* of a millennium would be over: Satan would be let loose again: and I should have to share your humiliation instead of your triumph.

Nevertheless I absolve you, for the sole merit of thinking rightly (that is, of course, just as I do) about *la grande nation* and its doings. You and Carlyle (have you seen his article in last week's 'Examiner'?) are the only two people who feel just as I would have them—who can glory in what is actually great and beautiful without putting forth any cold reservations and incredulities to save their credit for wisdom. I am all the more delighted with your enthusiasm because I didn't expect it. I feared that you lacked revolutionary ardour. But no—you are just as *sans-culottish* and rash as I would have you. You are not one of those sages whose reason keeps so tight a rein on their emotions that they are too constantly occupied in calculating consequences to rejoice in any great manifestation of the forces that underlie our everyday existence. I should have written a soprano to your Jubilate the very next day, but that, lest I should be exalted above measure, a messenger of Satan was sent in the form of a headache, and directly on the back of that a face-ache, so that I have been a mere victim of sensations, memories, and visions for the last week. I am even now, as you may imagine, in a very shattered, limbo-like mental condition.

I thought we had fallen on such evil days that we were to see no really great movement—that ours was what St Simon calls a purely critical epoch, not at all an organic one; but I begin to be glad of my date. I would consent, however, to have a year clipt off my life for the sake of witnessing such a scene as that of the men of the barricades bowing to the image of Christ, "who first taught fraternity to men." One trembles to look into every fresh newspaper lest there should be something to mar the picture; but hitherto even the scoffing newspaper critics have been compelled into a tone of genuine respect for the French people and the Provisional Government. Lamartine can act a poem if he cannot write one of the very first order. I hope that beautiful face given to him in the pictorial newspaper is really his: it is worthy of an aureole. I am chiefly anxious about Albert, the operative, but his picture is not to be seen. I have little patience with people who can find time to pity Louis Philippe and his

moustachioed sons. Certainly our decayed monarchs should be pensioned off: we should have a hospital for them, or a sort of zoological garden, where these worn-out humbugs may be preserved. It is but justice that we should keep them, since we have spoiled them for any honest trade. Let them sit on soft cushions, and have their dinner regularly, but, for heaven's sake, preserve me from sentimentalising over a pampered old man when the earth has its millions of unfed souls and bodies. Surely he is not so Ahab-like as to wish that the revolution had been deferred till his son's days: and I think the shades of the Stuarts would have some reason to complain if the Bourbons, who are so little better than they, had been allowed to reign much longer. Letter to J. Sibree, Feb.

I should have no hope of good from any imitative movement at home. Our working classes are eminently inferior to the mass of the French people. In France the *mind* of the people is highly electrified; they are full of ideas on social subjects; they really desire social *reform*—not merely an acting out of Sancho Panza's favourite proverb, "Yesterday for you, to-day for me." The revolutionary animus extended over the whole nation, and embraced the rural population —not merely, as with us, the artisans of the towns. Here there is so much larger a proportion of selfish radicalism and unsatisfied brute sensuality (in the agricultural and mining districts especially) than of perception or desire of justice, that a revolutionary movement would be simply destructive, not constructive. Besides, it would be put down. Our military have no notion of "fraternising." They have the same sort of inveteracy as dogs have for the ill-drest *canaille*. They are as mere a brute force as a battering-ram; and the aristocracy have got firm hold of them. And there is nothing in our Constitution to obstruct the slow progress of *political* reform. This is all we are fit for at present. The social reform which may prepare us for great changes is more and more the object of effort both in Parliament and out of it. But we English are slow crawlers. The sympathy in Ireland seems at present only of the water-toast kind. The Glasgow riots are more serious; but one cannot believe in a Scotch Reign of Terror in these days. I should not be sorry to hear that the Italians had risen *en masse*, and chased the odious Austrians out of beautiful Lombardy. But this they could hardly do without help, and that involves another European war.

Concerning the "tent-making," there is much more to be said, but am I to adopt your rule and never speak of what I

Letters to J. Sibree, Feb.

suppose we agree about? It is necessary to me, not simply to *be* but to *utter*, and I require utterance of my friends. What is it to me that I think the same thoughts? I think them in a somewhat different fashion. No mind that has any *real* life is a mere echo of another. If the perfect unison comes occasionally, as in music, it enhances the harmonies. It is like a diffusion or expansion of one's own life, to be assured that its vibrations are repeated in another, and words are the media of those vibrations. Is not the universe itself a perpetual utterance of the one Being? So I say again, utter, utter, utter, and it will be a deed of mercy twice blest, for I shall be a safety-valve for your communicativeness, and prevent it from splitting honest people's brains who don't understand you; and, moreover, it will be fraught with ghostly comfort to me.

Later in 1848.

I might make a very plausible excuse for not acknowledging your kind note earlier, by telling you that I have been both a nurse and invalid; but to be thoroughly ingenuous, I must confess that all this would not have been enough to prevent my writing but for my chronic disease of utter idleness. I have heard and thought of you with great interest, however. You have my hearty and not inexperienced sympathy; for, to speak in the style of Jonathan Oldbuck, I am *haud ignara mali*. I have gone through a trial of the same genus as yours, though rather differing in species. I sincerely rejoice in the step you have taken; it is an absolutely necessary condition for any true development of your nature. It was impossible to think of your career with hope, while you tacitly subscribed to the miserable *etiquette* (it deserves no better or more spiritual name) of sectarianism. Only persevere—be true, firm, and loving—not too anxious about immediate usefulness to others—that can only be a result of justice to yourself. Study mental hygiene. Take long doses of *dolce far niente*, and be in no great hurry about anything in this 'varsal world! Do we not commit ourselves to sleep, and so resign all care for ourselves every night, lay ourselves gently on the bosom of nature or God? A beautiful reproach to the spirit of some religionists and ultra good people.

I like the notion of your going to Germany as good in every way, for yourself, body and mind, and for all others. Oh the bliss of having a very high attic in a romantic Continental town, such as Geneva — far away from morning-callers, dinners, and decencies, and then to pause for a year and think *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, and then to

return to life, and work for poor stricken humanity, and never think of self again![1] Letter to J. Sibree, later in 1848.

I am writing nearly in the dark, with the postboy waiting. I fear I shall not be at home when you come home, but surely I shall see you before you leave England. However that may be, I shall utter a genuine *Lebewohl.*

In my view there are but two kinds of *regular* correspondence possible—one of simple affection, which gives a picture of all the details, painful and pleasurable, that a loving heart pines after, and this we carry on through the medium of Cara; or one purely moral and intellectual, carried on for the sake of ghostly edification, in which each party has to put salt on the tails of all sorts of ideas on all sorts of subjects, in order to send a weekly or fortnightly packet, as so much duty and self-castigation. I have always been given to understand that such Lady-Jane-Grey-like works were your abhorrence. However, let me know what you *would* like—what would make you continue to hold me in loving remembrance or convince you that you are a bright evergreen in my garden of pleasant plants. Behold me ready to tear off my right hand or pluck out my right eye (metaphorically, of course,—I speak to an experienced exegetist, *comme dirait notre* Strauss), or write reams of letters full of interesting falsehoods or very dull truths. We have always concluded that our correspondence should be of the *third* possible kind—one of impulse, which is necessarily irregular as the Northern lights. Miss Sara Hennell, 1st Feb.

I am a miserable wretch, with aching limbs and sinking spirits, but still alive enough to feel the kindness of your last note. I thoroughly enjoyed your delight in Emerson. I should have liked to see you sitting by him "with awful eye," for once in your life feeling all the bliss of veneration. I am quite uncertain about our movements. Dear father gets on very slowly, if at all. You will understand the impossibility of my forming any plans for my own pleasure. Rest is the only thing I can think of with pleasure now. 14th April.

Dear father is so decidedly progressing towards recovery that I am full of quiet joy—a gentle dawning light after the moonlight of sorrow. I have found already some of the "sweet uses" that belong only to what is called trouble, which is, after all, only a deepened gaze into life, like the sight of the darker blue and the thickening host of stars when the hazy effect of twilight is gone—as our dear Blanco White said of death. I shall have less time than I have had 20th April.

[1] An *Ahnung*—a presentiment—of her own future.

at my own disposal probably; but I feel prepared to accept life, nay, lovingly to embrace it in any form in which it shall present itself.

Sometime in May, Mr Evans and his daughter went to St Leonards, and remained there till near the end of June. His mortal illness had now taken hold of him, and this was a depressing time both for him and for her, as will be seen from the following letters:—

Letter to Chas. Bray, May.

Your words of affection seem to make this earthly atmosphere sit less heavily on my shoulders, and in gratitude I must send you my thanks before I begin to read of Henry Gow and Fair Catharine for father's delectation. In truth, I have found it somewhat difficult to live for the last week—conscious all the time that the only additions to my lot worth having must be more strength to love in my own nature; but perhaps this very consciousness has an irritating rather than a soothing effect. I have a fit of sensitiveness upon me, which, after all, is but egotism and mental idleness. The enthusiasm without which one cannot even pour out breakfast well (at least *I* cannot), has forsaken me. You may laugh and wonder when my enthusiasm has displayed itself, but that will only prove that you are no seer. I can never live long without it in some form or other. I possess my soul in patience for a time, believing that this dark, damp vault in which I am groping will soon come to an end, and the fresh green earth and the bright sky be all the more precious to me. But for the present my address is Grief Castle, on the River of Gloom, in the Valley of Dolour. I was amused to find that Castle Campbell in Scotland was called so. Truly for many seasons in my life I should have been an appropriate denizen of such a place; but I have faith that unless I am destined to insanity, I shall never again abide long in that same castle. I heartily say Amen to your dictum about the cheerfulness of "large moral regions." Where *thought* and *love* are active—thought the formative power, love the vitalising—there can be no sadness. They are in themselves a more intense and extended participation of a divine existence. As they grow, the highest species of faith grows too, and all things are possible. I don't know why I should prose in this way to you. But I wanted to thank you for your note, and all this selfish grumbling was at my pen's end. And now I have no time to redeem myself. We shall not stay long away from home, I feel sure.

Father has done wonders in the way of walking and eat-

ing—for him—but he makes not the slightest attempt to amuse himself, so that I scarcely feel easy in following my own bent even for an hour. I have told you everything now, except that I look amiable in spite of a strong tendency to look black, and speak gently, though with a strong propensity to be snappish. Pity me, ye happier spirits that look amiable and speak gently, because ye *are* amiable and gentle. Letter to Chas. Bray, May.

Alas for the fate of poor mortals which condemns them to wake up some fine morning and find all the poetry in which their world was bathed, only the evening before, utterly gone!—the hard, angular world of chairs and tables and looking-glasses staring at them in all its naked prose! It is so in all the stages of life: the poetry of girlhood goes—the poetry of love and marriage—the poetry of maternity—and at last the very poetry of duty forsakes us for a season, and we see ourselves, and all about us, as nothing more than miserable agglomerations of atoms—poor tentative efforts of the *Natur Princip* to mould a personality. This is the state of prostration—the self-abnegation through which the soul must go, and to which perhaps it must again and again return, that its poetry or religion, which is the same thing, may be a real ever-flowing river, fresh from the windows of heaven and the fountains of the great deep—not an artificial basin, with grotto-work and gold-fish. I feel a sort of madness growing upon me—just the opposite of the delirium which makes people fancy that their bodies are filling the room. It seems to me as if I were shrinking into that mathematical abstraction, a point. But I am wasting this "good Sunday morning" in grumblings. Miss Sara Hennell, 4th June.

Poor Louis Blanc! The newspapers make me melancholy; but shame upon me that I say "poor." The day will come when there will be a temple of white marble, where sweet incense and anthems shall rise to the memory of every man and woman who has had a deep *Ahnung*, a presentiment, a yearning, or a clear vision of the time when this miserable reign of Mammon shall end—when men shall be no longer "like the fishes of the sea"—society no more like a face one half of which—the side of profession, of lip-faith—is fair and God-like, the other half—the side of deeds and institutions—with a hard old wrinkled skin puckered into the sneer of a Mephistopheles. I worship the man who has written as the climax of his appeal against society, "L'inegalité des talents *doit aboutir* non à l'inegalité des retributions mais à l'inegalité des devoirs." You will wonder what has wrought me up into this fury. It is the loathsome fawning, Chas. Bray, 8th June.

Letter to Chas. Bray, 8th June.

the transparent hypocrisy, the systematic giving as little as possible for as much as possible, that one meets with here at every turn. I feel that society is training men and women for hell.

Miss Sara Hennell, 23d June.

All creatures about to moult, or to cast off an old skin, or enter on any new metamorphosis, have sickly feelings. It was so with me. But now I am set free from the irritating worn-out integument. I am entering on a new period of my life, which makes me look back on the past as something incredibly poor and contemptible. I am enjoying repose, strength, and ardour in a greater degree than I have ever known, and yet I never felt my own insignificance and imperfection so completely. My heart bleeds for dear father's pains, but it is blessed to be at hand to give the soothing word and act needed. I should not have written this description of myself but that I felt your affectionate letter demanded some I-ism, which, after all, is often humility rather than pride. Paris, poor Paris—alas! alas!

Chas. Bray, June.

I have read 'Jane Eyre,' and shall be glad to know what you admire in it. All self-sacrifice is good, but one would like it to be in a somewhat nobler cause than that of a diabolical law which chains a man soul and body to a putrefying carcase. However the book *is* interesting; only I wish the characters would talk a little less like the heroes and heroines of police reports.

About the beginning of July Miss Evans and her father returned to Coventry; and the 13th July was a memorable day, as Emerson came to visit the Brays, and she went with them to Stratford. All she says herself about it is in the following note. But Mrs Cash has contributed her recollections of the visit. "We could not, unfortunately, accept Mrs Bray's kind invitation to meet Emerson at Rosehill; but after he had left, Miss Evans soon came up kindly to give us her impressions of him while they were fresh in her memory. She told us that he had asked her what had first awakened her to deep reflection, and when she answered, Rousseau's 'Confessions,' he remarked that this was very interesting, inasmuch as Carlyle had told him that very book had had the same effect upon his mind. As *I* heard Emerson's remark after his interview with Miss Evans, it was, 'That young lady has a calm, clear spirit.'"

Miss Sara Hennell, Friday, July.

I have seen Emerson—the first *man* I have ever seen. But you have seen still more of him, so I need not tell you what he is. I shall leave Cara to tell how the day—the Emerson

day—was spent, for I have a swimming head from hanging over the desk to write business letters for father. Have you seen the review of Strauss's pamphlet in the 'Edinburgh'? The title is 'Der Romantiker auf dem Throne der Cäsaren, oder Julian der Abtrünnige'—a sort of erudite satire on the King of Prussia; but the reviewer pronounces it to have a permanent value quite apart from this fugitive interest. The "Romantiker," or Romanticist, is one who, in literature, in the arts, in religion or politics, endeavours to revive the dead past. Julian was a romanticist in wishing to restore the Greek religion and its spirit, when mankind had entered on the new development. But you have very likely seen the review. I must copy one passage, translated from the conclusion of Strauss's pamphlet, lest you should not have met with it. "Christian writers have disfigured the death-scene of Julian. They have represented him as furious, blaspheming, despairing, and in his despair exclaiming, *Thou* hast conquered, O Galilean, 'νενίκηκας Γαλιλαῖε'! This phrase, though false as history, has a truth in it. It contains a prophecy—to us a consoling prophecy—and it is this: Every Julian—*i.e.*, every great and powerful man—who would attempt to resuscitate a state of society which has died, will infallibly be vanquished by the Galilean—for the Galilean is nothing less than the genius of the future!" Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, July.

Father's tongue has just given utterance to a thought which has been very visibly radiating from his eager eyes for some minutes—"I thought you were going on with the book." I can only bless you for those two notes, which have emanated from you like so much ambrosial scent from roses and lavender. Not less am I grateful for the Carlyle eulogium.[1] I have shed some quite delicious tears over it. This is a world worth abiding in while one man can thus venerate and love another. More anon—this from my doleful prison of stupidity and barrenness, with a yawning trap-door ready to let me down into utter fatuity. But I can even yet feel the omnipotence of a glorious chord. Poor pebble as I am, left entangled among slimy weeds, I can yet hear from afar the rushing of the blessed torrent, and rejoice that it is there to bathe and brighten other pebbles less unworthy of the polishing. Dec.

Thank you for a sight of our blessed St Francis's[2] letter. There is no imaginable moment in which the thought of such a being could be an intrusion. His soul is a blessed *yea*. There is a sort of blasphemy in that proverbial phrase,

[1] On Emerson.

[2] Francis Newman.

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, Dec. 1848.

"Too good to be true." The highest inspiration of the purest, noblest human soul, is the nearest expression of the truth. Those extinct volcanoes of one's spiritual life—those eruptions of the intellect and the passions which have scattered the lava of doubt and negation over our early faith—are only a glorious Himalayan chain, beneath which new valleys of undreamed richness and beauty will spread themselves. Shall we poor earthworms have sublimer thoughts than the universe, of which we are poor chips—mere effluvia of mind—shall we have sublimer thoughts than that universe can furnish out into reality? I am living unspeakable moments, and can write no more.

Jan. 1849.

I think of you perpetually, but my thoughts are all aqueous; they will not crystallise—they are as fleeting as ripples on the sea. I am suffering perhaps as acutely as ever I did in my life. Breathe a wish that I may gather strength—the fragrance of your wish will reach me somehow.

The next letter is to Mrs Houghton, who, it will be remembered, was the only daughter by Mr Evans's first marriage. Miss Evans had more intellectual sympathy with this half-sister Fanny than with any of the other members of her family, and it is a pity that more of the letters to her have not been preserved.

Mrs Houghton, Sunday evening, Jan.

I have been holding a court of conscience, and I cannot enjoy my Sunday's music without restoring harmony, without entering a protest against that superficial soul of mine which is perpetually contradicting and belying the true inner soul. I am in that mood which, in another age of the world, would have led me to put on sackcloth and pour ashes on my head, when I call to mind the sins of my tongue—my animadversions on the faults of others, as if I thought myself to be something when I am nothing. When shall I attain to the true spirit of love which Paul has taught for all the ages? I want no one to excuse me, dear Fanny,—I only want to remove the shadow of my miserable words and deeds from before the divine image of truth and goodness, which I would have all beings worship. I need the Jesuits' discipline of silence, and though my "evil speaking" issues from the intellectual point of view rather than the moral,—though there may be gall in the thought while there is honey in the feeling, yet the evil speaking is wrong. We may satirise character and qualities in the abstract without injury to our moral nature, but persons hardly ever. Poor hints and sketches of souls

as we are—with some slight transient vision of the perfect and the true—we had need help each other to gaze at the blessed heavens instead of peering into each others' eyes to find out the motes there. Letter to Mrs Houghton, Sunday evening, Jan.

I have not touched the piano for nearly two months until this morning, when father being better, I was determined to play a mass before the piano is utterly out of tune again. *Write, asking for nothing again*, like a true disciple of Jesus. I am still feeling rather shattered in brain and limbs, but do not suppose that I lack inward peace and strength. My body is the defaulter—*consciously* so. I triumph over all things in the spirit, but the flesh is weak, and disgraces itself by headaches and backaches. I am delighted to find that you mention Macaulay, because that is an indication that Mr Hennell has been reading him. I thought of Mr H. all through the book, as the only person I could be quite sure would enjoy it as much as I did myself. I did not know if it would interest you: tell me more explicitly that it does. Think of Babylon being unearthed in spite of the prophecies? Truly we are looking before and after, "au jour d'aujourd'hui," as Monsieur Bricolin says. Send me the criticism of Jacques the morn's morning,—only beware there are not too many blasphemies against my divinity. Miss Sara Hennell, 4th Feb.

There has been a vulgar man sitting by while I have been writing, and I have been saying parenthetical bits of civility to him to help out poor father in his conversation, so I have not been quite sure what I have been saying to you. I have woful aches which take up half my nervous strength.

My life is a perpetual nightmare, and always haunted by something to be done, which I have never the time, or rather the energy, to do. Opportunity is kind, but only to the industrious, and I, alas! am not one of them. I have sat down in desperation this evening, though dear father is very uneasy, and his moans distract me, just to tell you that you have full absolution for your criticism, which I do not reckon of the impertinent order. I wish you thoroughly to understand that the writers who have most profoundly influenced me—who have rolled away the waters from their bed, raised new mountains and spread delicious valleys for me—are not in the least oracles to me. It is just possible that I may not embrace one of their opinions,—that I may wish my life to be shaped quite differently from theirs. For instance, it would signify nothing to me if a very wise person were to stun me with proofs that Rousseau's views of life, religion, and government are miser- 9th Feb.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 9th Feb.

ably erroneous,—that he was guilty of some of the worst *bassesses* that have degraded civilised man. I might admit all this: and it would be not the less true that Rousseau's genius has sent that electric thrill through my intellectual and moral frame which has awakened me to new perceptions,—which has made man and nature a fresh world of thought and feeling to me; and this not by teaching me any new belief. It is simply that the rushing mighty wind of his inspiration has so quickened my faculties that I have been able to shape more definitely for myself ideas which had previously dwelt as dim *Ahnungen* in my soul; the fire of his genius has so fused together old thoughts and prejudices, that I have been ready to make new combinations.

It is thus with George Sand. I should never dream of going to her writings as a moral code or text-book. I don't care whether I agree with her about marriage or not—whether I think the design of her plot correct, or that she had no precise design at all, but began to write as the spirit moved her, and trusted to Providence for the catastrophe, which I think the more probable case. It is sufficient for me, as a reason for bowing before her in eternal gratitude to that "great power of God manifested in her," that I cannot read six pages of hers without feeling that it is given to her to delineate human passion and its results and (I must say, in spite of your judgment) some of the moral instincts and their tendencies, with such truthfulness, such nicety of discrimination, such tragic power, and withal, such loving, gentle humour, that one might live a century with nothing but one's own dull faculties, and not know so much as those six pages will suggest. The psychological anatomy of Jacques and Fernande in the early days of their marriage seems quite preternaturally true—I mean that her power of describing it is preternatural. Fernande and Jacques are merely the feminine and the masculine nature, and their early married life an everyday tragedy; but I will not dilate on the book or on your criticism, for I am so sleepy that I should write nothing but *bêtises*. I have at last the most delightful 'De Imitatione Christi,' with quaint woodcuts. One breathes a cool air as of cloisters in the book,—it makes one long to be a saint for a few months. Verily its piety has its foundations in the depth of the divine-human soul.

In March Miss Evans wrote a short notice of the 'Nemesis of Faith' for the 'Coventry Herald,' in which she says:—

"We are sure that its author is a bright particular star, though he sometimes leaves us in doubt whether he be not a fallen 'son of the morning.'"

The paper was sent to Mr Froude, and on 23d March Mrs Bray writes to Miss Hennell: "Last night at dusk M. A. came running in in high glee with a most charming note from Froude, naïvely and prettily requesting her to reveal herself. He says he recognised her hand in the review in the 'Coventry Herald,' and if she thinks him a fallen star she might help him to rise, but he 'believes he has only been dipped in the Styx, and is not much the worse for the bath.' Poor girl, I am so pleased she should have this little episode in her dull life."

The next letter again refers to Mr Froude's books.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, April.

Tell me not that I am a mere prater—that feeling never talks. I will talk, and caress, and look lovingly, until death makes me as stony as the Gorgon-like heads of all the judicious people I know. What is anything worth until it is uttered? Is not the universe one great utterance? Utterance there must be in word or deed to make life of any worth. Every true pentecost is a gift of utterance. Life is too short and opportunities too meagre for many deeds; besides the best friendships are precisely those where there is no possibility of material helpfulness—and I would take no deeds as an adequate compensation for the frigid glassy eye and hard indifferent tones of one's very solid and sensible and conscientious friend. You will wonder of what this is *apropos*—only of a little bitterness in my own soul just at this moment, and not of anything between you and me. I have nothing to tell you, for all the "haps" of my life are so indifferent. I spin my existence so entirely out of myself that there is a sad want of proper names in my conversation, and I am becoming a greater bore than ever. It is a consciousness of this that has kept me from writing to you. My letters would be a sort of hermit's diary. I have so liked the thought of your enjoying the 'Nemesis of Faith.' I quote Keats's sonnet *apropos* of that book. It has made me feel—

> "Like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez—when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
> Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

You must read 'The Shadows of the Clouds.' It produces

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, April.

a sort of palpitation that one hardly knows whether to call wretched or delightful. I cannot take up the book again, though wanting very much to read it more closely. Poor and shallow as one's own soul is, it is blessed to think that a sort of transubstantiation is possible by which the greater ones can live in us. Egotism apart, another's greatness, beauty, or bliss is one's own. And let us sing a *Magnificat* when we are conscious that this power of expansion and sympathy is growing, just in proportion as the individual satisfactions are lessening. Miserable dust of the earth we are, but it is worth while to be so, for the sake of the living soul—the breath of God within us. You see I can do nothing but scribble my own prosy stuff—such chopped straw as my soul is foddered on. I am translating the 'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus' of Spinoza, and seem to want the only friend that knows how to praise or blame. How exquisite is the satisfaction of feeling that another mind than your own sees precisely where and what is the difficulty—and can exactly appreciate the success with which it is overcome. One knows—*sed longo intervallo*—the full meaning of the "fit audience though few." How an artist must hate the noodles that stare at his picture, with a vague notion that it *is* a clever thing to be able to paint.

Mrs Pears, 10th May.

I know it will gladden your heart to hear that father spoke of you the other day with affection and gratitude. He remembers you as one who helped to strengthen that beautiful spirit of resignation which has never left him through his long trial. His mind is as clear and rational as ever, notwithstanding his feebleness, and he gives me a thousand little proofs that he understands my affection and responds to it. These are very precious moments to me; my chair by father's bedside is a very blessed seat to me. My delight in the idea that you are being benefited after all, prevents me from regretting you, though you are just the friend that would complete my comfort. Every addition to your power of enjoying life is an expansion of mine. I partake of your ebb and flow. I am going to my post now. I have just snatched an interval to let you know, that though you have taken away a part of yourself from me, neither you nor any one else can take the whole.

It will have been seen from these late letters, that the last few months of her father's illness had been a terrible strain on his daughter's health and spirits. She did all the nursing herself, and Mrs Congreve (who was then

Miss Bury, daughter of the doctor who was attending Mr Evans—and who, it will be seen, subsequently became perhaps the most intimate and the closest of George Eliot's friends) tells me that her father told her at the time, that he never saw a patient more admirably and thoroughly cared for. The translating was a great relief when she could get to it. Under date of 19th April 1849, Mrs Bray writes to Miss Hennell, "M. A. is happy now with this Spinoza to do: she says it is such a rest for her mind."

The next letter to Rosehill pathetically describes how the end came at last to Mr Evans's sufferings:—

Letter to the Brays, half-past nine, Wednesday morning, 31st May.

Dear friends, Mr Bury told us last night that he thought father would not last till morning. I sat by him with my hand in his till four o'clock, and he then became quieter and has had some comfortable sleep. He is obviously weaker this morning, and has been for the last two or three days so painfully reduced, that I dread to think what his dear frame may become before life gives way. My brother slept here last night, and will be here again to-night. What shall I be without my father? It will seem as if a part of my moral nature were gone. I write when I can, but I do not know whether my letter will do to send this evening.

P.S.—Father is very, very much weaker this evening.

Mr Evans died during that night, 31st May 1849.

CHAPTER IV.

It fortunately happened that the Brays had planned a trip to the Continent for this month of June 1849, and Miss Evans, being left desolate by the death of her father, accepted their invitation to join them. On the 11th June they started, going by way of Paris, Lyons, Avignon, Marseilles, Nice, Genoa, Milan, Como, Lago Maggiore, Martigny, and Chamounix, arriving at Geneva in the third week of July. Here Miss Evans determined to remain for some months, the Brays returning home. Before they went, however, they helped her to settle herself comfortably *en pension*, and, as will be seen from the following letters, the next eight months were quietly and peacefully happy. The *pension* selected in the first in-

stance was the Campagne Plongeon, which stands on a slight eminence a few hundred yards back from the road on the route d'Hermance, some ten minutes' walk from the Hotel Métropole. From the Hotel National on the Quai de Mont Blanc one catches a pleasant glimpse of it nestling among its trees. A good-sized gleaming white house, with a centre and gables at each side—a flight of steps leading from the middle window to the ground. A meadow in front, nicely planted, slopes charmingly down to the blue lake; and behind the house, on the left-hand side, there is an avenue of remarkably fine chestnut-trees, whence there is a magnificent view of the Jura mountains on the opposite side of the lake. The road to Geneva is very beautiful by the lake-side, bordered with plane-trees. It was a delightful, soothing change after the long illness and the painful death of her father —after the monotonous dulness, too, of an English provincial town like Coventry, where there is little beauty of any sort to gladden the soul. In the first months following a great loss it is good to be alone for a time—alone especially amidst beautiful scenes—and alone in the sense of being removed from habitual associations, but yet constantly in the society of new acquaintances, who are sufficiently interesting, but not too intimate. The Swiss correspondence which follows is chiefly addressed to the Brays collectively, and describes the life minutely.

Letter to the Brays, 27th July.

About my comfort here, I find no disagreeables, and have every physical comfort that I care about. The family seems well-ordered and happy. I have made another friend too—an elderly English lady, a Mrs Locke, who used to live at Ryde—a pretty old lady, with plenty of shrewdness and knowledge of the world. She began to say very kind things to me in rather a waspish tone yesterday morning at breakfast. I liked her better at dinner and tea, and to-day we are quite confidential. I only hope she will stay—she is just the sort of person I shall like to have to speak to—not at all "congenial," but with a character of her own. The going down to tea bores me, and I shall get out of it as soon as I can, unless I can manage to have the newspapers to read. The American lady embroiders slippers,—the mamma looks on and does nothing. The Marquis and his friends play at whist; the old ladies sew; and Madame says things so true that they are insufferable. She is obliged to talk to all, and cap their *niaiseries* with some suitable observation. She has

been very kind and motherly to me. I like her better every time I see her. I have quiet and comfort—what more can I want to make me a healthy reasonable being once more? I will never go near a friend again until I can bring joy and peace in my heart and in my face—but remember that friendship will be easy then. Letters to the Brays, 27th July.

I hope my imagination paints truly when it shows me all of you seated with beaming faces round the tea-table at Rosehill. I shall be yearning to know that things as well as people are smiling on you; but I am sure you will not let me wait for news of you longer than is necessary. My life here would be delightful if we could always keep the same set of people; but alas! I fear one generation will go and another come so fast that I shall not care to become acquainted with any of them. My good Mrs Locke is not going, that is one comfort. She is quite a mother to me—helps me to buy my candles and do all my shopping,—takes care of me at dinner, and quite rejoices when she sees me enjoy conversation or anything else. The St Germains are delightful people—the Marquise really seems to me the most charming person I ever saw, with kindness enough to make the ultra-politeness of her manners quite genuine. She is very good to me, and says of me, "Je m'interesse vivement à Mademoiselle." The Marquis is the most well-bred, harmless of men. He talks very little—every sentence seems a terrible gestation, and comes forth *fortissimo;* but he generally bestows one on me, and seems especially to enjoy my poor tunes (mind you, all these trivialities are to satisfy your vanity, not mine—because you are beginning to be ashamed of having loved me). The grey-headed gentleman got quite fond of talking philosophy with me before he went; but alas! he and a very agreeable young man who was with him are gone to Aix les Bains. The young German is the Baron de H. I should think he is not more than two or three and twenty, very good-natured, but a most determined enemy to all gallantry. I fancy he is a Communist; but he seems to have been joked about his opinions by Madame and the rest, until he has determined to keep a proud silence on such matters. He has begun to talk to me, and I think we should become good friends; but he, too, is gone on an expedition to Monte Rosa. He is expecting his brother to join him here on his return, but I fear they will not stay long. The *gouvernante* is a German, with a moral region that would rejoice Mr Bray's eyes. Poor soul, she is in a land of strangers, and often seems to feel her loneliness. Her situation is a very 5th Aug.

Letters to the Brays, 5th Aug.

difficult one; and "*die Angst*," she says, often brings on a pain at her heart. Madame is a woman of some reading and considerable talent—very fond of politics, a devourer of the journals, with an opinion ready for you on any subject whatever. It will be a serious loss to her to part with the St Germain family. I fear that they will not stay longer than this month. I should be quite indifferent to the world that comes or goes if once I had my boxes with all my books. Last Sunday I went with Madame to a small church near Plongeon, and I could easily have fancied myself in an Independent chapel at home. The spirit of the sermon was not a whit more elevated than that of our friend Dr Harris—the text, "What shall I do to be saved?"—the answer of Jesus being blinked as usual.

To-day I have been to hear one of the most celebrated preachers, M. Meunier. His sermon was really eloquent—all written down, but delivered with so much energy and feeling that you never thought of the book. It is curious to notice how patriotism—*dévouement à la patrie*—is put in the sermons as the first of virtues, even before devotion to the Church. We never hear of it in England after we leave school. The good Marquis goes with his family and servants, all nicely drest, to the Catholic Church. They are a most orderly set of people: there is nothing but their language and their geniality and politeness to distinguish them from one of the best of our English aristocratic families. I am perfectly comfortable: every one is kind to me and seems to like me. Your kind hearts will rejoice at this, I know. Only remember that I am just as much interested in all that happens to you at Rosehill as you are in what happens to me at Plongeon. Pray that the motto of Geneva may become mine—"*Post tenebras lux.*"

20th Aug.

I have no head for writing to-day, for I have been keeping my bed for the last three days; but I must remember that writing to you is like ringing a bell hung in the planet Jupiter—it is so weary a while before one's letters reach. I have been positively sickening for want of my boxes, and anxiety to hear of my relations. Your kind letter of this morning has quieted the latter a little; but my boxes, alas! have not appeared. Do not be alarmed about my health. I have only had a terrible headache—prolonged, in fact, by the assiduities of the good people here; for the first day I lay in bed I had the whole female world of Plongeon in my bedroom, and talked so incessantly that I was unable to sleep after it: the consequence, as you may imagine, was that the

next day I was very much worse; but I am getting better, and indeed it was worth while to be ill to have so many kind attentions. There is a fresh German family from Frankfurt here just now—Madame Cornelius and her children. She is the daughter of the richest banker in Frankfurt, and, what is better, full of heart and mind, with a face that tells you so before she opens her lips. She has more reading than the Marquise, being German and Protestant; and it is a real refreshment to talk with her for half an hour. The dear Marquise is a truly devout Catholic. It is beautiful to hear her speak of the comfort she has in the confessional—for our *têtes-à-tête* have lately turned on religious matters. She says I am in a "mauvaise voie sous le rapport de la religion. Peut-être vous vous marierez, et le mariage, chère amie, sans la foi religieuse! . . ." She says I have isolated myself by my studies—that I am too cold and have too little confidence in the feelings of others towards me—that I do not believe how deep an interest she has conceived in my lot. She says Signor Goldrini (the young Italian who was here for a week) told her, when he had been talking to me one evening, "Vous aimerez cette demoiselle, j'en suis sûr"—and she has found his prediction true. They are leaving for their own country on Wednesday. She hopes I shall go to Italy and see her; and when I tell her that I have no faith that she will remember me long enough for me to venture on paying her a visit if ever I should go to Italy again, she shakes her head at my incredulity. She was born at Genoa. Her father was three years Sardinian Minister at Constantinople before she was married, and she speaks with enthusiasm of her life there—"C'est là le pays de la vraie poésie où l'on sent ce que c'est que de vivre par le cœur." M. de H. is returned from Monte Rosa. He would be a nice person if he had another soul added to the one he has by nature—the soul that comes by sorrow and love. I stole his book while he was gone—the first volume of Louis Blanc's 'History of Ten Years.' It contains a very interesting account of the three days of July 1830. His brother is coming to join him, so I hope he will not go at present. Tell Miss Sibree my address, and beg her to write to me all about herself, and to write on thin paper. I hardly know yet whether I shall like this place well enough to stay here through the winter. I have been under the disadvantage of wanting all on which I chiefly depend—my books, &c. When I have been here another month I shall be better able to judge. I hope you managed to get in the black velvet dress. The people dress, and think about

Letter to the Brays, 20th Aug.

Letters to the Brays, 20th Aug.

dressing, here more even than in England. You would not know me if you saw me. The Marquise took on her the office of *femme de chambre* and drest my hair one day. She has abolished all my curls, and made two things stick out on each side of my head like those on the head of the Sphinx. All the world says I look infinitely better; so I comply, though to myself I seem uglier than ever—if possible. I am fidgeted to death about my boxes, and that tiresome man not to acknowledge the receipt of them. I make no apology for writing all my peevishness and follies, because I want you to do the same—to let me know everything about you, to the aching of your fingers—and you tell me very little. My boxes, my boxes! I dream of them night and day. Dear Mr Hennell! Give him my heartiest affectionate remembrances. Tell him I find no one here so spirited as he: there are no better jokes going than I can make myself. Mrs Hennell and Mrs C. Hennell too, all are remembered—if even I have only seen them in England.

28th Aug.

Mme. de Ludwigsdorff, the wife of an Austrian baron, has been here for two days, and is coming again. She is handsome, spirited, and clever,—pure English by birth, but quite foreign in manners and appearance. She, and all the world besides, are going to winter in Italy. Nothing annoys me now,—I feel perfectly at home, and shall really be comfortable when I have all my little matters about me. This place looks more lovely to me every day,—the lake, the town, the *campagnes* with their stately trees and pretty houses, the glorious mountains in the distance; one can hardly believe one's self on earth: one might live here and forget that there is such a thing as want or labour or sorrow. The perpetual presence of all this beauty has somewhat the effect of mesmerism or chloroform. I feel sometimes as if I were sinking into an agreeable state of numbness on the verge of unconsciousness, and seem to want well pinching to rouse me. The other day (Sunday) there was a *fête* held on the lake—the *fête* of Navigation. I went out with some other ladies in M. de H.'s boat at sunset, and had the richest draught of beauty. All the boats of Geneva turned out in their best attire. When the moon and stars came out, there were beautiful fireworks sent up from the boats. The mingling of the silver and the golden rays on the rippled lake, the bright colours of the boats, the music, the splendid fireworks, and the pale moon looking at it all with a sort of grave surprise, made up a scene of perfect enchantment,—and our dear old Mont Blanc was there in his white ermine

robe. I rowed all the time, and hence comes my palsy. I can perfectly fancy dear Mrs Pears in her Leamington house. How beautiful all that Foleshill life looks now, like the distant Jura in the morning! She was such a sweet, dear, good friend to me. My walks with her, my little visits to them in the evening—all is remembered. I am glad you have seen Fanny again; any attention you show her is a real kindness to me, and I assure you she is worth it. You know, or you do not know, that my nature is so chameleon-like, I shall lose all my identity unless you keep nourishing the old self with letters,—so, pray, write as much and as often as you can. It jumps admirably with my humour to live in two worlds at once in this way. I possess my dearest friends and my old environment in my thoughts — and another world of novelty and beauty in which I am actually moving,—and my contrariety of disposition always makes the world that lives in my thoughts the dearer of the two—the one in which I more truly dwell. So, after all, I enjoy my friends most when I am away from them. I shall not say so, though, if I should live to rejoin you six or seven months hence. Keep me for seven[1] years longer and you will find out the use of me, like all other pieces of trumpery. Letter to the Brays, 28th Aug.

Have I confided too much in your generosity in supposing that you would write to me first? or is there some other reason for your silence? I suffer greatly from it—not entirely from selfish reasons, but in great part because I am really anxious to know all about you, your state of health and spirits—the aspect of things within and without you. Did Mr Bray convey to you my earnest request that you would write to me? You know of my whereabouts and circumstances from my good friends at Rosehill, so that I have little to tell you,—at least I have not spirit to write of myself until I have heard from you, and have an assurance from yourself that you yet care about me. Sara (Mrs Isaac Evans) has sent me word of the sad, sad loss that has befallen poor Chrissey and Edward,—a loss in which I feel that I have a share; for that angelic little being had great interest for me—she promised to pay so well for any care spent on her. I can imagine poor Edward's almost frantic grief, and I dread the effect on Chrissey's weak frame of her more silent suffering. Anything you can tell me about them will be read very eagerly. I begin to feel the full value of a letter,—so much so, that if ever I am convinced that any one Mrs Houghton, 6th Sept.

[1] It may be noted as a curious verification of this presentiment that 'Scenes of Clerical Life' were published in 1856—just seven years later.

Letter to Mrs Houghton, 6th Sept.

has the least anxiety to hear from me, I shall always reckon it amongst the first duties to sit down without delay, giving no ear to the suggestions of my idleness and aversion to letter-writing. Indeed I am beginning to find it really pleasant to write to my friends, now that I am so far away from them; and I could soon fill a sheet to you if your silence did not weigh too heavily on my heart. My health is by no means good yet—seldom good enough not to be a sort of drag on my mind; so you must make full allowance for too much egotism and susceptibility in me. It seems to be three years instead of three months since I was in England and amongst you, and I imagine that all sorts of revolutions must have taken place in the interim; whereas to you, I daresay, remaining in your old home and among your everyday duties, the time has slipped away so rapidly that you are unable to understand my anxiety to hear from you. I think the climate here is not particularly healthy,—I suppose from the vicinity of the lake, which, however, becomes so dear to me that one cannot bear to hear it accused. Good-bye, dear Fanny; a thousand blessings to you whether you write to me or not, and much gratitude if you do.

The Brays, 13th Sept.

My boxes arrived last Friday. The expense was fr. 150—perfectly horrible! Clearly I must give myself for food to the fowls of the air or the fishes of the lake. It is a consolation to a mind imbued with a lofty philosophy, that when one can get nothing to eat, one can still be eaten—the evil is only apparent. It is quite settled that I cannot stay at Plongeon; I must move into town. But, alas! I must pay fr. 200 per month. If I were there I should see more conversable people than here. Do you think any one would buy my 'Encyclopædia Britannica' at half-price, and my globes? If so, I should not be afraid of exceeding my means, and I should have a little money to pay for my piano, and for some lessons of different kinds that I want to take. The Encyclopædia is the last edition, and cost £42, and the globes £8, 10s. I shall never have anywhere to put them, so it is folly to keep them if any one will buy them. No one else has written to me, though I have written to almost all. I would rather have it so than feel that the debt was on my side. When will you come to me for help, that I may be able to hate you a little less? I shall leave here as soon as I am able to come to a decision, as I am anxious to feel settled, and the weather is becoming cold. This house is like a bird-cage set down in a garden. Do not count this

among my letters. I am good for nothing to-day, and can write nothing well but bitterness, so that I will not trust myself to say another word. The Baronne de Ludwigsdorff seems to have begun to like me very much, and is really kind; so you see heaven sends kind souls, though they are by no means kindred ones. Poor Mrs Locke is to write to me—has given me a little ring—says "take care of yourself, my child—have some tea of your own—you'll be quite another person if you get some introductions to clever people—you'll get on well among a certain set,—that's true;" it is her way to say "that's true" after all her affirmations. She says, "You won't find any kindred spirits at Plongeon, my dear." Letters to the Brays, 13th Sept.

I am feeling particularly happy because I have had very kind letters from my brother and sisters. I am ashamed to fill sheets about myself, but I imagined that this was precisely what you wished. Pray correct my mistake, if it be one, and then I will look over the Calvin MSS. and give you some information of really general interest, suited to our mutual capacities. Mme. Ludwigsdorff is so good to me—a charming creature—so anxious to see me comfortably settled—petting me in all sorts of ways. She sends me tea when I wake in the morning—orange-flower water when I go to bed—grapes—and her maid to wait on me. She says if I like she will spend the winter after this at Paris with me, and introduce me to her friends there; but she does not mean to attach herself to me, because I shall never like her long. I shall be tired of her when I have sifted her, &c. She says I have more intellect than *morale*, and other things more true than agreeable; however, she is "greatly interested" in me—has told me her troubles and her feelings, she says, in spite of herself; for she has never been able before in her life to say so much even to her old friends. It is a mystery she cannot unravel. She is a person of high culture, according to the ordinary notions of what feminine culture should be. She speaks French and German perfectly, plays well, and has the most perfect polish of manner—the most thorough refinement both socially and morally. She is tall and handsome—a striking-looking person, but with a sweet feminine expression when she is with those she likes—dresses exquisitely—in fine, is all that I am not. I shall tire you with all this, but I want you to know what good creatures there are here as elsewhere. Miss F. tells me that the first day she sat by my side at dinner, she looked at me, and thought to herself, "That is a grave lady; I do not think I 20th Sept.

Letter to the Brays, 20th Sept.

shall like her much;" but as soon as I spoke to her, and she looked into my eyes, she felt she could love me. Then she lent me a book written by her cousin—a religious novel—in which there is a fearful infidel who will not believe, and hates all who do, &c., &c. Then she invited me to walk with her, and came to talk in my room; then invited me to go to the Oratoire with them, till I began to be uncomfortable under the idea that they fancied I was evangelical, and that I was gaining their affection under false pretences; so I told Miss F. that I was going to sacrifice her good opinion, and confess my heresies. I quite expected from their manner and character that they would forsake me in horror—but they are as kind as ever. They never go into the *salon* in the evening, and I have almost forsaken it, spending the evening frequently in Mme. de Ludwigsdorff's room, where we have some delightful tea. The tea of the house here is execrable; or rather, as Mrs A. says, "How glad we ought to be that it has no taste at all—it might have a very bad one!" I like the A.'s; they are very good-natured. Mrs A., a very ugly but lady-like little woman, who is under an infatuation "as it regards" her caps—always wearing the brightest rose-colour or intensest blue—with a complexion not unlike a dirty primrose glove. The rest of the people are nothing to me, except, indeed, dear old Mlle. Faizan, who comes into my room when I am ill with "Qu'est ce que vous avez, ma bonne?" in the tone of the kindest old aunt, and thinks that I am the most amiable douce creature, which will give you a better opinion of her charity than her penetration.

Dear creatures! no one is so good as you yet. I have not yet found any one who can bear comparison with you; not in kindness to me—*ça va sans dire*—but in solidity of mind and in expansion of feeling. This is a very coarse thing to say, but it came to the end of my pen, and *litera scripta manet*—at least when it comes at the end of the second page. I shall certainly stay at Geneva this winter, and shall return to England as early as the spring weather will permit, always supposing that nothing occurs to alter my plans. I am still thin; so how much will be left of me next April I am afraid to imagine. I shall be length without breadth. Cara's assurance that you are well and comfortable is worth a luncheon to me, which is just the thing I am generally most in want of, for we dine at six now. I love to imagine you in your home; and everything seems easy to me when I am not disturbed about the health or wellbeing of my

loved ones. It is really so; I do not say it out of any sort of affectation, benevolent or otherwise. I am without carefulness, alas! in more senses than one. Thank Sara very heartily for her letter. I do not write a special sheet for her to-day, because I have to write to two or three other people, but she must not the less believe how I valued a little private morsel from her; and also that I would always rather she wrote "from herself" than "to me"—that is my theory of letter-writing. Your letters are as welcome as Elijah's ravens—I thought of saying the dinner-bell, only that would be too gross! I get impatient at the end of the ten days which it takes for our letters to go to and fro; and I have not the least faith in the necessity for keeping the sheet three or four days before Mr Bray can find time to write his meagre bit. If you see the Miss Franklins, give my love to them; my remembrances to Mr and Mrs Whittem; love to Miss Sibree always. Hearty love to Clapton[1] and Woodford;[2] and a very diffusive benevolence to the world in general, without any particular attachment to A. or B. I am trying to please Mr Bray. Good-bye, dear souls. *Dominus vobiscum.* Letters to the Brays, 20th Sept.

I am anxious for you to know my new address, as I shall leave here on Tuesday. I think I have at last found the very thing. I shall be the only lodger. The *appartement* is *assez joli*, with an alcove, so that it looks like a sitting-room in the day-time—the people, an artist of great respectability, and his wife, a most kind-looking ladylike person, with two boys, who have the air of being well educated. They seem very anxious to have me, and are ready to do anything to accommodate me. I shall live with them—that is, dine with them; breakfast in my own room. The terms are fr. 150 per month, light included. M. and Mme. D'Albert are middle-aged—musical, and, I am told, have *beaucoup d'esprit*. I hope this will not exceed my means for four or five months. There is a nice large *salon* and a good *salle à manger*. I am told that their society is very good. Mme. de Ludwigsdorff was about going there a year ago, and it was she who recommended it to me. 4th Oct.

I hope Sara's fears are supererogatory—a proof of a too nervous solicitude about me, for which I am grateful, though it does me no good to hear of it. I want encouraging rather than warning and checking. I believe I am so constituted that I shall never be cured of my faults except by God's discipline. If human beings would but believe it, they

[1] Mrs Hennell. [2] Mr and Mrs Charles Hennell.

Letter to the Brays, 4th Oct.

do me most good by saying to me the kindest things truth will permit; and really I cannot hope those will be superlatively kind. The reason I wished to raise a little extra money is that I wanted to have some lessons and other means of culture—not for my daily bread, for which I hope I shall have enough; but since you think my scheme impracticable, we will dismiss it. *Au reste*, be in no anxiety about me. Nothing is going wrong that I know of. I am not an absolute fool and weakling. When I am fairly settled in my new home, I will write again. My address will be—M. D'Albert, Rue des Chanoines, No. 107.

Mrs Houghton, 4th Oct.

The blessed compensation there is in all things made your letter doubly precious for having been waited for, and it would have inspired me to write to you again much sooner, but that I have been in uncertainty about settling myself for the winter, and I wished to send you my future address. I am to move to my new home on Tuesday the 9th. I shall not at all regret leaving here; the season is beginning to be rather sombre, though the glorious chestnuts here are still worth looking at half the day. You have heard of some of the people whom I have described in my letters to Rosehill. The dear little old maid, Mlle. Faizan, is quite a good friend to me—extremely prosy, and full of tiny details; but really people of that calibre are a comfort to one occasionally, when one has not strength enough for more stimulating things. She is a sample of those happy souls who ask for nothing but the work of the hour, however trivial—who are contented to live without knowing whether they effect anything, but who do really effect much good, simply by their calm and even *maintien*. I laugh to hear her say in a tone of remonstrance—"Mme. de Ludwigsdorff dit qu'elle s'ennuie quand les soirées sont longues: moi, je ne conçois pas comment on peut s'ennuyer quand on a de l'ouvrage ou des jeux ou de la conversation." When people who are dressing elegantly and driving about to make calls every day of their life have been telling me of their troubles—their utter hopelessness of ever finding a vein worth working in their future life—my thoughts have turned towards many whose sufferings are of a more tangible character, and I have really felt all the old commonplaces about the equality of human destinies, always excepting those spiritual differences which are apart not only from poverty and riches but from individual affections. Dear Chrissey has found time and strength to write to me, and very precious her letter was, though I wept over it. "Deep abiding grief must be mine,"

she says, and I know well it must be. The mystery of trial! It falls with such avalanche weight on the head of the meek and patient. I wish I could do something of more avail for my friends than love them and long for their happiness. Letter to Mrs Houghton, 4th Oct.

M. and Mme. D'Albert are really clever people—people worth sitting up an hour longer to talk to. This does not hinder Madame from being an excellent manager—dressing scrupulously, and keeping her servants in order. She has hung my room with pictures, one of which is the most beautiful group of flowers conceivable thrown on an open Bible—painted by herself. I have a piano which I hire. There is also one in the *salon*. M. D'Albert plays and sings, and in the winter he tells me they have parties to sing masses and do other delightful things. In fact, I think I am just in the right place. I breakfast in my own room at half-past eight, lunch at half-past twelve, and dine at four or a little after, and take tea at eight. From the tea-table I have gone into the *salon* and chatted until bed-time. It would really have been a pity to have stayed at Plongeon, out of reach of everything, and with people so little worth talking to. I have not found out the *desagrémens* here yet. It is raining horribly, but this just saves me from the regret I should have felt at having quitted the chestnuts of Plongeon. That *campagne* looked splendid in its autumn dress. The Brays, 11th Oct.

George Eliot retained so warm an admiration and love for M. D'Albert to the end of her life, that it seems fitting here to mention that he lived on till 1886, carrying well the weight of eighty winters. He was *conservateur* of the Athénée—a permanent exhibition of works of art in Geneva; and he published in 1883 a French translation of the 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' having already previously published translations of 'Adam Bede,' 'The Mill on the Floss,' 'Silas Marner,' and 'Romola.' The description of his personal appearance in the following letter remained true to the end, save that the grey hair had become quite white. He lost his wife in 1880; and it will be seen from subsequent letters that George Eliot kept up a faithful attachment to her till her death. They were both friends after her own heart. The old apartment is now No. 18 instead of No. 107 Rue des Chanoines, and is occupied as the printing-office of the 'Journal de Genève.' But half of the rooms remain just as they were five-and-thirty years ago: the *salon*, wainscoted in imitation light oak panels, with a white China stove, and her bedroom opening off it—as she had often described

it to me; and M. D'Albert had still in his possession the painting of the bunch of beautiful flowers thrown on an open Bible mentioned in the last letter. He told me that when Miss Evans first came to look at the house, she was so horrified with the forbidding aspect of the stairs, that she declared she would not go up above the first floor; but when she got inside the door she was reconciled to her new quarters. Calvin's house is close to the Rue des Chanoines, and she was much interested in it. It will be seen that she did some work in physics under Professor de la Rive; but she principally rested and enjoyed herself during the stay at Geneva. It was exactly the kind of life she was in need of at the time, and the letters show how much she appreciated it.

Letter to the Brays, 26th Oct.

I languished for your letter before it came, and read it three times running—judge whether I care less for you than of old. It is the best of blessings to know that you are well and cheerful; and when I think of all that might happen in a fortnight to make you otherwise, especially in these days of cholera and crises, I cannot help being anxious until I get a fresh assurance that at least five days ago all was well. Before I say anything about myself, I must contradict your suspicion that I paint things too agreeably for the sake of giving you pleasure. I assure you my letters are subjectively true—the falsehood, if there be any, is in my manner of seeing things. But I will give you some *vérités positives*, in which, alas! poor imagination has hitherto been able to do little for the world. Mme. D'Albert anticipates all my wants, and makes a spoiled child of me. I like these dear people better and better—everything is so in harmony with one's moral feeling, that I really can almost say I never enjoyed a more complete *bien être* in my life than during the last fortnight. For M. D'Albert, I love him already as if he were father and brother both. His face is rather haggard-looking, but all the lines and the wavy grey hair indicate the temperament of the artist. I have not heard a word or seen a gesture of his yet that was not perfectly in harmony with an exquisite moral refinement—indeed one feels a better person always when he is present. He sings well, and plays on the piano a little. It is delightful to hear him talk of his friends—he admires them so genuinely—one sees so clearly that there is no reflex egotism. His conversation is charming. I learn something every dinner-time. Mme. D'Albert has less of genius and more of cleverness—a really lady-like person, who says everything well. She brings up

her children admirably—two nice intelligent boys[1]—the youngest particularly has a sort of Lamartine expression, with a fine head. It is so delightful to get among people who exhibit no meannesses, no worldlinesses, that one may well be enthusiastic. To me it is so blessed to find any departure from the rule of giving as little as possible for as much as possible. Their whole behaviour to me is as if I were a guest whom they delighted to honour. Last night we had a little knot of their most intimate musical friends, and M. and Mme. D'Albert introduced me to them as if they wished me to know them—as if they wished me to like their friends and their friends to like me. The people and the evening would have been just after your own hearts. In fact, I have not the slightest pretext for being discontented—not the shadow of a discomfort. Even the little housemaid Jeanne is charming—says to me every morning, in the prettiest voice: "Madame a-t-elle bien dormi cette nuit?"—puts fire in my *chauffe-pied* without being told—cleans my rooms most conscientiously. There—I promise to weary you less for the future with my descriptions. I could not resist the temptation to speak gratefully of M. and Mme. D'Albert. Letter to the Brays, 26th Oct.

Give my love to Mrs Pears—my constant ever fresh remembrance. My love to Miss Rebecca Franklin—tell her I have only spun my web to Geneva—it will infallibly carry me back again across the gulf, were it twice as great. If Mr Froude preaches the new word at Manchester, I hope he will preach it so as to do without an after explanation, and not bewilder his hearers in the manner of Mephistopheles when he dons the doctor's gown of Faust. I congratulate you on the new edition,[2] and promise to read it with a disposition to admire when I am at Rosehill once more. I am beginning to lose respect for the petty acumen that sees difficulties. I love the souls that rush along to their goal with a full stream of sentiment,—that have too much of the positive to be harassed by the perpetual negatives—which, after all, are but the disease of the soul, to be expelled by fortifying the principle of vitality.

Good-bye, dear loves: shan't I kiss you when I am in England again—in England! I already begin to think of the journey as an impossibility. Geneva is so beautiful now,

[1] Mr Charles Lewes tells me that when he went to stay with the D'Alberts at Geneva, many years afterwards, they mentioned how much they had been struck by her discernment of the character of these two boys.

[2] 'Philosophy of Necessity,' by Charles Bray.

the trees have their richest colouring. Coventry is a fool to it—but then you are at Coventry, and you are better than lake, trees, and mountains.

Letter to the Brays, 28th Oct.

We have had some delicious autumn days here. If the fine weather last, I am going up the Salève on Sunday with M. D'Albert. On one side I shall have a magnificent view of the lake, the town, and the Jura; on the other, the range of Mont Blanc. The walks about Geneva are perfectly enchanting. "Ah!" says poor Mlle. Faizan; "nous avons un beau pays si nous n'avions pas ces Radicaux!" The election of the Conseil d'Etat is to take place in November, and an *émeute* is expected. The actual Government is Radical, and thoroughly detested by all the "respectable" classes. The Vice-President of the Conseil, and the virtual head of the Government, is an unprincipled clever fellow, horribly in debt himself, and on the way to reduce the Government to the same position.

Miss Sara Hennell, 28th Oct.

I like my town life vastly. I shall like it still better in the winter. There is an indescribable charm to me in this form of human nest-making. You enter a by no means attractive-looking house, you climb up two or three flights of cold, dark-looking stone steps, you ring at a very modest door, and you enter a set of rooms snug, or comfortable, or elegant. One is so out of reach of intruders, so undiverted from one's occupations by externals, so free from cold rushing winds through hall doors—one feels in a downy nest high up in a good old tree. I have always had a hankering after this sort of life, and I find it was a true instinct of what would suit me. Just opposite my windows is the street in which the Sisters of Charity live, and if I look out, I generally see either one of them or a sober-looking ecclesiastic. Then a walk of five minutes takes me out of all streets, within sight of beauties that I am sure you too would love, if you did not share my enthusiasm for the town. I have not another minute, having promised to go out before dinner—so, dearest, take my letter as a hasty kiss, just to let you know how constantly I love you—how, the longer I live and the more I have felt, the better I know how to value you.

Charles Bray, 4th Dec.

I write at once to answer your questions about business. Spinoza and I have been divorced for several months. My want of health has obliged me to renounce all application. I take walks, play on the piano, read Voltaire, talk to my friends, and just take a dose of mathematics every day to prevent my brain from becoming quite soft. If you are

anxious to publish the translation in question, I could, after a few months, finish the 'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus' to keep it company; but I confess to you that I think you would do better to abstain from printing a translation. What is wanted in English is not a translation of Spinoza's works, but a true estimate of his life and system. After one has rendered his Latin faithfully into English, one feels that there is another yet more difficult process of translation for the reader to effect, and that the only mode of making Spinoza accessible to a larger number is to study his books, then shut them, and give an analysis. For those who read the very words Spinoza wrote, there is the same sort of interest in his style as in the conversation of a person of great capacity who has led a solitary life, and who says from his own soul what all the world is saying by rote; but this interest hardly belongs to a translation. Letter to Charles Bray, 4th Dec.

Your letter is very sweet to me, giving me a picture of your quiet life. How shall I enable you to imagine mine, since you know nothing of the localities? My good friends here only change for the better. Mme. D'Albert is all affection; M. D'Albert all delicacy and intelligence; the friends to whom they have introduced me very kind in their attentions. In fact, I want nothing but a little more money to feel more at ease about my fires, &c. I am in an atmosphere of love and refinement; even the little servant Jeanne seems to love me, and does me good every time she comes into the room. I can say anything to M. and Mme. D'Albert. M. D'A. understands everything, and if Madame does not understand, she believes—that is, she seems always sure that I mean something edifying. She kisses me like a mother, and I am baby enough to find that a great addition to my happiness. *Au reste*, I am careful for nothing; I am a sort of supernumerary spoon, and there will be no damage to the set if I am lost. My heart ties are not loosened by distance—it is not in the nature of ties to be so; and when I think of my loved ones as those to whom I can be a comforter, a help, I long to be with them again. Otherwise, I can only think with a shudder of returning to England. It looks to me like a land of gloom, of *ennui*, of platitude; but in the midst of all this it is the land of duty and affection, and the only ardent hope I have for my future life is to have given to me some woman's duty—some possibility of devoting myself where I may see a daily result of pure calm blessedness in the life of another. Mrs Bray, 4th Dec.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 4th Dec.

How do you look? I hope that *bandeau* of silvery locks is not widening too fast on the head I love so well—that the eyes are as bright as ever. Your letter tells me they will beam as kindly as ever when I see them once more. Never make apologies about your letters, or your words, or anything else. It is your soul to which I am wedded; and do I not know too well how the soul is doubly belied—first by the impossibility of being in word and act as great, as loving, as good as it wills to be, and again by the miserable weaknesses of the friends who see the words and acts through all sorts of mists raised by their own passions and preoccupations? In all these matters I am the chief of sinners, and I am tempted to rejoice in the offences of my friends, because they make me feel less humiliation. I am quite satisfied to be at Geneva instead of Paris; in fact, I am becoming passionately attached to the mountains, the lake, the streets, my own room, and, above all, the dear people with whom I live.

The Brays, 23d Dec.

A thousand Christmas pleasures and blessings to you—good resolutions and bright hopes for the New Year! Amen. People who can't be witty exert themselves to be pious or affectionate. Henceforth I tell you nothing whatever about myself; for if I speak of agreeables, and say I am contented, Mr Bray writes me word that you are all trying to forget me. If I were to tell you of disagreeables, and privations, and sadness, Sara would write: "If you are unhappy now, you will be so *à fortiori* ten years hence." Now, since I have a decided objection to doses sent by post which upset one's digestion for a fortnight, I am determined to give you no pretext for sending them. You shall not know whether I am well or ill, contented or discontented, warm or cold, fat or thin. But remember that I am so far from being of the same mind as Mr Bray, that good news of you is necessary to my comfort. I walk more briskly, and jump out of bed more promptly, after a letter that tells me you are well and comfortable, that business is promising, that men begin to speak well of you, &c. "I am comforted in your comfort," as saith St Paul to the troublesome Corinthians. When one is cabined, cribbed, confined in one's self, it is good to be enlarged in one's friends. Good Mr Marshall! We wish to keep even unamiable people when death calls for them, much more good souls like him. I am glad he had had one more pleasant visit to Cara for her to think of. Dear Sara's letter is very charming—not at all physicky—rather an agree-

able draught of *vin sucré*. Dear Mr Hennell, we shall never look upon his like. Letters to the Brays, 23d Dec.

I am attending a course of lectures on Experimental Physics by M. le Professeur de la Rive, the inventor, amongst other things, of the electroplating. The lectures occur every Wednesday and Saturday. It is time for me to go. I am distressed to send you this shabby last fragment of paper, and to write in such a hurry, but the days are really only two hours long, and I have so many things to do that I go to bed every night miserable because I have left out something I meant to do. Good-bye, dear souls. Forget me if you like, you cannot oblige me to forget you ; and the active is worth twice of the passive all the world over ! The earth is covered with snow, and the Government is levelling the fortifications.

You leave me a long time without news of you, though I told you they were necessary as a counteractive to the horrors of this terrible winter. Are you really so occupied as to have absolutely no time to think of me ? I console myself, at least to-day, now we have a blue sky once more after two months of mist, with thinking that I am excluded by pleasanter ideas—that at least you are well and comfortable, and I ought to content myself with that. The fact is, I am much of Touchstone's mind—in respect my life is at Geneva, I like it very well, but in respect it is not with you, it is a very vile life. I have no yearnings to exchange lake and mountains for Bishop Street and the Radford Fields, but I have a great yearning to kiss you all and talk to you for three days running. I do not think it will be possible for me to undertake the journey before the end of March. I look forward to it with great dread. I see myself looking utterly miserable, ready to leave all my luggage behind me at Paris for the sake of escaping the trouble of it. We have had Alboni here—a very fat syren. There has been some capital acting of comedies by friends of M. D'Albert—one of them is superior to any professional actor of comedy I have ever seen. He reads *vaudevilles* so marvellously, that one seems to have a whole troupe of actors before one in his single person. He is a handsome man of fifty, full of wit and talent, and he married about a year ago. 28th Jan. 1850.

It is one of the provoking contrarieties of destiny that I should have written my croaking letter when your own kind consolatory one was on its way to me. I have been happier ever since it came. After mourning two or three months over Chrissey's account of your troubles, I can only dwell on Mrs Houghton, 9th Feb.

Letter to Mrs Houghton, 9th Feb.

that part of your letter which tells that there is a little more blue in your sky—that you have faith in the coming Spring. Shall you be as glad to see me as to hear the cuckoo? I mean to return to England as soon as the Jura is passable without sledges—probably the end of March or beginning of April. I have a little *Heimweh* "as it regards" my friends. I yearn to see those I have loved the longest, but I shall feel real grief at parting from the excellent people with whom I am living. I feel they are my *friends*—without entering into or even knowing the greater part of my views, they understand my character, and have a real interest in me. I have infinite tenderness from Mme. D'Albert. I call her always "maman"; and she is just the creature one loves to lean on and be petted by. In fact, I am too much indulged, and shall go back to England as undisciplined as ever. This terribly severe winter has been a drawback on my recovering my strength. I have lost whole weeks from headache, &c., but I am certainly better now than when I came to Mme. D'Albert. You tell me to give you these details, so I obey. Decidedly England is the most comfortable country to be in in winter—at least for all except those who are rich enough to buy English comforts everywhere. I hate myself for caring about carpets, easy-chairs, and coal fires—one's soul is under a curse, and can preach no truth while one is in bondage to the flesh in this way; but alas! habit is the purgatory in which we suffer for our past sins. I hear much music. We have a reunion of musical friends every Monday. For the rest I have refused *soirées*, which are as stupid and unprofitable at Geneva as in England. I save all more interesting details, that I may have them to tell you when I am with you. I am going now to a *séance* on Experimental Physics by the celebrated Professor de la Rive. This letter will at least convince you that I am not eaten up by wolves, as they have been fearing at Rosehill. The English papers tell of wolves descending from the Jura and devouring the inhabitants of the villages, but we have been in happy ignorance of these editors' horrors.

The Brays, 15th Feb.

If you saw the Jura to-day! The snow reveals its forests, ravines, and precipices, and it stands in relief against a pure blue sky. The snow is on the mountains only now, and one is tempted to walk all day, particularly when one lies in bed till ten, as your exemplary friend sometimes does. I have had no discipline, and shall return to you more of a spoiled child than ever. Indeed I think I am destined to be so to the end—one of the odious swarm of voracious

caterpillars, soon to be swept away from the earth by a tempest. I am getting better bodily. I have much less headache, but the least excitement fatigues me. Certainly if one cannot have a malady to carry one off rapidly, the only sensible thing is to get well and fat; and I believe I shall be driven to that alternative. You know that George Sand writes for the theatre? Her "François le Champi—une Comédie," is simplicity and purity itself. The seven devils are cast out. We are going to have more acting here on Wednesday. M. Chancel's talent makes Maman's *soirées* quite brilliant. You will be amused to hear that I am sitting for my portrait—at M. D'Albert's request, not mine. If it turns out well, I shall long to steal it to give to you; but M. D'Albert talks of painting a second, and in that case I shall certainly beg one. The idea of making a study of my visage is droll enough. I have the kindest possible letters from my brother and sisters, promising me the warmest welcome. This helps to give me courage for the journey; but the strongest magnet of all is a certain little group of three persons whom I hope to find together at Rosehill. Something has been said of M. D'Albert accompanying me to Paris. I am saddened when I think of all the horrible anxieties of trade. If I had children, I would make them carpenters and shoemakers; that is the way to make them Messiahs and Jacob Boehms. As for us who are dependent on carpets and easy-chairs, we are reprobates, and shall never enter into the kingdom of heaven. I go to the Genevese churches every Sunday, and nourish my heterodoxy with orthodox sermons. However, there are some clever men here in the Church, and I am fortunate in being here at a time when the very cleverest is giving a series of conferences. I think I have never told you that we have a long German lad of seventeen in the house—the most taciturn and awkward of lads. He said very naïvely, when I reproached him for not talking to a German young lady at a *soirée*, when he was seated next her at table—"Je ne savais que faire de mes jambes." They had placed the poor *garçon* against one of those card-tables—all legs, like himself.

Letters to the Brays, 15th Feb.

The weather is so glorious that I think I may set out on my journey soon after the 15th. I am not quite certain yet that M. D'Albert will not be able to accompany me to Paris; in any case, a package of so little value will get along safely enough. I am so excited at the idea of the time being so near when I am to leave Geneva—a real grief—and see my friends in England—a perfectly overwhelming joy—

1st March.

Letter to the Brays, 1st March.

that I can do nothing. I am frightened to think what an idle wretch I am become. And you all do not write me one word to tell me you long for me. I have a great mind to elope to Constantinople, and never see any one any more!

It is with a feeling of regret that we take leave of the pleasant town of Geneva, its lake and mountains, and its agreeable little circle of acquaintance. It was a peacefully happy episode in George Eliot's life, and one she was always fond of recurring to, in our talk, up to the end of her life.

CHAPTER V.

M. D'Albert and his charge left Geneva towards the middle of March, and as the railway was not yet opened all the way to France, they had to cross the Jura in sledges, and suffered terribly from the cold. They joined the railway at Tonnerre, and came through Paris, arriving in England on the 23d of March. After a day in London, Miss Evans went straight to her friends at Rosehill, where she stayed for a few days before going on to Griff. It will have been seen that she had set her hopes high on the delights of home-coming, and with her too sensitive, impressionable nature, it is not difficult to understand, without attributing blame to any one, that she was pretty sure to be laying up disappointment for herself. All who have had the experience of returning from a bright sunny climate to England in March will recognise in the next letters the actual presence of the east wind, the leaden sky, the gritty dust, and *le spleen*.

Miss Sara Hennell, end of March, from Rosehill.

No; I am not in England—I am only nearer the beings I love best. I try to forget all geography, and that I have placed myself irretrievably out of reach of nature's brightest glories and beauties to shiver in a wintry flat. I am unspeakably grateful to find these dear creatures looking well and happy, in spite of worldly cares, but your dear face and voice are wanting to me. But I must wait with patience, and perhaps by the time I have finished my visits to my relations, you will be ready to come to Rosehill again. I want you to scold me, and make me good. I am idle and naughty—*on ne peut plus*—sinking into heathenish ignorance and woman's frivolity. Remember, you are one of my guardian angels.

ROSEHILL.

Will you send the enclosed note to Mrs C. Hennell? I am not quite sure about her direction, but I am anxious to thank her for her kindness in inviting me. Will you also send me an account of Mr Chapman's prices for lodgers, and if you know anything of other boarding-houses, &c., in London? Will you tell me what you can? I am not asking you merely for the sake of giving you trouble. I am really anxious to know. Oh the dismal weather, and the dismal country, and the dismal people. It was some envious demon that drove me across the Jura. However, I am determined to sell everything I possess, except a portmanteau and carpet-bag and the necessary contents, and be a stranger and a foreigner on the earth for evermore. But I must see you first; that is a yearning I still have in spite of disappointments. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, April, from Griff.

From Griff she went to stay with her sister, Mrs Clarke, at Meriden, whence she writes:—

Have you any engagement for the week after next? If not, may I join you on Saturday the 4th, and invite M. D'Albert to come down on the following Monday? It appears he cannot stay in England longer than until about the second week in May. I am uncomfortable at the idea of burthening even your friendship with the entertainment of a person purely for my sake. It is indeed the greatest of all the great kindnesses you have shown me. Write me two or three kind words, dear Cara. I have been so ill at ease ever since I have been in England that I am quite discouraged. Dear Chrissey is generous and sympathising, and really cares for my happiness. Mrs Bray, 24th April, from Meriden.

On the 4th of May Miss Evans went to Rosehill, and on the 7th M. D'Albert joined the party for a three days' visit. The strong affection existing between Mr and Mrs Bray and their guest, and the more congenial intellectual atmosphere surrounding them, led Miss Evans to make her home practically at Rosehill for the next sixteen months. She stayed there continuously till the 18th November, and, among other things, wrote a review of Mackay's 'Progress of the Intellect.' In October Mr Mackay and Mr Chapman, who was then negotiating for the purchase of the 'Westminster Review,' came to stay at Rosehill, and there was probably some talk then about her assisting in the editorial work of the 'Review,' but it was not until the following spring that any definite understanding on this subject was arrived at. Meantime the article on Mackay's 'Progress of the Intellect' came

out in the January 1851 number of the 'Westminster.' It contains the following remarkable passages:—

"Our civilisation, and yet more, our religion, are an anomalous blending of lifeless barbarisms, which have descended to us like so many petrifactions from distant ages, with living ideas, the offspring of a true process of development. We are in bondage to terms and conceptions, which, having had their roots in conditions of thought no longer existing, have ceased to possess any vitality, and are for us as spells which have lost their virtue. The endeavour to spread enlightened ideas is perpetually counteracted by these *idola theatri*, which have allied themselves on the one hand with men's better sentiments, and on the other with institutions in whose defence are arrayed the passions and the interests of dominant classes. Now, although the teaching of positive truth is the grand means of expelling error, the process will be very much quickened if the negative argument serve as its pioneer; if, by a survey of the past, it can be shown how each age and each race has had a faith and a symbolism suited to its need and its stage of development, and that for succeeding ages to dream of retaining the spirit along with the forms of the past, is as futile as the embalming of the dead body in the hope that it may one day be resumed by the living soul. . . . It is Mr Mackay's faith that divine revelation is not contained exclusively or pre-eminently in the facts and inspirations of any one age or nation, but is coextensive with the history of human development, and is perpetually unfolding itself to our widened experience and investigation, as firmament upon firmament becomes visible to us in proportion to the power and range of our exploring instruments. The master-key to this revelation is the recognition of the presence of undeviating law in the material and moral world—of that invariability of sequence which is acknowledged to be the basis of physical science, but which is still perversely ignored in our social organisation, our ethics, and our religion. It is this invariability of sequence which can alone give value to experience, and render education, in the true sense, possible. The divine yea and nay, the seal of prohibition and of sanction, are effectually impressed on human deeds and aspirations, not by means of Greek and Hebrew, but by that inexorable law of consequences, whose evidence is confirmed instead of weakened as the ages advance; and human duty is comprised in the earnest study of this law and patient obedience to its teaching. While this belief sheds a bright beam of promise

on the future career of our race, it lights up what once seemed the dreariest region of history with new interest; every past phase of human development is part of that education of the race in which we are sharing; every mistake, every absurdity into which poor human nature has fallen, may be looked on as an experiment of which we may reap the benefit. A correct generalisation gives significance to the smallest detail, just as the great inductions of geology demonstrate in every pebble the working of laws by which the earth has become adapted for the habitation of man. In this view religion and philosophy are not merely conciliated, they are identical; or rather, religion is the crown and consummation of philosophy—the delicate corolla which can only spread out its petals in all their symmetry and brilliance to the sun, when root and branch exhibit the conditions of a healthy and vigorous life."

Miss Evans seems to have been in London from the beginning of January till the end of March 1851; and Mr Chapman made another fortnight's visit to Rosehill at the end of May and beginning of June. It was during this period that, with Miss Evans's assistance, the prospectus of the new series of the 'Westminster Review' was determined on and put in shape. At the end of July she went with Mrs Bray to visit Mr Edward Noel, at Bishop Steignton, in Devonshire. Mrs Bray had some slight illness there, and Miss Evans writes:—

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 5th Aug.

I am grieved indeed if anything might have been written, which has not been written, to allay your anxiety about Cara. Her letter yesterday explained what has been the matter. I knew her own handwriting would be pleasanter to you than any other. I have been talking to her this morning about the going to London or to Rosehill. She seems to prefer London. A glance or two at the Exposition, she thinks, would do her no harm. To-day we are all going to Teignmouth. She seems to like the idea of sitting by the waves. The sun is shining gloriously, and all things are tolerably promising. I am going to walk on before the rest and have a bath.

They went to London on the 13th of August, saw the Crystal Palace, and returned to Rosehill on the 16th. At the end of that month, Mr George Combe (the distinguished phrenologist) arrived on a visit, and he and Mrs Combe became good friends to Miss Evans, as will be seen from the subsequent correspondence. They came on a second visit to Rosehill the following month—Mr

Chapman being also in the house at the same time,—and at the end of September Miss Evans went to stay with the Chapmans at No. 142 Strand, as a boarder, and as assistant editor of the 'Westminster Review.' A new period now opens in George Eliot's life, and emphatically the most important period, for now she is to be thrown in contact with Mr Lewes, who is to exercise so paramount an influence on all her future, with Mr Herbert Spencer, and with a number of writers then representing the most fearless and advanced thought of the day. Miss Frederica Bremer, the authoress, was also boarding with the Chapmans at this time, as will be seen from the following letters:—

Letter to the Brays, end of Sept.

Mr Mackay has been very kind in coming and walking out with me, and that is the only variety I have had. Last night, however, we had an agreeable enough gathering. Foxton[1] came, who, you know, is trying, with Carlyle and others, to get a chapel for Wilson at the West End—in which he is to figure as a seceding clergyman. I enclose you two notes from Empson (he is the editor of the 'Edinburgh Review') as a guarantee that I have been trying to work. Again, I proposed to write a review of Greg for the 'Westminster,' not for money, but for love of the subject as connected with the 'Inquiry.' Mr Hickson referred the matter to Slack again, and he writes that he shall not have room for it, and that the subject will not suit on this occasion, so you see I am obliged to be idle, and I like it best. I hope Mr Bray is coming soon to tell me everything about you. I think I shall cry for joy to see him. But do send me a little note on Monday morning. Mrs Follen called the other day in extreme horror at Miss Martineau's book.

Dr Brabant returned to Bath yesterday. He very politely took me to the Crystal Palace, the theatre, and the Overland Route. On Friday we had Foxton, Wilson, and some other nice people, among others a Mr Herbert Spencer, who has just brought out a large work on 'Social Statics,' which Lewes pronounces the best book he has seen on the subject. You must see the book if possible. Mr Chapman is going to send you Miss Martineau's work, or rather Mr Atkinson's,[2] which you must review in the 'Herald.' Whatever else one may think of the book, it is certainly the boldest I have seen in the English language. I get nothing done here, there are

[1] Frederick Foxton, author of 'Popular Christianity: its Transition State and Probable Development.'

[2] 'Man's Nature and Development,' by Martineau and Atkinson.

so many *distractions*—moreover I have hardly been well a day since I came. I wish I were rich enough to go to the coast, and have some plunges in the sea to brace me. Nevertheless do not suppose that I don't enjoy being here. I like seeing the new people, &c., and I am afraid I shall think the country rather dull after it. I am in a hurry to-day. I must have two hours' work before dinner, so imagine everything I have not said, or rather reflect that this scrap is quite as much as you deserve after being so slow to write to me. Letters to the Brays, end of Sept.

The reference, in the above letter, to Mr Lewes must not be taken as indicating personal acquaintance yet. It is only a quotation of some opinion heard or read. Mr Lewes had already secured for himself a wide reputation in the literary world by his 'Biographical History of Philosophy,' his two novels, 'Ranthorpe,' and 'Rose, Blanche, and Violet'—all of which had been published five or six years before—and his voluminous contributions to the periodical literature of the day. He was also at this time the literary editor of the 'Leader' newspaper, so that any criticism of his would carry weight, and be talked about. Much has already been written about his extraordinary versatility, the variety of his literary productions, his social charms, his talent as a *raconteur*, and his dramatic faculty; and it will now be interesting, for those who did not know him personally, to learn the deeper side of his character, which will be seen, in its development, in the following pages.

I don't know how long Miss Bremer will stay, but you need not wish to see her. She is to me equally unprepossessing to eye and ear. I never saw a person of her years who appealed less to my purely instinctive veneration. I have to reflect every time I look at her that she is really Frederica Bremer. End of Sept.

Fox is to write the article on the Suffrage, and we are going to try Carlyle for the Peerage, Ward refusing on the ground that he thinks the improvement of the physical condition of the people so all-important, that he must give all his energies to that. He says, "Life is a bad business, but we must make the best of it;" to which philosophy I say Amen. Dr Hodgson is gone, and all the fun with him.

I was introduced to Lewes the other day in Jeff's shop—a sort of miniature Mirabeau in appearance.[1]

[1] This was a merely formal and casual introduction. That George Eliot was ever brought into close relations with Mr Lewes, was due to Mr Herbert Spencer having taken him to call on her in the Strand later in this year.

Letter to the Brays, Oct.

Professor Forbes is to write us a capital scientific article, whereat I rejoice greatly. The Peerage apparently will not "get itself done," as Carlyle says. It is not an urgent question, nor does one see that, if the undue influence of the Peers on the elections for the Commons were done away with, there would be much mischief from the House of Lords remaining for some time longer *in statu quo*. I have been reading Carlyle's 'Life of Sterling' with great pleasure—not for its presentation of Sterling, but of Carlyle. There are racy bits of description in his best manner, and exquisite touches of feeling. Little rapid characterisations of living men too—of Francis Newman for example—"a man of fine university and other attainments, of the sharpest cutting, and most restlessly advancing intellect, and of the mildest pious enthusiasm." There is an inimitable description of Coleridge and his eternal monologue—"To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether one like it or not, can in the end be exhilarating to no creature."

All the world is doing its *devoir* to the great little authoress (Miss Bremer). I went to the Exhibition on Saturday to hear the final "God save the Queen" and the three times three—"C'était un beau moment." Mr Greg thought the review "well done, and in a kindly spirit," but thought there was not much in it—dreadfully true, since there was only all his book. I think he did not like the apology for his want of theological learning, which, however, was just the thing most needed, for the 'Eclectic' trips him up on that score. Carlyle was very amusing the other morning to Mr Chapman about the Exhibition. He has no patience with the Prince and "that Cole" assembling Sawneys from all parts of the land, till you can't get along Piccadilly. He has been worn to death with bores all summer, who present themselves by twos and threes in his study, saying, "Here we are," &c., &c.

Miss Sara Hennell, 19th Oct.

I wish you could see Miss Bremer's albums, full of portraits, flowers, and landscapes, all done by herself. A portrait of Emerson, marvellously like; one of Jenny Lind, &c. Last night we had quite a charming *soirée*—Sir David Brewster and his daughter; Mackay, author of a work on popular education, you may remember to have seen reviewed in the 'Leader'; the Ellises, the Hodgsons, and half-a-dozen other nice people. Miss Bremer was more genial than I have seen her—played on the piano, and smiled benevolently. Altogether, I am beginning to repent of my repugnance. Mackay approves our prospectus *in toto*. He is a handsome,

fine-headed man, and a "good opinion." We are getting out a circular to accompany the prospectus. I have been kept down-stairs by Mr Mackay for the last two hours, and am hurried, but it was a necessity to write *ein paar Worte* to you. Mr Mackay has written an account of his book for the catalogue. I have been using my powers of eloquence and flattery this morning to make him begin an article on the "Development of Protestantism." Mr Ellis was agreeable—really witty. He and Mrs Ellis particularly cordial to me, inviting me to visit them without ceremony. I love you all better every day, and better the more I see of other people. I am going to one of the Birkbeck schools. Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 19th Oct.

I must tell you a story Miss Bremer got from Emerson. Carlyle was very angry with him for not believing in a devil, and to convert him took him amongst all the horrors of London—the gin shops, &c.—and finally to the House of Commons, plying him at every turn with the question, "Do you believe in a devil noo?" There is a severe attack on Carlyle's 'Life of Sterling' in yesterday's 'Times'—unfair as an account of the book, but with some truth in its general remarks about Carlyle. There is an article, evidently by James Martineau, in the 'Prospective,' which you must read, "On the Unity of the Logical and Intuitive in the ultimate grounds of Religious Belief." I am reading with great amusement (!) J. H. Newman's 'Lectures on the Position of Catholics.' They are full of clever satire and description. My table is groaning with books, and I have done very little with them yet, but I trust in my star, which has hitherto helped me, to do all I have engaged to do. Pray, remember to send the MS. translation of Schleiermacher's little book, and also the book itself. Nov.

When Mr Noel had finished his farewell visit to-day, Mr Flower was announced, so my morning has run away in chat. Time wears, and I don't get on so fast as I ought, but I must scribble a word or two, else you will make my silence an excuse for writing me no word of yourselves. I am afraid Mr Noel and Mr Bray have given you a poor report of me. The last two days I have been a little better, but I hardly think existing arrangements can last beyond this quarter. Mr Noel says Miss L. is to visit you at Christmas. I hope that is a mistake, as it would deprive me of my hoped-for rest amongst you.

On Saturday afternoon came Mr Spencer to ask Mr Chapman and me to go to the theatre; so I ended the day in a godless manner, seeing the "Merry Wives of Windsor." 23d Nov.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 23d Nov.

You must read Carlyle's denunciation of the opera, published in the 'Keepsake'! The 'Examiner' quotes it at length. I send you the enclosed from Harriet Martineau. Please to return it. The one from Carlyle you may keep till I come. He is a naughty fellow to write in the 'Keepsake,' and not for us, after I wrote him the most insinuating letter, offering him three glorious subjects. Yesterday we went to Mr Mackay's, Dr Brabant being there.

The Brays, 27th Nov.

Carlyle called the other day, strongly recommending Browning, the poet, as a writer for the 'Review,' and saying, "We shall see," about himself. In other respects we have been stagnating since Monday, and now I must work, work, work, which I have scarcely done two days consecutively since I have been here. Lewes says his article on "Julia von Krüdener"[1] will be glorious. He sat in the same box with us at the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and helped to carry off the dolorousness of the play.

22d Dec.

Alas! the work is so heavy just for the next three days, all the revises being yet to come in, and the proof of my own article;[2] and Mr Chapman is so overwhelmed with matters of detail, that he has earnestly requested me to stay till Saturday, and I cannot refuse, but it is a deep disappointment to me. My heart will yearn after you all. It is the first Christmas Day I shall have passed without any Christmas feeling. On Saturday, if you will have me, nothing shall keep me here any longer. I am writing at a high table, on a low seat, in a great hurry. Don't you think my style is editorial?

Accordingly, on Saturday the 29th December 1851 she did go down to Rosehill, and stayed there till 12th January, when she returned to London, and writes:—

12th Jan. 1852.

I had a comfortable journey all alone, except from Weedon to Blisworth. When I saw a coated animal getting into my carriage, I thought of all horrible stories of madmen in railways; but his white neckcloth and thin mincing voice soon convinced me that he was one of those exceedingly tame animals, the clergy.

A kind welcome and a good dinner—that is the whole of my history at present. I am in anything but company trim, or spirits. I can do nothing in return for all your kindness, dear Cara, but love you, as I do most heartily. You and all yours, for their own sake first, but if it were not so, for yours.

[1] Appeared in January 1852 No. of the 'Westminster Review,' No. 1 of the New Series.

[2] Review of Carlyle's 'Life of Sterling' in 'Westminster,' Jan. 1852.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 21st Jan.

Harriet Martineau called on Monday morning with Mr Atkinson. Very kind and cordial. I honour her for her powers and industry, and should be glad to think highly of her. I have no doubt that she is fascinating when there is time for talk. We have had two agreeable *soirées*. Last Monday I was talking and listening for two hours to Pierre Leroux—a dreamy genius. He was expounding to me his ideas. He belongs neither to the school of Proudhon, which represents Liberty only—nor to that of Louis Blanc, which represents Equality only—nor to that of Cabet, which represents Fraternity. Pierre Leroux's system is the *synthèse* which combines all three. He has found the true *pont* which is to unite the love of self with the love of one's neighbour. He is, you know, a very voluminous writer. George Sand has dedicated some of her books to him. He dilated on his views of the 'Origin of Christianity.' Strauss deficient, because he has not shown the *identity of the teaching of Jesus with that of the Essenes*. This is Leroux's favourite idea. I told him of your brother. He, moreover, traces Essenism back to Egypt, and thence to India—the cradle of all religions, &c. &c., with much more, which he uttered with an unction rather amusing in a *soirée tête-à-tête*. "Est ce que nous sommes faits pour chercher le bonheur? Est ce là votre idée — dites moi." "Mais non — nous sommes faits, je pense, pour nous développer le plus possible." "Ah! c'est ça." He is in utter poverty, going to lecture—*autrement il faut mourir*. Has a wife and children with him. He came to London in his early days, when he was twenty-five—to find work as a printer. All the world was in mourning for the Princess Charlotte. "Et moi, je me trouvais avoir *un habit vert-pomme*." So he got no work; went back to Paris; by hook or by crook founded the 'Globe' journal; knew St Simon; disagrees with him entirely, as with all other theorists except Pierre Leroux.

We are trying Mazzini to write on "Freedom *v.* Despotism," and have received an admirable article on "The New Puritanism,"[1] *i.e.*, "Physical Puritanism," from Dr Brown, the chemist, of Edinburgh, which, I think, will go in the next number.

I am in a miserable state of languor and low spirits, in which everything is a trouble to me. I must tell you a bit of Louis Blanc's English, which Mr Spencer was reciting the other night. The *petit homme* called on some one, and said, "I come to tell you how you are. I was at you the other day, but you were not."

[1] Published in the April 1852 number of the 'Westminster.'

Letter to the Brays, 2d Feb.

We went to quite a gay party at Mrs Mackay's on Saturday. Good Mr Mackay has been taking trouble to get me to Hastings for my health—calling on Miss Fellowes, daughter of the 'Religion of the Universe,' and inducing her to write me a note of invitation. Sara will be heartily welcome. Unfortunately I had an invitation to the Parkes', to meet Cobden on Saturday evening. I was sorry to miss that. Miss Parkes[1] is a dear, ardent, honest creature; and I hope we shall be good friends. I have nothing else to tell you. I am steeped in dulness within and without. Heaven send some lions to-night to meet Fox, who is coming. An advertisement we found in the 'Times' to-day—"To gentlemen. A *converted* medical man, of gentlemanly habits and fond of Scriptural conversation, wishes to meet with a gentleman of Calvinistic views, thirsty after truth, in want of a daily companion. A little temporal aid will be expected in return. Address, Verax"!

We are going to Mr Ellis's, at Champion Hill, to-morrow evening. I am better now. Have rid myself of all distasteful work, and am trying to love the glorious destination of humanity, looking before and after. We shall be glad to have Sara.

Miss Sara Hennell arrived on a visit to the Strand next day—the 9th February—and stayed till the 17th.

16th Feb.

I have not merely had a headache,—I have been really ill, and feel very much shattered. We (Miss Evans and Miss Sara Hennell) dined yesterday at Mrs Peter Taylor's,[2] at Sydenham. I was not fit to go, especially to make my *début* at a strange place; but the country air was a temptation. The thick of the work is just beginning, and I am bound in honour not to run away from it, as I have shirked all labour but what is strictly editorial this quarter.

20th Feb.

We went to the meeting of the Association for the Abolition of the Taxes on Knowledge on Wednesday, that I might hear Cobden, in whom I was wofully disappointed. George Dawson's speech was admirable. I think it undesirable to fix on a London residence at present, as I want to go to Brighton for a month or two next quarter. I am seriously concerned at my languid body, and feel the necessity of tak-

[1] Now Madame Belloc, who remained to the end one of George Eliot's closest friends.

[2] Mrs Peter Taylor remained a lifelong and a valued friend of George Eliot's, and many interesting letters in this volume are addressed to her. I am glad also to take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to her for obtaining for me two other sets of correspondence—the letters addressed to Mrs Beecher Stowe and to Mrs William Smith.

ing some measures to get vigour. Lewes inquired for Sara last Monday in a tone of interest. He was charmed with her, as who would not be that has any taste? Do write to me, dear Cara; I want comforting: this world looks ugly just now; all people rather worse than I have been used to think them. Put me in love with my kind again, by giving me a glimpse of your own inward self, since I cannot see the outer one. Letter to the Brays, 20th Feb.

I can sympathise with you in your troubles, having been a housekeeper myself, and known disappointment in trusted servants. Ah, well! we have a good share of the benefits of our civilisation; it is but fair that we should feel some of the burthen of its imperfections. Mrs Peter Taylor, 6th March.

Thank you a thousand times for wishing to see me again. I should really like to see you in your own nice, fresh, healthy-looking home again; but until the end of March I fear I shall be a prisoner from the necessity for constant work. Still it is possible that I may have a day, though I am quite unable to say when.

You will be still more surprised at the notice of the 'Westminster' in 'The People,' when you know that Maccall himself wrote it. I have not seen it, but had been told of its ill-nature. However, he is too good a man to write otherwise than sincerely; and our opinion of a book often depends on the state of the liver!

I had two offers last night—not of marriage, but of music —which I find it impossible to resist. Mr Herbert Spencer proposed to take me on Thursday to hear "William Tell," and Miss Parkes asked me to go with her to hear the "Creation" on Friday. I have had so little music this quarter, and these two things are so exactly what I should like, that I have determined to put off, for the sake of them, my other pleasure of seeing you. So, pray, keep your precious welcome warm for me until Saturday, when I shall positively set off by the two o'clock train. Harriet Martineau has written me a most cordial invitation to go to see her before July, but that is impossible. Mrs Bray, 25th March.

I am grieved to find that you have to pay for that fine temperament of yours in attacks of neuralgia. Your silence did not surprise me, after the account you had given me of your domestic circumstances, but I have wished for you on Monday evenings. Your cordial assurance that you shall be glad to see me sometimes is one of those pleasant things—those life-preservers—which relenting destiny sends me now and then to buoy me up. For you must know that I am not Mrs Peter Taylor, 27th March

Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 27th March.

a little desponding now and then, and think that old friends will die off, while I shall be left without the power to make new ones. You know how sad one feels when a great procession has swept by one, and the last notes of its music have died away, leaving one alone with the fields and sky. I feel so about life sometimes. It is a help to read such a life as Margaret Fuller's. How inexpressibly touching that passage from her journal—"I shall always reign through the intellect, but the life! the life! O my God! shall that never be sweet?" I am thankful, as if for myself, that it was sweet at last. But I am running on about feelings when I ought to tell you facts. I am going on Wednesday to my friends in Warwickshire for about ten days or a fortnight. When I come back I hope you will be quite strong and able to receive visitors without effort—Mr Taylor too.

I *did* go to the *conversazione;* but you have less to regret than you think. Mazzini's speeches are better read than heard. Proofs are come demanding my immediate attention, so I must end this hasty scribble.

On the 3d April Miss Evans went to Rosehill, and stayed till the 14th. On her return she writes:—

Mr Bray, 17th April.

There was an article on the bookselling affair in the 'Times' of yesterday, which must be the knell of the Association. Dickens is to preside at a meeting in this house on the subject some day next week. The opinions on the various articles in the 'Review' are, as before, ridiculously various. The 'Economist' calls the article on Quakerism "admirably written." Greg says the article on India is "very masterly;" while he calls Mazzini's "sad stuff—mere verbiage."

Miss Sara Hennell, 21st April.

If there is any change in my affection for you, it is that I love you more than ever, not less. I have as perfect a friendship for you as my imperfect nature can feel—a friendship in which deep respect and admiration are sweetened by a sort of flesh-and-blood sisterly feeling and the happy consciousness that I have your affection, however undeservedly, in return. I have confidence that this friendship can never be shaken; that it must last while I last, and that the supposition of its ever being weakened by a momentary irritation is too contemptibly absurd for me to take the trouble to deny it. As to your whole conduct to me, from the first day I knew you, it has been so generous and sympathetic, that if I did not heartily love you, I should feel deep gratitude—but love excludes gratitude. It is impossible that I should ever love two women better than I love you and Cara. Indeed it seems to me that I can never

love any so well; and it is certain that I can never have any friend—not even a husband—who would supply the loss of those associations with the past which belong to you. Do believe in my love for you, and that it will remain as long as I have my senses, because it is interwoven with my best nature, and is dependent not on any accidents of manner but on long experience, which has confirmed the instinctive attraction of earlier days. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 21st April

Our fortunes here are as usual chequered— The Brays, 22d April.

> "Twist ye, twine ye, even so
> Mingle human weal and woe."

Grote is very friendly, and has propitiated J. S. Mill, who will write for us when we want him. We had quite a brilliant *soirée* yesterday evening. W. R. Greg, Forster (of Rawdon), Francis Newman, the Ellises, and Louis Blanc, were the stars of greatest magnitude. I had a pleasant talk with Greg and Forster. Greg was "much pleased to have made my acquaintance." Forster, on the whole, appeared to think that people should be glad to make *his* acquaintance. Greg is a short man, but his brain is large, the anterior lobe very fine, and a moral region to correspond. Black, wiry, curly hair, and every indication of a first-rate temperament. We have some very nice Americans here—the Pughs, friends of the Parkes', really refined, intellectual people. Miss Pugh, an elderly lady, is a great abolitionist, and was one of the Women's Convention that came to England in 1840, and was not allowed to join the Men's Convention. But I suppose we shall soon be able to say, *nous avons changé tout cela.*

I went to the opera on Saturday—"I Martiri," at Covent Garden—with my "excellent friend, Herbert Spencer," as Lewes calls him. We have agreed that there is no reason why we should not have as much of each other's society as we like. He is a good, delightful creature, and I always feel better for being with him.

I like to remind you of me on Sunday morning, when you look at the flowers and listen to music; so I send a few lines, though I have not much time to spare to-day. After Tuesday I will write you a longer letter, and tell you all about everything. I am going to the opera to-night to hear the "Huguenots." See what a fine thing it is to pick up people who are short-sighted enough to like one. 2d May.

On the 4th of May a meeting, consisting chiefly of authors, was held at the house in the Strand, for the purpose of hastening the removal of the trade restrictions

on the Commerce of Literature, and it is thus described in the following letter :—

Letter to the Brays, 5th May.

The meeting last night went off triumphantly, and I saluted Mr Chapman with "See the Conquering Hero comes" on the piano at 12 o'clock; for not until then was the last magnate, except Herbert Spencer, out of the house. I sat at the door for a short time, but soon got a chair within it, and heard and saw everything.

Dickens in the chair—a position he fills remarkably well, preserving a courteous neutrality of eyebrows, and speaking with clearness and decision. His appearance is certainly disappointing—no benevolence in the face, and, I think, little in the head,—the anterior lobe not by any means remarkable. In fact, he is not distinguished looking in any way—neither handsome nor ugly, neither fat nor thin, neither tall nor short. Babbage moved the first resolution —a bad speaker, but a great authority. Charles Knight is a beautiful, elderly man, with a modest but firm enunciation; and he made a wise and telling speech which silenced one or two vulgar, ignorant booksellers who had got into the meeting by mistake. One of these began by complimenting Dickens—"views held by such worthy and important gentlemen, *which is your worthy person in the chair.*" Dickens looked respectfully neutral. The most telling speech of the evening was Prof. Tom Taylor's—as witty and brilliant as one of George Dawson's. Professor Owen's, too, was remarkably good. He had a resolution to move as to the bad effect of the trade restrictions on scientific works, and gave his own experience in illustration. Speaking of the slow and small sale of scientific books of a high class, he said, in his silvery bland way, alluding to the boast that the retail booksellers *recommended* the works of less known authors—"for which limited sale we are doubtless indebted to the kind recommendation of our friends, the retail booksellers"—whereupon these worthies, taking it for a *bonâ fide* compliment, cheered enthusiastically. Dr Lankester, Prof. Newman, Robert Bell, and others, spoke well. Owen has a tremendous head, and looked, as he was, the greatest celebrity of the meeting. George Cruikshank, too, made a capital speech in an admirable moral spirit. He is the most homely, genuine-looking man, not unlike the pictures of Captain Cuttle.

I went to hear the "Huguenots" on Saturday evening. It was a rich treat. Mario, and Grisi, and Formes, and that finest of orchestras under Costa. I am going to a concert

to-night. This is all very fine, but in the meantime, I am getting as haggard as an old witch under London atmosphere and influences. I shall be glad to have sent me my Shakspeare, Goethe, Byron, and Wordsworth, if you will be so good as to take the trouble of packing them. Letter to the Brays, 5th May.

My days have slipt away in a most mysterious fashion lately — chiefly, I suppose, in long walks and long talks. Our Monday evenings are dying off—not universally regretted—but we are expecting one or two people to-night. I have nothing to tell except that I went to the opera on Thursday, and heard "La Juive," and, moreover, fell in love with Prince Albert, who was unusually animated and prominent. He has a noble, genial, intelligent expression, and is altogether a man to be proud of. I am going next Thursday to see Grisi in "Norma." She is quite beautiful this season, thinner than she was, and really younger looking. 12th May.

My brightest spot, next to my love of *old* friends, is the deliciously calm *new* friendship that Herbert Spencer gives me. We see each other every day, and have a delightful *camaraderie* in everything. But for him my life would be desolate enough. What a wretched lot of old shrivelled creatures we shall be by-and-by. Never mind—the uglier we get in the eyes of others, the lovelier we shall be to each other; that has always been my firm faith about friendship, and now it is in a slight degree my experience. Mme. D'Albert has sent me the sweetest letter, just like herself; and I feel grateful to have such a heart remembering and loving me on the other side of the Jura. They are very well and flourishing. Miss Sara Hennell, 27th May.

I am bothered to death with article-reading and scrap-work of all sorts: it is clear my poor head will never produce anything under these circumstances; *but I am patient.* I am ashamed to tease you so, but I must beg of you to send me George Sand's works; and also I shall be grateful if you will lend me, what I think you have—an English edition of 'Corinne,' and Miss Austen's 'Sense and Sensibility.' Harriet Martineau's article on "Niebuhr" will not go in the July number. I am sorry for it—it is admirable. After all, she is a *trump* — the only Englishwoman that possesses thoroughly the art of writing. 2d June.

On Thursday morning I went to St Paul's to see the Charity children assembled, and hear their singing. Berlioz says it is the finest thing he has heard in England; and this opinion of his induced me to go. I was not disappointed—it is worth doing once, especially as we got out before the

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 2d June.

sermon. I had a long call from George Combe yesterday. He says he thinks the 'Westminster,' under *my* management, the most important means of enlightenment of a literary nature in existence—the 'Edinburgh,' under Jeffrey, nothing to it, &c. ! ! ! I wish *I* thought so too.

The Brays, 21st June.

Your joint assurance of welcome strengthens the centripetal force that would carry me to you; but, on the other hand, sundry considerations are in favour of the centrifugal force, which, I suppose, will carry me to Broadstairs or Ramsgate. On the whole, I prefer to keep my visit to you as a *bonne bouche*, when I am just in the best physical and mental state for enjoying it. I hope to get away on Saturday, or on Wednesday at the latest. I think the third number of the 'Review' will be capital—thoroughly readable, and yet not frothy.

I have assured Herbert Spencer that you will think it a sufficiently formal answer to the invitation you sent him through Mr Lewes, if I tell you that he will prefer waiting for the pleasure of a visit to you until I am with you—if you will have him then. I spent the evening at Mr Parkes's on Monday. Yesterday Herbert Spencer brought his father to see me—a large-brained, highly-informed man, with a certain quaintness and simplicity, altogether very pleasing.

Miss Sara Hennell, 25th June.

After all, I begin to hope that our next number will be the best yet. Forbes is good. Froude, ditto; and James Martineau, if I may judge from a glance at a few of his pages, admirable. Lewes has written us an agreeable article on Lady Novelists. There is a mysterious contribution to the Independent section. We are hoping that an article on Edinburgh Literary Men, yet to come, will be very good. If not, we shall put in Niebuhr: it is capital.

The opera, Chiswick Flower Show, the French play, and the Lyceum, all in one week, brought their natural consequences of headache and hysterics—all yesterday. At five o'clock I felt quite sure that life was unendurable. This morning, however, the weather and I are both better, having cried ourselves out and used up all our clouds; and I can even contemplate living six months longer. Was there ever anything more dreary than this June?

2d July.

I am busy packing to-day, and am going to Mr Parkes's to dinner. Miss Parkes has introduced me to Barbara Smith,[1] whose expression I like exceedingly, and hope to know more

[1] Afterwards Madame Bodichon—one of the three or four most intimate friends of George Eliot, whose name will very often appear in subsequent pages.

of her. I go to Broadstairs on Saturday. I am sadly in want of the change, and would much rather present myself to you all when I can do you more credit as a friend.

Letter to Mrs Bray, 4th July, from Broadstairs.

I warn you against Ramsgate, which is a strip of London come out for an airing. Broadstairs is perfect; and I have the snuggest little lodging conceivable, with a motherly good woman and a nice little damsel of fourteen to wait on me. There are only my two rooms in this cottage, but lodgings are plentiful in the place. I have a sitting-room about 8 feet by 9, and a bedroom a little larger; yet in that small space there is almost every comfort. I pay a guinea a-week for my rooms, so I shall not ruin myself by staying a month, unless I commit excesses in coffee and sugar. I am thinking whether it would not be wise to retire from the world and live here for the rest of my days. With some fresh paper on the walls and an easy-chair, I think I could resign myself. Come and tell me your opinion.

Miss Sara Hennell, 16th July.

I thought of you last night, when I was in a state of mingled rapture and torture — rapture at the sight of a glorious evening sky, torture at the sight and hearing of the belabouring given to the poor donkey which was drawing me from Ramsgate home.

I had a note from Miss Florence Nightingale yesterday. I was much pleased with her. There is a loftiness of mind about her which is well expressed by her form and manner. Glad you are pleased with the 'Westminster.' I do think it a rich number — matter for a fortnight's reading and thought. Lewes has not half done it justice in the 'Leader.' To my mind the Niebuhr article is as good as any of them. If you could see me in my quiet nook! I am half ashamed of being in such clover, both spiritually and materially, while some of my friends are on the dusty highways, without a tuft of grass or a flower to cheer them. A letter from you will be delightful. We seem to have said very little to each other lately. But I always know—rejoice to know —that there is the same Sara for me as there is the same green earth and arched sky, when I am good and wise enough to like the best thing.

Chas. Bray, 21st July.

Do not be anxious about me—there is no cause. I am profiting, body and mind, from quiet walks and talks with nature, gathering "Lady's Bedstraw" and "Rest-harrow," and other pretty things; picking up shells (not in the Newtonian sense, but literally); reading Aristotle, to find out what is the chief good; and eating mutton-chops, that I may have strength to pursue it. If you insist on my writing

Letter to Chas. Bray, 21st July.

about "Emotions," why, I must get some up expressly for the purpose. But I must own I would rather not, for it is the grand wish and object of my life to get rid of them as far as possible, seeing they have already had more than their share of my nervous energy. I shall not be in town on the 2d of August—at least I pray heaven to forbid it.

Mrs Bray paid a visit to Broadstairs from the 3d to the 12th August, and the next letter is addressed to her.

Mrs Bray, Aug.

Are you really the better for having been here? Since you left, I have been continually regretting that I could not make your visit pleasanter. I was irritable and out of sorts; but you have an apparatus for secreting happiness—that's it. Providence, seeing that I wanted weaning from this place, has sent a swarm of harvest-bugs and ladybirds. These, with the half-blank, half-dissipated feeling which comes on after having companions and losing them, make me think of returning to London on Saturday week with more resignation than I have felt before. I am very well and "plucky"—a word which I propose to substitute for happy, as more truthful.

Mrs Peter Taylor, 19th Aug.

For the last two months I have been at this pretty, quiet place, which 'David Copperfield' has made classic—far away from London noise and smoke.

I am sorry now that I brought with me Fox's Lectures, which I had not managed to read before I left town. But I shall return thither at the end of next week, and I will at once forward the volume to Cary Lane.

One sees no novels less than a year old at the sea-side, so I am unacquainted with the 'Blithedale Romance,' except through the reviews, which have whetted my curiosity more than usual. Hawthorne is a grand favourite of mine, and I shall be sorry if he do not go on surpassing himself. It is sad to hear of your only going out to consult a physician. Illness seems to me the one woe for which there is no comfort—no compensation. But perhaps you find it otherwise, for you have a less rebellious spirit than I, and suffering seems to make you look all the more gentle.

Mrs Houghton, 22d Aug.

Thinking of you this morning—as I often do, though you may not suppose so—it was "borne in on my mind" that I must write to you, and I obey the inspiration without waiting to consider whether there may be a corresponding desire on your part to hear from me. I live in a world of cares and joys, so remote from the one in which we used to sympathise with each other, that I find positive communication with you difficult. But I am not unfaithful to old loves—

they were sincere, and they are lasting. I hope you will not think it too much trouble to write me a little news of yourself. I want very much to know if your health continues good, and if there has been any change in your circumstances, that I may have something like a true conception of you. All is well with me so far as my individuality is concerned—but I have plenty of friends' troubles to sorrow over. I hope you have none to add to the number. Letter to Mrs Houghton, 22d Aug.

I celebrated my return to London by the usual observance —that is to say, a violent headache, which is not yet gone, and of course I am in the worst spirits, and my opinion of things is not worth a straw. I tell you this that you may know why I only send you this scrap instead of the long letter which I have *in petto* for you, and which would otherwise have been written yesterday. Miss Sara Hennell, 29th Aug.

Somehow my letters—except those which come under the inexorable imperative *must* (the "ought" I manage well enough to shirk)—will not get written. The fact is, I am in a croaking mood, and I am waiting and waiting for it to pass by, so if my pen croaks in spite of my resolutions to the contrary, please to take no notice of it. Ever since I came back, I have felt something like the madness which imagines that the four walls are contracting and going to crush one. Harriet Martineau (in a private letter shown to me), with incomprehensible ignorance, jeers at Lewes for introducing *psychology* as a science in his Comte papers. Why, Comte himself holds psychology to be a necessary link in the chain of science. Lewes only suggests a change in its relations. There is a great dreary article on the Colonies by my side asking for reading and abridgment, so I cannot go on scribbling—indeed my hands are so hot and tremulous this morning, that it will be better for you if I leave off. Your little loving notes are very precious to me; but I say nothing about matters of feeling till my good genius has returned from his excursions: the evil one has possession just now. 2d Sept.

The week has really yielded nothing worth telling you. I am a few degrees more wizened and muddle-headed; and the articles for the 'Review' are on the whole unsatisfactory. I fear a discerning public will think this number a sad falling off. This is the greater pity, that said public is patronising us well at present. Scarcely a day passes that some one does not write to order the 'Review' as a permanent subscriber. You may as well expect news from an old spider or bat as from me. I can only tell you what I think The Brays, 11th Sept.

Letters to the Brays, 11th Sept.

of the 'Blithedale Romance,' of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and the American Fishery Dispute—all which, I am very sure, you don't want to know. Do have pity on me, and make a little variety in my life, by all sending me a scrap—never mind if it be only six lines apiece. Perhaps something will befall me one day or other. As it is, nothing happens to me but the ringing of the dinner-bell and the arrival of a proof. I have no courage to walk out.

Lewes called on me the other day, and told me of a conversation with Professor Owen, in which the latter declared his conviction that the cerebrum was not the organ of the mind, but the cerebellum rather. He founds on the enormous comparative size of brain in the grampus! The professor has a huge anterior lobe of his own. What would George Combe say if I were to tell him? But every great man has his paradox, and that of the first anatomist in Europe ought to be a startling one.

We shall make a respectable figure after all—nine articles, and two or three of them good, the rest not bad. The 'Review' has been selling well lately, in spite of its being the end of the quarter. We have made splendid provision for January — Froude, Harriet Martineau, Theodore Parker, Samuel Brown, &c., &c. The autumnal freshness of the mornings makes me dream of mellowing woods and gossamer threads. I am really longing for my journey. Bessie Parkes spent last evening with me chatting of experience.

2d Oct.

Pity me—I have had the headache for four days incessantly. But now I am well, and even the Strand seems an elysium by contrast. I set off on Tuesday for Edinburgh by express. This is awfully expensive, but it seems the only way of reaching there alive with my frail body. I have had the kindest notes from the Combes and from Harriet Martineau.

7th Oct., from Edinburgh.

Here I am in this beautiful Auld Reekie once more—hardly recognising myself for the same person as the *damozel* who left it by the coach with a heavy heart some six years ago. The Combes are all kindness, and I am in clover—an elegant house, glorious fires, and a comfortable carriage—in short, just in the circumstances to nourish sleek optimism, convince one that this is *le meilleur des mondes possibles*, and make one shudder at the impiety of all who doubt it. Last evening Mr Robert Cox came to tea to be introduced to me as my *cicerone* through the lions of Edinburgh. The talk last night was pleasant enough, though of course all the interlocutors besides Mr Combe have little to do but shape

elegant modes of negation and affirmation, like the people who are talked to by Socrates in Plato's dialogues—"Certainly," "That I firmly believe," &c. I have a beautiful view from my room window—masses of wood, distant hills, the Firth, and four splendid buildings, dotted far apart—not an ugly object to be seen. When I look out in the morning, it is as if I had waked up in Utopia or Icaria, or one of Owen's parallelograms. The weather is perfect—all the more delightful to me for its northern sharpness, which is just what I wanted to brace me. I have been out walking and driving all day, and have only time before dinner to send this *paar Worte*, but I may have still less time to-morrow. Letters to the Brays, 7th Oct., from Edinburgh.

Between the beauty of the weather and the scenery, and the kindness of good people, I am tipsy with pleasure. But I shall tell you nothing of what I see and do, because that would be taking off some of the edge from your pleasure in seeing me. One's dear friend who has nothing at all to tell one is a bore. Is it not so, honour bright? I enjoy talking to Mr Combe—he can tell me many things, especially about men in America and elsewhere, which are valuable; and besides, I sometimes manage to get in more than a negative or affirmative. He and Mrs Combe are really affectionate to me, and the mild warmth of their regard, with the perfect order and elegance of everything about me, are just the soothing influence to do me good. They urge me to stay longer, but I shall adhere to my original determination of going to Miss Martineau's on the 20th, and I do not *mean* to stay with her longer than the 25th. We are going to-day to Craigcrook (Jeffrey's place), a beautiful spot, which old October has mellowed into his richest tints. Such a view of Edinburgh from it! 12th Oct.

Those who know the article on Whewell to be Mill's, generally think it good, but I confess to me it is unsatisfactory. The sun *does* shine here, albeit this is the 12th October. I wish you could see the view from Salisbury Crag.

Yes, he[1] is an apostle. An apostle, it is true, with a back and front drawing-room, but still earnest, convinced, consistent, having fought a good fight, and now peacefully enjoying the retrospect of it. I shall leave these good friends with regret, almost with repentings, that I did not determine to pay them a longer visit. I have had a pleasant note from Miss Martineau this morning, with a vignette of her house,—I suppose to make me like all the better the idea of going there.

[1] Mr Combe.

Letters to the Brays, 22d Oct., from Keswick.

The coach brought me to Miss Martineau's gate at half-past six yesterday evening, and she was there with a beaming face to welcome me. Mr Atkinson joined us this morning, and is a very agreeable addition. There has been an intelligent gentleman visitor to-day, who is interested in Miss Martineau's building society; and we have been trudging about looking at cottages, and enjoying the sight of the mountains, spite of the rain and mist. The weather is not promising, that is the worst of it. Miss M. is charming in her own home—quite handsome from her animation and intelligence. She came behind me, put her hands round me, and kissed me in the prettiest way this evening, telling me she was so glad she had got me here. I send you her note that you may have an idea of "The Knoll."

24th Oct. We had a fine day yesterday, and went to Borrowdale. I have not been well since I have been here. Still I manage to enjoy, certainly not myself, but my companions and the scenery. I shall set off from here on Tuesday morning, and shall be due at the Coventry station, I believe, at 5.50.

After a pleasant ten days' visit to Rosehill, Miss Evans returned to London on the 3d November.

6th Nov. To get into a first-class carriage, fall asleep, and awake to find one's self where one would be, is almost as good as having Prince Hussein's carpet. This was my easy way of getting to London on Thursday. By 5 o'clock I had unpacked my boxes and made my room tidy, and then I began to feel some satisfaction in being settled down where I am of most use just now. After dinner came Herbert Spencer, and spent the evening. Yesterday morning Mr Greg called on his way to Paris, to express his regret that he did not see me at Ambleside. He is very pleasing, but somehow or other he frightens me dreadfully. I am going to plunge into Thackeray's novel now ('Esmond').

Oh this hideous fog! Let me grumble, for I have had headache the last three days, and there seems little prospect of anything else in such an atmosphere. I am ready to vow that I will not live in the Strand again after Christmas. If I were not choked by the fog, the time would trot pleasantly withal; but of what use are brains and friends when one lives in a light such as might be got in the chimney? 'Esmond' is the most uncomfortable book you can imagine. You remember how you disliked 'François le Champi.' Well, the story of 'Esmond' is just the same. The hero is in love with the daughter all through the book, and marries the mother at the end. You should read the debates on the

opening of Parliament in the 'Times.' Lord Brougham, the greatest of English orators, perpetrates the most delicious *non sequitur* I have seen for a long time. "My Lords, I believe that any disturbance of the repose of the world is very remote, *because it is our undeniable right and an unquestionable duty* to be prepared with the means of defence, should such an event occur." These be thy gods, O Israel! Letters to the Brays, Nov.

I perceive your reading of the golden rule is "Do as you are done by;" and I shall be wiser than to expect a letter from you another Monday morning, when I have not earned it by my Saturday's billet. The fact is, both callers and work thicken—the former sadly interfering with the latter. I will just tell you how it was last Saturday, and that will give you an idea of my days. My task was to read an article of Greg's in the 'North British' on Taxation, a heap of newspaper articles, and all that J. S. Mill says on the same subject. When I had got some way into this *magnum mare*, in comes Mr Chapman, with a thick German volume. "Will you read enough of this to give me your opinion of it?" Then of course I must have a walk after lunch, and when I had sat down again, thinking that I had two clear hours before dinner, rap at the door—Mr Lewes, who, of course, sits talking till the second bell rings. After dinner another visitor, and so behold me, at 11 P.M., still very far at sea on the subject of Taxation, but too tired to keep my eyes open. We had Bryant the poet last evening—a pleasant, quiet, elderly man. Do you know of this second sample of plagiarism by Disraeli, detected by the 'Morning Chronicle'?[1] It is worth sending for its cool impudence. Write me some news about trade, at all events. I could tolerate even Louis Napoleon, if somehow or other he could have a favourable influence on the Coventry trade!

Another week almost "with the years beyond the flood"! What has it brought you? To me it has brought articles to read—for the most part satisfactory,—new callers, and letters to nibble at my time, and a meeting of the Association for the Abolition of Taxes on Knowledge. I am invited to go to the Leigh Smiths on Monday evening to meet Mr Robert Noel. Herbert Spencer is invited too, because Mr Noel wants especially to see him. Barbara Smith speaks of Mr R. Noel as their "dear German friend." So the Budget is come out, and I am to pay income-tax. All very right, of course. An enlightened personage like me has no "ignorant impatience of taxation." I am glad to hear of the Lec- Dec.

[1] Funeral oration on the Duke of Wellington.

Letter to the Brays, Dec.

tures to Young Men and the banquet of the Labourers' Friend Society. "Be not weary in welldoing." Thanks to Sara for her letter. She must not mind paying the income-tax: it is a right principle that Dizzy is going upon; and with her great conscientiousness she ought to enjoy being flayed on a right principle.

I am not well—all out of sorts,—and what do you think I am minded to do? Take a return ticket, and set off by the train to-morrow—12 o'clock—have a talk with you and a blow over the hill, and come back relieved on Monday. I the rather indulge myself in this, because I think I shall not be able to be with you until some time after Christmas. Pray forgive me for not sending you word before. I have only just made up my mind.

This visit to Rosehill lasted only from the 11th to 13th December, and the following short note is the next communication:—

Chas. Bray, 21st Dec.

I daresay you will have heard, before you receive this, that Edward Clarke is dead. I am to go to the funeral, which will take place on Friday. I am debating with myself as to what I ought to do now for poor Chrissey, but I must wait until I have been on the spot and seen my brother. If you hear no more from me, I shall trust to your goodness to give me a bed on Thursday night.

The Brays, Christmas Day, from Meriden.

Your love and goodness are a comforting presence to me everywhere, whether I am ninety or only nine miles away from you. Chrissey bears her trouble much better than I expected. We hope that an advantageous arrangement may be made about the practice; and there is a considerable sum in debts to be collected. I shall return to town on Wednesday. It would have been a comfort to see you again before going back, but there are many reasons for not doing so. I am satisfied now that my duties do not lie *here*, though the dear creatures here will be a constant motive for work and economy.

31st Dec.

I arrived here only yesterday. I had agreed with Chrissey that, all things considered, it was wiser for me to return to town—that I could do her no substantial good by staying another week, while I should be losing time as to other matters.

Jan. 1853.

I am out of spirits about the 'Review.' I should be glad to run away from it altogether. But one thing is clear, that it would be a great deal worse if I were not here. This is the only thought that consoles me. We are thinking of sending Chrissey's eldest boy to Australia. A patient of his

father's has offered to place him under suitable protection at Adelaide, and I strongly recommend Chrissey to accept her offer—that is, if she will let it be available a year hence; so I have bought Sidney's book on Australia, and am going to send it to Chrissey to enlighten her about matters there, and accustom her mind to the subject. You are "jolly," I daresay, as good people have a right to be. Tell me as much of your happiness as you can, that I may rejoice in your joy, having none of my own. Letter to the Brays, Jan.

I begin to feel for other people's wants and sorrows a little more than I used to do. Heaven help us! said the old religion; the new one, from its very lack of that faith, will teach us all the more to help one another. Tell Sara she is as good as a group of spice islands to me; she wafts the pleasantest influences, even from a distance.

Pray do not lay the sins of the article on the Atomic theory to poor Lewes's charge. How you could take it for his I cannot conceive. It is as remote from his style, both of thinking and writing, as anything can be.

This week has yielded nothing to me but a crop of very large headaches. The pain has gone from my head at last; but I am feeling very much shattered, and find it easier to cry than to do anything else.

My complaint, of which I am now happily rid, was rheumatism in the right arm—a sufficient reason, you will see, for my employing a scribe to write that promise which I now fulfil. I am going into the country, perhaps for a fortnight, so that if you are kind enough to come here on Wednesday evening, I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you. All the more reason for writing to you, in spite of cold feet and the vilest pens in the world. Mrs Peter Taylor, 1st Feb.

Francis Newman is likely to come once or twice in the season—not more. He has, of course, a multitude of engagements, and many more attractive ones than a *soirée* in the Strand.

Never mention me to him in the character of Editress. I think—at least I am told—that he has no high estimate of woman's powers and functions. But let that pass. He is a very pure, noble being, and it is good only to look at such.

The article on Slavery, in the last number of the 'Westminster'—which I think the best article of them all—is by W. E. Forster, a Yorkshire manufacturer, who married Dr Arnold's daughter. He is a very earnest, independent thinker, and worth a gross of literary hacks who have the "trick" of writing.

Mrs Peter Taylor, 1st Feb.

I hope you are interested in the Slavery question, and in America generally—that cradle of the future. I used resolutely to turn away from American politics, and declare that the United States was the last region of the world I should care to visit. Even now I almost loathe the *common* American type of character. But I am converted to a profound interest in the history, the laws, the social and religious phases of North America, and long for some knowledge of them.

Is it not cheering to think of the youthfulness of this little planet, and the immensely greater youthfulness of our race upon it?—to think that the higher moral tendencies of human nature are yet only in their germ? I feel this more thoroughly when I think of that great Western Continent, with its infant cities, its huge uncleared forests, and its unamalgamated races.

I daresay you have guessed that the article on Ireland is Harriet Martineau's. Herbert Spencer did *not* contribute to the last number.

Apropos of articles, do you see the 'Prospective Review'? There is an admirable critique of Kingsley's 'Phaethon' in it, by James Martineau. But perhaps you may not be as much in love with Kingsley's genius, and as much "riled" by his faults, as I am.

Of course you have read 'Ruth' by this time. Its style was a great refreshment to me, from its finish and fulness. How women have the courage to write and publishers the spirit to buy at a high price the false and feeble representations of life and character that most feminine novels give, is a constant marvel to me. 'Ruth,' with all its merits, will not be an enduring or classical fiction—will it? Mrs Gaskell seems to me to be constantly misled by a love of sharp contrasts—of "dramatic" effects. She is not contented with the subdued colouring—the half tints of real life. Hence she agitates one for the moment, but she does not secure one's lasting sympathy; her scenes and characters do not become typical. But how pretty and graphic are the touches of description! That little attic in the minister's house, for example, which, with its pure white dimity bed-curtains, its bright-green walls, and the rich brown of its stained floor, remind one of a snowdrop springing out of the soil. Then the rich humour of Sally, and the sly satire in the description of Mr Bradshaw. Mrs Gaskell has certainly a charming mind, and one cannot help loving her as one reads her books.

A notable book just come out is Wharton's 'Summary of the Laws relating to Women.' "Enfranchisement of women" only makes creeping progress; and that is best, for woman does not yet deserve a much better lot than man gives her. Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 1st Feb.

I am writing to you the last thing, and am so tired that I am not quite sure whether I finish my sentences. But your divining power will supply their deficiencies.

The first half of February was spent in visits to the Brays and to Mrs Clark at Attleboro, and on returning to London Miss Evans writes:—

I am only just returned to a sense of the real world about me, for I have been reading 'Villette,' a still more wonderful book than 'Jane Eyre.' There is something almost preternatural in its power. Mrs Bray, 15th Feb.

Mrs Follen showed me a delightful letter which she has had from Mrs Stowe, telling all about herself. She begins by saying: "I am a little bit of a woman, rather more than forty, as withered and dry as a pinch of snuff; never very well worth looking at in my best days, and now a decidedly used-up article." The whole letter is most fascinating, and makes one love her. The Brays, Feb.

'Villette,' 'Villette'—have you read it?

We had an agreeable evening on Wednesday—a Mr Huxley being the centre of interest. Since then I have been headachy and in a perpetual rage over an article that gives me no end of trouble, and will not be satisfactory after all. I should like to stick red-hot skewers through the writer, whose style is as sprawling as his handwriting! For the rest, I am in excellent spirits, though not in the best health or temper. I am in for loads of work next quarter, but I shall not tell you what I am going to do.

I have been ready to tear my hair with disappointment about the next number of the 'Review.' In short, I am a miserable editor. I think I shall never have the energy to move—it seems to be of so little consequence where I am or what I do.

On Saturday I was correcting proofs literally from morning till night; yesterday ditto. The 'Review' will be better than I once feared, but not so good as I once hoped. I suppose the weather has chilled your charity as well as mine. I am very hard and Mephistophelian just now, but I lay it all to this second winter. We had a pleasant evening last Wednesday. Lewes, as always, genial and amusing. He has quite won my liking, in spite of myself. Of course Mr Bray highly approves the recommendation of the Com- 28th March.

Letters to the Brays, 28th March.

missioners on *Divorce*. I have been to Blandford Square (Leigh Smith's) to an evening party this week. Dined at Mr Parkes's on Sunday, and am invited to go there again to-night to meet the Smiths. Lewes was describing Currer Bell to me yesterday as a little, plain, provincial, sickly-looking old maid. Yet what passion, what fire in her! Quite as much as in George Sand, only the clothing is less voluptuous.

What do you think of my going to Australia with Chrissey and all her family?—to settle them, and then come back. I am just going to write to her and suggest the idea. One wants *something* to keep up one's faith in happiness—a ray or two for one's friends, if not for one's self.

16th April.

We had an agreeable *soirée* last Wednesday. I fell in love with Helen Faucit. She is the most poetic woman I have seen for a long time,—there is the ineffable charm of a fine character which makes itself felt in her face, voice, and manner. I am taking doses of agreeable follies, as you recommend. Last night I went to the French theatre, and to-night I am going to the opera to hear "William Tell." People are very good to me. Mr Lewes especially is kind and attentive, and has quite won my regard, after having had a good deal of my vituperation. Like a few other people in the world, he is much better than he seems. A man of heart and conscience wearing a mask of flippancy. When the warm days come, and the bearskin is under the acacia, you must have me again.

6th May.—Went to Rosehill and returned on 23d to Strand.

17th June.

On Wednesday I dined at Sir James Clark's, where the Combes are staying, and had a very pleasant evening. The Combes have taken lodgings in Oxford Terrace, where I mean to go. It is better than the Strand—trees waving before the windows, and no noise of omnibuses. Last Saturday evening I had quite a new pleasure. We went to see Rachel again, and sat on the stage between the scenes. When the curtain fell we walked about and saw the green-room, and all the dingy, dusty paraphernalia that make up theatrical splendour. I have not yet seen the "Vashti" of Currer Bell in Rachel, though there was some approach to it in Adrienne Lecouvreur.

On Saturday we will go to Ockley, near Dorking, where are staying Miss Julia Smith, Barbara Smith, and Bessie Parkes. I shall write to the Ockley party to-day and tell them of the probability that they will see you.

Letter to the Brays, 3d Aug. from St Leonards.

I never felt the delight of the thorough change that the coast gives one so much as now, and I shall be longing to be off with you again in October. I am on a delightful hill looking over the heads of the houses, and having a vast expanse of sea and sky for my only view. The bright weather and genial air—so different from what I have had for a year before—make me feel as happy and stupid as a well-conditioned cow. I sit looking at the sea and the sleepy ships with a purely animal *bien être*.

Mr Bray, 9th Aug. from St Leonards.

It would have been a satisfaction to your benevolence to see me sitting on the beach laughing at the 'Herald's'[1] many jokes, and sympathising with your indignation against Judge Maule. It always helps me to be happy when I know that you are so; but I do not choose to vindicate myself against doubts of that, because it is unworthy of you to entertain them. I am going on as well as possible physically —really getting stout. I should like to have a good laugh with you immensely. How nice it would be to meet you and Cara on the beach this evening, and instead of sending you such a miserable interpreter of one's feelings as a letter, give you the look and the hand of warm affection! This British Channel really looks as blue as the Mediterranean to-day. What weather!

Miss Sara Hennell, 18th Aug.

For the first time in my experience, I am positively revelling in the 'Prospective.' James Martineau transcends himself in beauty of imagery in the article on Sir William Hamilton, but I have not finished him yet. Yesterday it rained *sans* intermission, and of course I said *cui bono?* and found my troubles almost more than I could bear; but to-day the sun shines, and there is blue above and blue below, consequently I find life very glorious, and myself a particularly fortunate *diavolessa*. The landlord of my lodgings is a German,—comes from Saxe-Weimar, knows well the Duchess of Orleans, and talked to me this morning of *Mr* Schiller and *Mr* Goethe. *Apropos* of Goethe, there is a most true, discriminating passage about him in the article on Shakspeare in the 'Prospective.' *Mr* Goethe is one of my companions here, and I had felt some days before reading the passage the truth which it expresses.

Subjoined is the passage from the 'Prospective Review' of August 1853:—

"Goethe's works are too much in the nature of literary studies; the mind is often deeply impressed by them, but one doubts if the author was. He saw them as he

[1] Mr Bray had become proprietor of the 'Coventry Herald.'

saw the houses of Weimar and the plants in the act of metamorphosis. He had a clear perception of their fixed condition and their successive transitions, but he did not really (at least so it seems to us) comprehend their motive power. In a word, he appreciated their life but not their liveliness. . . . And we trace this not to a defect in imaginative power — a defect which it would be a simple absurdity to impute to Goethe—but to the tone of his character and the habits of his mind. He moved hither and thither through life, but he was always a man apart. He mixed with unnumbered kinds of men, with courts and academies, students and women, camps and artists—but everywhere he was with them, yet not of them. In every scene he was there, and he made it clear that he was there with a reserve and as a stranger. He went there *to experience*. As a man of universal culture, and well skilled in the order and classification of human life, the fact of any one class or order being beyond his reach or comprehension seemed an absurdity; and it was an absurdity. He thought that he was equal to moving in any description of society, and he was equal to it; but then, on that account, he was absorbed in none."

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 19th Sept.

As for me, I am in the best health and spirits. I have had a letter from Mr Combe to-day urging me to go to Edinburgh, but I have made an engagement with Mr Chapman to do work, which will oblige me to remain in London. Mrs P. is a very bonny, pleasant-looking woman, with a smart drawing-room and liberal opinions—in short, such a friend as self-interest, well understood, would induce one to cultivate. I find it difficult to meet with any lodgings at once tolerable and cheap. My theory is to *live* entirely—that is, pay rent and find food—out of my positive income, and then work for as large a surplus as I can get. The next number of the 'Review' will be better than usual. Froude writes on the Book of Job! He at first talked of an article on the three great *subjective* poems—Job, Faust, and Hamlet—an admirable subject—but it has shrunk to the Book of Job alone.

1st Oct.

I have been busied about my lodgings all afternoon. I am not going to Albion Street, but to 21 Cambridge Street, Hyde Park Square. I hope you will be pleased with our present number. If you don't think the "Universal Postulate" first-rate, I shall renounce you as a critic. Why don't you write grumbling letters to me when you are out of

humour with life, instead of making me ashamed of myself for ever having grumbled to you? I have been a more good-for-nothing correspondent than usual lately—this affair of getting lodgings, added to my other matters, has taken up my time and thoughts. I have promised to do some work to-night and to-morrow for a person[1] who is rather more idle than myself, so I have not a moment to spare. Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 1st Oct.

I am reading 'The Religion of the Heart' (Leigh Hunt's), and am far more pleased with it than I expected to be. I have just fallen on two passages with which you will agree. "Parker . . . is full of the poetry of religion; Martineau equally so, with a closer style and incessant eloquence of expression, perhaps a perilous superabundance of it as regards the claims of matter over manner; and his assumptions of perfection in the character of Jesus are so reiterated and peremptory, that in a man of less evident heart and goodness they might almost look like a very unction of insincerity or of policy,—of doubt forcing itself to seem undoubting. Hennell's 'Christian Theism' is one long beautiful discourse proclaiming the great Bible of Creation, and reconciling Pagan and Christian Philosophy." 22d Oct.

Good Sir James Clark stopped me in the Park yesterday, as I was sauntering along with eyes on the clouds, and made very fatherly inquiries about me, urging me to spend a quiet evening with him and Lady Clark next week—which I will certainly do; for they are two capital people, without any snobbery. I like my lodgings—the housekeeper cooks charming little dinners for me, and I have not one disagreeable to complain of at present, save such as are inseparable from a ground floor.

Last night I saw the first fine specimen of a man in the shape of a clergyman that I ever met with—Dawes, the Dean of Hereford. He is the man who has been making the experiment of mingling the middle and lower classes in schools. He has a face so intelligent and benignant that children might grow good by looking at it. Harriet Martineau called yesterday. She is going to her brother's at Birmingham soon. Mr Bray, 29th Oct.

Mr Lewes was at Cambridge about a fortnight ago, and found that Herbert Spencer was a great deal talked of there for the article on the Universal Postulate, as well as other things. Mr Lewes himself has a knot of devotees there who make his 'History of Philosophy' a private text-book. Miss Martineau's 'Comte' is out now. Do you mean to *do* it? Miss Sara Hennell, 3d Nov.

[1] Correcting 'Leader' proofs for Mr Lewes.

or Mr Lewes's? We can get no one to write an article on Comte for the next number of the 'Westminster'—Bain, our last hope, refusing.

Letter to Mr Bray, 5th Nov.

I think you would find some capital extracts for the 'Herald' (Coventry), in the article on Church Parties in the 'Edinburgh.' The 'Record' is attempting a reply to it, in which it talks of the truculent infidelity of *Voltaire* AND *Robespierre!* Has A. sent you his book on the Sabbath? If ever I write a book, I will make a present of it to nobody—it is the surest way of taking off the edge of appetite for it, if no more. I am as well as possible—and certainly when I put my head into the house in the Strand, I feel that I have gained, or rather escaped, a great deal physically by my change. Have you known the misery of writing with a *tired* steel pen, which is reluctant to make a mark? If so, you will know why I leave off.

Mrs Houghton, 7th Nov.

Chrissey has just sent me a letter, which tells that you have been suffering severely, and that you are yet very ill. I must satisfy my own feelings, by telling you that I grieve at this, though it will do you little good to know it. Still, when *I* am suffering, I do care for sympathy, and perhaps you are of the same mind. If so, think of me as your loving sister, who remembers all your kindness to her, all the pleasant hours she has had with you, and every little particular of her intercourse with you, however long and far she may have been removed from you. Dear Fanny, I can never be indifferent to your happiness or sorrow, and in this present sad affliction my thoughts and love are with you. I shall teaze you with no words about myself *now*—perhaps by-and-by it will amuse you to have a longer letter.

Mr Bray, 8th Nov.

Hitherto I have been spending £9 per month—at least after that rate—but I have had frequent guests. I am exceedingly comfortable, and feel quite at home now. Harriet Martineau has been very kind—called again on Tuesday, and yesterday sent to invite me to go to Lady Compton's, where she is staying, on Saturday evening. This, too, in spite of my having vexed her by introducing Mr Lewes to her, which I did as a desirable bit of peacemaking.

Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov. (thirty-fourth birthday).

I begin this year more happily than I have done most years of my life. "Notre vraie destinée," says Comte, "se compose de *resignation* et *d'activité*"—and I seem more disposed to both than I have ever been before. Let us hope that we shall both get stronger by the year's activity—calmer by its resignation. I know it may be just the contrary—don't suspect me of being a canting optimist. We

may both find ourselves at the end of the year going faster to the hell of conscious moral and intellectual weakness. Still there is a possibility—even a probability—the other way. I have not seen Harriet Martineau's 'Comte' yet,—she is going to give me a copy,—but Mr Lewes tells me it seems to him admirably well done. I told Mr Chapman yesterday that I wished to give up any connection with the editorship of the 'Westminster.' He wishes me to continue the present state of things until April. I shall be much more satisfied on many accounts to have done with that affair; but I shall find the question of supplies rather a difficult one this year, as I am not likely to get any money either for 'Feuerbach' or for 'The Idea of a Future Life,'[1] for which I am to have "half-profits" = ℔! Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov. (thirty-fourth birthday).

I hope you will appreciate this *bon mot* as I do—"C'est un homme admirable—il se tait en sept langues!"[2]

I am going to detail all my troubles to you. In the first place, the door of my sitting-room doesn't quite fit, and a draught is the consequence. Secondly, there is a piano in the house which has decidedly entered on its second childhood, and this piano is occasionally played on by Miss P. with a really enviable *aplomb*. Thirdly, the knocks at the door startle me—an annoyance inseparable from a ground-floor room. Fourthly, Mrs P. scolds the servants *stringendo e fortissimo* while I am dressing in the morning. Fifthly,—there is no fifthly. I really have not another discomfort when I am well, which, alas! I have not been for the last ten days; so, while I have been up to the chin in possibilities of enjoyment, I have been too sick and headachy to use them. One thing is needful—a good digestion. Mrs Bray, 2d Dec.

Spent Christmas Day alone at Cambridge Street. How shall I thank you enough for sending me that splendid barrel of beet-root, so nicely packed? I shall certainly eat it and enjoy it, which, I fancy, is the end you sought, and not thanks. Don't suppose that I am looking miserable—*au contraire*. My only complaints just now are idleness and dislike-to-getting-up-in-the-morningness, whereby the day is made too short for what I want to do. I resolve every day to conquer the flesh the next, and, of course, am a little later in consequence. I dined with Arthur Helps yesterday at Sir James Clark's—very snug—only he and myself. He is 28th Dec.

[1] Advertised in 1853-54 as to appear by "Marian Evans" in Chapman's Quarterly Series, but never published.

[2] Lord Acton tells me he first heard this *bon mot*, in 1855, related of Immanuel Bekker, the philologist.

a sleek man, with close-snipped hair; has a quiet, humorous way of talking, like his books.

At the beginning of January 1854 there was another visit to Mrs Clarke at Attleboro for ten days.

Letter to Chas. Bray, 6th Feb. 1854.

In the last number of the 'Scotsman' which I sent you, there was a report of a speech by Dr Guthrie at the Education meeting, containing a passage which I meant to have copied. He is speaking of the impossibility of teaching morality with the "Bible shut," and says that in that case the teacher would be obliged to resort to "congruity and the fitness of things," about which the boy knows nothing more than that the apple is *fit* for his mouth. What is wanted to convince the boy of his sin is, "Thou God seest me," and "Thou bleeding Lamb, the best morality is love of Thee"!! Mr Lewes came a few minutes after you left, and desired me to tell you that he was sorry to miss you.

Mrs Houghton, 6th April.

Thank you for your very kind letter, which I received this morning. It is pleasant to think of you as quite well, and enjoying your sea breezes.

But do you imagine me sitting with my hands crossed, ready to start for any quarter of the world at the shortest notice? It is not on those terms that people, not rich, live in London. I shall be deep in proof-sheets till the end of May, and shall only dismiss them to make material for new ones. I daresay you will pity me. But as one of Balzac's characters says, after maturity, "La vie n'est que l'exercice d'une habitude dans un milieu préféré;" and I could no more live out of my *milieu* than the haddocks I daresay you are often having for dinner.

My health is better. I had got into a labyrinth of headaches and palpitations, but I think I am out of it now, and I hope to keep well. I am not the less obliged to you, dear Fanny, for wishing to have me with you. But to leave London now would not be agreeable to me, even if it were morally possible. To see you again would certainly be a pleasure, but I hope that will come to pass without my crossing the Irish Channel.

Mrs Bray, 18th April.

I am rather overdone with the week's work, and the prospect of what is to come next. Poor Lewes is ill, and is ordered not to put pen to paper for a month; so I have something to do for him in addition to my own work, which is rather pressing. He is gone to Arthur Helps, in Hampshire, for ten days, and I really hope this total cessation from work, in obedience to a peremptory order, will end in making him better than he has been for the last year. No

opera and no fun for me for the next month! Happily I shall have no time to regret it. Plenty of bright sun on your anemone bed. How lovely your place must look with its fresh leaves! Letters to Mrs Bray, 18th April.

It is quite possible that I may wish to go to the Continent, or twenty other things. Mr Lewes is going on a walking excursion to Windsor to-day with his doctor, who pronounces him better, but not yet fit for work. However, he is obliged to do a little, and must content himself with an *approximation* to his doctor's directions. In this world all things are approximations, and in the system of the Dog Star too, in spite of Dr Whewell. 23d May.

My troubles are purely psychical—self-dissatisfaction, and despair of achieving anything worth the doing. I can truly say they vanish into nothing before any fear for the happiness of those I love. Thank you for letting me know how things are, for indeed I could not bear to be shut out from your anxieties. When I spoke of myself as an island, I did not mean that I was so exceptionally. We are all islands— May.

> "Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
> Our hermit spirits dwell and roam apart"—

and this seclusion is sometimes the most intensely felt at the very moment your friend is caressing you or consoling you. But this gradually becomes a source of satisfaction instead of repining. When we are young we think our troubles a mighty business—that the world is spread out expressly as a stage for the particular drama of our lives, and that we have a right to rant and foam at the mouth if we are crossed. I have done enough of that in my time. But we begin at last to understand that these things are important only to our own consciousness, which is but as a globule of dew on a rose-leaf, that at mid-day there will be no trace of. This is no high-flown sentimentality, but a simple reflection, which I find useful to me every day. I expect to see Mr Lewes back again to-day. His poor head—his only fortune—is not well yet; and he has had the misery of being *ennuyé* with idleness, without perceiving the compensating physical improvement. Still, I hope the good he has been getting has been greater than he has been conscious of. I expect 'Feuerbach' will be all in print by the end of next week, and there are no skippings, except such as have been made on very urgent grounds.

Thanks for your assurance of welcome. I will trust to it when the gods send favourable circumstances. But I see no 6th June.

Letters to Mrs Bray, 6th June.

probability of my being able to be with you before your other midsummer visitors arrive. I delight to think that you are all a little more cheery.

28th June.

I reached the Euston Station as dusty as an old ledger, but with no other "incommodity." I went to the Lyceum last night to see "Sunshine through the Clouds,"[1] a wonderfully original and beautiful piece by Mme. de Girardin, which makes one cry rather too much for pleasure. Vestris acts finely the bereaved mother, passing through all the gradations of doubt and hope to the actual recovery of her lost son. My idea of you is rather bright just now, and really helps to make me enjoy all that is enjoyable. That is part of the benefit I have had from my pleasant visit, which was made up of sunshine, green fields, pleasant looks, and good eatables—an excellent compound. Will you be so kind as to send my books by railway, *without* the Shelley?

4th July.

Pray consider the Strauss MSS. waste paper. *I* shall never want them again. I dined with your old acquaintance, Dr Conolly, at Sir James Clark's, the other day. He took me down to dinner, and we talked of you.

The translation of Ludwig Feuerbach's 'Wesen des Christenthums' was published in July in Chapman's Quarterly Series, with Miss Evans's name on the title-page as the translator,—the first and only time her real name appeared in print.

Miss Sara Hennell, 10th July.

I am going to pack up the Hebrew Grammar, the Apocryphal Gospels, and your pretty Titian, to be sent to you. Shall I despatch them by rail or deposit them with Mr Chapman to be asked for by Mr Bray when he comes to town? I shall soon send you a good-bye, for I am preparing to go abroad. Herbert Spencer's article on the Genesis of Science is a good one. He will stand in the Biographical Dictionaries of 1954 as "Spencer, Herbert, an original and profound philosophical writer, especially known by his great work, . . . which gave a new impulse to psychology, and has mainly contributed to the present advanced position of that science, compared with that which it had attained in the middle of the last century. The life of this philosopher, like that of the great Kant, offers little material for the narrator. Born in the year 1820," &c.

The Brays, 20th July.

Dear Friends,—all three—I have only time to say good-bye, and God bless you. *Poste Restante*, Weimar, for the

[1] Translated and adapted from the French, "La joie fait peur," by Mr Lewes, under the name of Slingsby Lawrence.

next six weeks, and afterwards Berlin. Ever your loving and grateful Marian.

We have now been led up to the most important event in George Eliot's life—her union with Mr George Henry Lewes. Here, as elsewhere, it seems to me to be of the first importance that she should speak for herself; and there is, fortunately, a letter to Mrs Bray, dated in September 1855 — fourteen months after the event — which puts on record the point of view from which she regarded her own action. I give this letter here (out of its place as to date); and I may add, what, I think, has not been mentioned before, that not only was Mr Lewes's previous family life irretrievably spoiled, but his home had been wholly broken up for nearly two years. In forming a judgment on so momentous a question, it is above all things necessary to understand what was actually undertaken—what was actually achieved—and, in my opinion, this can best be arrived at, not from any outside statement or arguments, but by consideration of the whole tenor of the life which follows, in the development of which Mr Lewes's true character, as well as George Eliot's, will unfold itself. No words that any one else can write, no arguments any one else can use, will, I think, be so impressive as the life itself.

Letter to Mrs Bray, 4th Sept. 1855

If there is any one action or relation of my life which is and always has been profoundly serious, it is my relation to Mr Lewes. It is, however, natural enough that you should mistake me in many ways, for not only are you unacquainted with Mr Lewes's real character and the course of his actions, but also it is several years now since you and I were much together, and it is possible that the modifications my mind has undergone may be quite in the opposite direction of what you imagine. No one can be better aware than yourself that it is possible for two people to hold different opinions on momentous subjects with equal sincerity, and an equally earnest conviction that their respective opinions are alone the truly moral ones. If we differ on the subject of the marriage laws, I at least can believe of you that you cleave to what you believe to be good; and I don't know of anything in the nature of your views that should prevent you from believing the same of me. *How far* we differ, I think we neither of us know, for I am ignorant of your precise views; and apparently you attribute to me both feelings and opinions which are not mine. We cannot set each other quite right in this matter in letters,

Letter to Mrs Bray, 4th Sept. 1855.

but one thing I can tell you in few words. Light and easily broken ties are what I neither desire theoretically nor could live for practically. Women who are satisfied with such ties do *not* act as I have done. That any unworldly, unsuperstitious person who is sufficiently acquainted with the realities of life can pronounce my relation to Mr Lewes immoral, I can only understand by remembering how subtle and complex are the influences that mould opinion. But I *do* remember this: and I indulge in no arrogant or uncharitable thoughts about those who condemn us, even though we might have expected a somewhat different verdict. From the majority of persons, of course, we never looked for anything but condemnation. We are leading no life of self-indulgence, except indeed that, being happy in each other, we find everything easy. We are working hard to provide for others better than we provide for ourselves, and to fulfil every responsibility that lies upon us. Levity and pride would not be a sufficient basis for that. Pardon me if, in vindicating myself from some unjust conclusions, I seem too cold and self-asserting. I should not care to vindicate myself if I did not love you and desire to relieve you of the pain which you say these conclusions have given you. Whatever I may have misinterpreted before, I do not misinterpret your letter this morning, but read in it nothing else than love and kindness towards me, to which my heart fully answers yes. I should like never to write about myself again; it is not healthy to dwell on one's own feelings and conduct, but only to try and live more faithfully and lovingly every fresh day. I think not one of the endless words and deeds of kindness and forbearance you have ever shown me has vanished from my memory. I recall them often, and feel, as about everything else in the past, how deficient I have been in almost every relation of my life. But that deficiency is irrevocable, and I can find no strength or comfort except in "pressing forward towards the things that are before," and trying to make the present better than the past. But if we should never be very near each other again, dear Cara, do bear this faith in your mind, that I was not insensible or ungrateful to all your goodness, and that I am one amongst the many for whom you have not lived in vain. I am very busy just now, and have been obliged to write hastily. Bear this in mind, and believe that no meaning is mine which contradicts my assurance that I am your affectionate and earnest friend.

CHAPTER VI.

I said a last farewell to Cambridge Street on 20th July 1854, and found myself on board the Ravensbourne, bound for Antwerp. The day was glorious, and our passage perfect. The sunset was lovely, but still lovelier the dawn as we were passing up the Scheldt between two and three in the morning. The crescent moon, the stars, the first faint blush of the dawn reflected in the glassy river, the dark mass of clouds on the horizon, which sent forth flashes of lightning, and the graceful forms of the boats and sailing vessels, painted in jet-black on the reddish gold of the sky and water, made up an unforgettable picture. Then the sun rose and lighted up the sleepy shores of Belgium, with their fringe of long grass, their rows of poplars, their church spires and farm buildings. Journal, 20th July 1854.

We breakfasted in the public room at the hotel at Cologne, and were joined there by Dr Brabant and Strauss. After a short interview with them, we went on board the steamboat which was to take us to Coblentz. 30th July

It was very pretty to look out of the window, when dressing, on a garden that reminded one of an English village: the town is more like a huge village, or market-town, than the precincts of a court. Weimar, Description, Aug.-Oct.

G. called on Schöll, and in the afternoon he (Schöll) came and took us to the *Schloss*, where we saw the Dichter Zimmer—a suite of rooms dedicated to Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland. In each room there is the bust of the poet who is its presiding genius; and the walls of the Goethe and Schiller rooms are decorated with frescoes, representing scenes from their works. The Wieland room is decorated with arabesques only. The idea of these rooms is a very pretty one, but the frescoes are badly executed. I am delighted with Schöll. He is a bright-looking, well-made man, with his head finely set on his shoulders, very little like a German. We discovered, after we had known him some time, that he is an Austrian, and so has more southern blood in his veins than the heavy Thuringians. His manners are hearty and cordial, and his conversation really instructive; his ideas are so thoroughly shaped and so admirably expressed. Sauppe is also a *Gelehrter*, Director of the Gymnasium, and editor of a series of Classics which are being brought out; and he is evidently thought a great deal of in

Weimar, Description, Aug.-Oct.

Weimar. We went with the Schölls and Sauppes to Tiefurt, and saw the queer little *Schloss* which used to be Amalia's residence. Tiefurt was a favourite resort of ours, for the walk to it is a very pleasant one, and the Tiefurt park is a little paradise. The Ilm is seen here to the best advantage: it is clearer than at Weimar, and winds about gracefully among fine trees. One of the banks is a high steep declivity, which shows the trees in all their perfection. In autumn, when the yellow and scarlet were at their brightest, these banks were fairy-like in their beauty. It was here that Goethe and his Court friends got up the peformance of "Die Fischerin" by torchlight.

About ten days after our arrival at Weimar, we made an excursion to Ettersburg, one of the Duke's summer residences, interesting to us beforehand as the scene of private theatricals and *sprees* in the Goethe days. We carried provisions with us and Keats's poems. The morning was one of the brightest and hottest that August ever bestowed, and it required some resolution to trudge along the shadeless *chaussée*, which formed the first two or three miles of our way. One compensating pleasure was the sight of the beautiful mountain-ashes in full berry which, alternately with cherry trees, border the road for a considerable distance. I felt a child's love for the bunches of coral standing out against the blue sky. The *Schloss* is a house of very moderate size, and no pretension of any kind. Two flights of steps lead up to the door, and the balustrades are ornamented with beautiful creepers. A tiny sort of piazza under the steps is ornamented with creepers too, and has pretty earthenware vases filled with plants hanging from the ceiling. We felt how much beauty might be procured at small expense in looking at these things. A beautiful walk through a beechwood took us to the *Mooshütte*, before which stands the beech whereon Goethe and his friends cut their names, and from which Goethe denounced Waldemar. We could recognise some of the initials. With Ettersburg I shall always associate Arthur Helps, for he was with us on the second and last time we saw it. He came to Weimar quite unexpectedly on the 29th August, and the next evening we all three drove to Ettersburg. He said the country just round Weimar reminded him of Spain. This led him to talk of his Spanish travels, and he told us some delightful stories in a delightful way. At one inn he was considerably embarrassed in eating his dinner by the presence of a handsome woman, who sat directly opposite to him, resting on

her elbows, and fixing her dark eyes on him with a fearful intensity of interest. This woman was the cook, anxious to know that her dishes were acceptable to the stranger. Under this terrible surveillance, he did not dare to omit a single dish, though sorely longing to do so. Weimar, Description, Aug.-Oct.

Our greatest expedition from Weimar was to Ilmenau. We set out with a determination to find the Gabel-Bach and Kickel-hahn (Goethe's residence) without the incumbrance of a guide. We found the man who inhabits the simple wooden house, which used to be Carl August's hunting-box. He sent a man on with us to show us the way to the Kickel-hahn, which we at last reached—I with weary legs. There is a magnificent view of hills from this spot; but Goethe's tiny wooden house is now closely shut in by fir-trees, and nothing can be seen from the windows. His room, which forms the upper floor of the house, is about ten or twelve feet square. It is now quite empty, but there is an interesting memorial of his presence in these wonderful lines, written by his own hand, near the window-frame—

"Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch."

We wrote our names near one of the windows.

About the middle of September the theatre opened, and we went to hear "Ernani." Liszt looked splendid as he conducted the opera. The grand outline of his face and floating hair were seen to advantage as they were thrown into dark relief by the stage lamps. We were so fortunate as to have all three of Wagner's most celebrated operas while we were at Weimar. G., however, had not patience to sit out more than two acts of "Lohengrin"; and, indeed, I too was weary. The declamation appeared to me monotonous, and situations, in themselves trivial or disagreeable, were dwelt on fatiguingly. Without feeling competent to pass a judgment on this opera as music, one may venture to say that it fails in one grand requisite of art, based on an unchangeable element in human nature—the need for contrast. With the "Fliegender Holländer" I was delighted; the poem and the music were alike charming. The "Tannhäuser," too, created in me a great desire to hear it again. Many of the situations, and much of the music, struck me

Weimar, Description, Aug.-Oct.

as remarkably fine. And I appreciated these operas all the better retrospectively when we saw "Der Freischütz," which I had never before heard and seen on the stage. The effect of the delicious music, with which one is so familiar, was completely spoiled by the absence of recitative, and the terrible *lapsus* from melody to ordinary speech. The bacchanalian song seemed simply ridiculous, sung at a little pot-house table at a party of *two*, one of whom was sunk in melancholy; and the absurdity reached a *ne plus ultra* when Caspar climbed the tree, apparently with the sole purpose of being shot. *Apropos* of the theatre, we were immensely amused to learn that a fair, small-featured man, who somehow always looked to me as if he had just come out of the shell, had come to Weimar to fit himself for a dramatic writer by going behind the scenes! He had as yet written nothing, but was going to work in what he considered a *gründlich* way.

When we passed along the Schiller Strasse, I used to be very much thrilled by the inscription, "Hier wohnte Schiller," over the door of his small house. Very interesting it is to see his study, which is happily left in its original state. In his bedroom we saw his skull for the first time, and were amazed at the smallness of the intellectual region. There is an intensely interesting sketch of Schiller lying dead, which I saw for the first time in the study; but all pleasure in thinking of Schiller's portraits and bust is now destroyed to me by the conviction of their untruthfulness. Rauch told us that he had a *miserable Stirne*.[1] Waagen says that Tieck the sculptor told him there was something in Schiller's whole person which reminded him of a *camel*.

Goethe's house is much more important-looking, but, to English eyes, far from being the palatial residence which some German writers think it. The entrance-hall is certainly rather imposing, with its statues in niches and broad staircase. The latter was made after his own design, and was an "after-shine" of Italian tastes. The pictures are wretched, the casts not much better—indeed, I remember nothing which seemed intrinsically worth looking at. The MS. of his 'Römische Elegien,' written by himself in the Italian character, is to be seen here; and one likes to look at it better than at most of the other things. G. had obtained permission from Frau v. Goethe to see the studio and Schlafzimmer, which are not open to the public, and here our feelings were deeply moved. We entered first a small

[1] A wretched forehead.

room containing drawers and shelves devoted to his mineralogical collections. From these we passed into the study. It is rather a dark room, for there are only two small windows—German windows. A plain deal table stands in the middle, and near the chair, against this table, is a high basket, where, I was afterwards told, Goethe used to put his pocket-handkerchief. A long sort of writing-table and bookcase united stands against one wall. Here hangs the pin-cushion, just as he left it, with visiting-cards suspended on threads, and other trifles which greatness and death have made sacred. Against the opposite wall, where you enter the bedroom, there is a high writing-desk, on which stands a little statue of Napoleon in creamy glass. The bedroom is very small. By the side of the bed stands a stuffed arm-chair, where he used to sit and read while he drank his coffee in the morning. It was not until very late in his life that he adopted the luxury of an arm-chair. From the other side of the study one enters the library, which is fitted up in a very makeshift fashion, with rough deal shelves, and bits of paper, with Philosophy, History, &c., written on them to mark the classification of the books. Among such memorials one breathes deeply, and the tears rush to one's eyes. There is one likeness of Goethe that is really startling and thrilling from the idea it gives one of perfect resemblance. It is painted on a cup, and is a tiny miniature, but the execution is so perfect that, on applying a magnifying glass, every minute stroke has as natural an appearance as the texture of a flower or the parts of an insect under the microscope. Weimar, Description, Aug.-Oct.

One of our pleasantest acquaintances at Weimar was the French Ambassador, the Marquis de Ferrière, a very favourable specimen of a Frenchman, but intensely French. His genial soul and perfect good-humour gave one the same sort of *bien être* as a well-stuffed arm-chair and a warm hearthrug. In the course of conversation, speaking of Yvan's accounts of his travels (the Marquis was first Secretary to the Chinese Embassy which Yvan accompanied), he said, "C'était faux d'un bout à l'autre ; mais c'était spirituel, paradoxal, amusant —enfin *tout ce qu'il fallait pour un journal.*" Another day he observed that the famous words of Napoleon to his Egyptian army, "Forty centuries look down on you from the summits of these pyramids," were characteristic of the French national feeling, as those of Nelson, "England expects the man to make his duty," were of the English. This is a fair specimen of the correctness with which one gener-

Weimar, Description, Aug.-Oct.

ally hears English quoted; and we often reminded ourselves that it was a mirror in which we might see our own German.

Liszt's conversation is charming. I never met with a person whose manner of telling a story was so piquant. The last evening but one that he called on us, wishing to express his pleasure in G.'s article about him, he very ingeniously conveyed that expression in a story about Spontini and Berlioz. Spontini visited Paris while Liszt was living there, and haunted the opera—a stiff, self-important personage, with high shirt collars, the least attractive individual imaginable: Liszt turned up his own collars, and swelled out his person, so as to give us a vivid idea of the man. Every one would have been glad to get out of Spontini's way—indeed elsewhere "on feignait de le croire mort," but at Paris, as he was a member of the Institute, it was necessary to recognise his existence. Liszt met him at Erard's more than once. On one of these occasions Liszt observed to him that Berlioz was a great admirer of his (Spontini's), whereupon Spontini burst into a terrible invective against Berlioz as a man who, with the like of him, was ruining art, &c. Shortly after the "Vestale" was performed, and forthwith appeared an enthusiastic article by Berlioz on Spontini's music. The next time Liszt met him of the high collars, he said, "You see I was not wrong in what I said about Berlioz's admiration of you." Spontini swelled in his collars, and replied, "Monsieur, Berlioz a du talent comme critique!"

Liszt's replies were always felicitous and characteristic. Talking of Mme. D'Agoult, he told us that when her novel, 'Nelida,' appeared, in which Liszt himself is pilloried as a delinquent, he asked her, "Mais pourquoi avez-vous tellement maltraité ce pauvre Lehmann?" The first time we were asked to breakfast at his house, the Altenburg, we were shown into the garden, where, in a saloon formed by overarching trees, the *déjeuner* was set out. We found Hoffmann von Fallersleben, the lyric poet, Dr Schade—a *Gelehrter*, and Cornelius. Presently came a Herr—or Doctor—Raff, a musician, who has recently published a volume called 'Wagnerfrage.' Soon after we were joined by Liszt and the Princess Marie, an elegant, gentle-looking girl of seventeen, and last by the Princess Wittgenstein, with her nephew, Prince Eugène, and a young French artist, a pupil of Scheffer. The Princess was tastefully dressed in a morning robe of some semi-transparent white material, lined

with orange colour, which formed the bordering and ornamented the sleeves, a black lace jacket, and a piquant cap set on the summit of her comb, and trimmed with violet colour. When the cigars came, Hoffmann was requested to read some of his poetry, and he gave us a bacchanalian poem with great spirit. I sat next to Liszt, and my great delight was to watch him and observe the sweetness of his expression. Genius, benevolence, and tenderness beam from his whole countenance, and his manners are in perfect harmony with it. Then came the thing I had longed for—his playing. I sat near him, so that I could see both his hands and face. For the first time in my life I beheld real inspiration—for the first time I heard the true tones of the piano. He played one of his own compositions—one of a series of religious fantasies. There was nothing strange or excessive about his manner. His manipulation of the instrument was quiet and easy, and his face was simply grand—the lips compressed and the head thrown a little backward. When the music expressed quiet rapture or devotion, a sweet smile flitted over his features: when it was triumphant, the nostrils dilated. There was nothing petty or egoistic to mar the picture. Why did not Scheffer paint him thus, instead of representing him as one of the three Magi? But it just occurs to me that Scheffer's idea was a sublime one. There are the two aged men who have spent their lives in trying to unravel the destinies of the world, and who are looking for the Deliverer—for the light from on high. Their young fellow-seeker, having the fresh inspiration of early life, is the first to discern the herald star, and his ecstasy reveals it to his companions. In this young Magus, Scheffer has given a portrait of Liszt; but even here, where he might be expected to idealise unrestrainedly, he falls short of the original. It is curious that Liszt's face is the type that one sees in all Scheffer's pictures—at least, in all I have seen.

Weimar, Description, Aug.-Oct

In a little room which terminates the suite at the Altenburg, there is a portrait of Liszt also by Scheffer—the same of which the engraving is familiar to every one. This little room is filled with memorials of Liszt's triumphs and the worship his divine talent has won. It was arranged for him by the Princess, in conjunction with the Arnims, in honour of his birthday. There is a medallion of him by Schwanthaler, a bust by an Italian artist, also a medallion by Rietschl—very fine,—and cabinets full of jewels and precious things—the gifts of the great. In the music *salon* stand

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Beethoven's and Mozart's pianos. Beethoven's was a present from Broadwood, and has a Latin inscription intimating that it was presented as a tribute to his illustrious genius. One evening Liszt came to dine with us at the Erb Prinz, and introduced M. Rubinstein, a young Russian, who is about to have an opera of his performed in Weimar. Our expenses at Weimar, including wine and washing, were £2, 6s. per week. Dear Weimar! We were sorry to say good-bye to it, with its pleasant group of friends. On the 4th of November, after a stay of just three months, we turned our backs on it "to seek fresh streets and faces new" at Berlin.

Berlin, Recollections, Nov. 1854 to March 1855.

There are certain persons without any physiognomy, the catalogue of whose features, as item a Roman nose, item a pair of black eyes, &c., gives you the entire contents of their faces. There is no difference of opinion about the looks of such people. All the world is agreed either that they are pretty or ugly. So it is with Berlin. Every one tells you it is an uninteresting modern city, with broad, monotonous streets; and when you see it, you cannot for the life of you get up an emotion of surprise, or make a remark about the place which you have not heard before.

The day after our arrival was Sunday, 6th November: the sun shone brightly, and we went to walk in the Linden, elbowing our way among the *promeneurs endimanchés*, who looked remarkably smart and handsome after the Thuringians. We had not gone far when we met a nice-looking old gentleman, with an order round his neck, and a gold-headed cane in his hand, who exclaimed, on seeing G., "Ist's möglich?" and then bade him heartily welcome. I saw at once it was the Varnhagen of whom I had heard so often. His niece, arrayed in smiles and a pink bonnet, was with him.

For the first six weeks, when the weather permitted, we took long walks in the Thiergarten, where the straight and uniform avenues of insignificant trees contrasted very disadvantageously with the charming variety of our beloved park at Weimar. Still we now and then noticed a beautiful wintry effect, especially in the part most remote from the town, where the trees are finer and the arrangements more varied. One walk, which skirted the Thiergarten on the right-hand side coming from the town, we were particularly fond of, because it gave us on one side an open view, with water and a boat or two, which, touched by the magic of sunshine, was pleasant to see. At Berlin it

was "a day of small things" with regard to the beautiful, and we made much of little.

Berlin, Recollections, Nov. 1854 to March 1855.

Our little circle of acquaintances was very agreeable and varied. Varnhagen was a real treasure to G., for his library supplied all the deficiencies of the public one, where to ask for books was generally like "sinking buckets into empty wells." He is a man of real culture, kindliness, and polish (Germanly speaking); and he has besides that thorough liberalism, social, religious, and political, which sets the mind at ease in conversation, and delivers it from the fear of running against some prejudice, or coming suddenly on the sunk fence of some miserable limitation. The first morning he called on us he talked of his terrible disappointment in Carlyle, a subject to which he often returned. He evidently felt an antipathy to the "Teufelsdröckh," which indeed it was not difficult to understand from the mere *manière d'être* of the two men. They had corresponded for years before they saw each other; and Varnhagen was, and is, a great admirer of Carlyle's best work, but he was thoroughly repelled by his rough paradoxical talk, and, more justifiably, by the despotic doctrines which it has been his humour to teach of late. We were amused to hear that Carlyle said he should think no one could die at Berlin, "for in beds *without curtains* what Christian could give up the ghost?"

At Varnhagen's we met for the first time Professor Stahr, who was there with Fanny Lewald, Fräulein Solmar, Frau Muisch, Dr Ring, Dr Vehse, Gräfin von Kalkreuth, and Director Wilhelm Schadow, author of 'Der Moderne Vasari.' We talked of Goethe. Varnhagen brought out autographs and portraits, and read us an epigram of his own on the want of liberality which Goethe's family show about opening his house to the public. He showed us a portrait of Kleist, who shot himself, in company with Frau Vogel, near an inn on the way to Potsdam. There was no love affair between them: they were both thoroughly unhappy—he poor and hopeless for the future; and she suffering from an incurable disease. In the evening they both wrote, on a single sheet of paper, letters to their friends, communicating their intention (this sheet Varnhagen possesses). Early in the morning they rose, took a cup of coffee, went to the brink of a piece of water in the neighbourhood of the inn, and there shot themselves.

Du Bois Reymond spoke very decidedly of the German civilisation as inferior to the English.

Berlin, Recollections, Nov. 1854 to March 1855.

Varnhagen, when well, is a regular visitor at Fräulein Solmar's, who for many years has kept an open *salon* for her friends every evening but one in the week. Here the three-cornered chair next the sofa was reserved for him, except when General Pfuel was there. This General Pfuel is a fine specimen of an old soldier, who is at the same time a man of instruction and of strong social sympathies. He has been in the service of Prussia, has been within a hair's-breadth of being frozen to death, "and so following." He spoke French admirably, and always had something interesting and characteristic to tell or say. His appreciatory groans always in the right place when G. was reading "Shylock," did us both good under the chills of a German audience. Fräulein Solmar is a remarkably accomplished woman—probably between fifty and sixty, but of that agreeable *Wesen* which is so free from anything startling in person or manner, and so at home in everything one can talk of, that you think of her simply as a delightful presence, and not as a woman of any particular age. She converses perfectly in French, well in English, and well also, as we were told, in Italian. There is not the slightest warmth of manner or expression in her, but always the same even cheerfulness and intelligence—in fact, she is the true type of the mistress of the *salon*. During the first half of our stay in Berlin, we went about once a-week to her house; but bad health and bad weather kept us away during the last six weeks, except for one or two evenings. Baron Sternberg, the novelist, used frequently to glide in when we were there, and cast strange cold glances around, talking quietly to Fräulein Assing or some other lady who sat in a distant parallel of latitude.

A still more interesting acquaintance was Professor Gruppe, who has written great books on the Greek drama and on Philosophy; has been a political writer; is a lyric and epic poet; has invented a beautiful kind of marbled paper for binding books; is an enthusiastic huntsman, and withal the most simple, kind-hearted creature in the world. His little wife, who is about thirty years younger than himself, seems to adore him, and it is charming to see the group they and their two little children make in their dwelling up endless flights of stairs in the Leipziger Platz. Very pleasant evenings we had there, chatting or playing whist, or listening to readings of Gruppe's poems. We used to find him in a grey cloth *Schlafrock*, which I fancy was once a great-coat, and a brown velvet cap surmounting his thin

grey hairs. I never saw a combination at all like that which makes up Gruppe's character. Talent, fertility, and versatility, that seem to indicate a fervid temperament, and yet no scintillation of all this in his talk and manner; on the contrary, he seems slow at apprehending other people's ideas, and is of an almost childish naïveté in the value he attaches to poor jokes and other trivialities. *Apropos* of jokes, we noticed that during the whole seven months of our stay in Germany, we never heard one witticism, or even one felicitous idea or expression, from a German! Berlin, Recollections, Nov. 1854 to March 1855.

Gruppe has a delightful library, with rare books, and books too good to be rare; and we often applied to him for some of them. He lent me 'Lessing,' and that is an additional circumstance to remember with pleasure in connection with the Laocoon. He one evening gave us an interesting account of his work on the Cosmic system of the Greeks, and read us a translation by himself of one of the Homeric hymns — Aphrodite — which is very beautiful, a sort of *Gegenstück* to "Der Gott und die Bajadere:" and generally we were glad when he took up the book. He read us a specimen of his epic poem, "Firdusi," which pleased us. The fable on which this poem is founded is fine. The sultan had engaged Firdusi to write a great poem on his exploits, and had promised to pay for this 100,000 pieces (gold being understood). Firdusi had delighted in the thought of this sum, which he intended to devote to the benefit of his native city. When the poem was delivered, and the sack of money given to Firdusi, he found that the pieces were silver! He burst into a song of scorn against the sultan, and paid the miserable sum to his bath man. Gruppe thinks Shakspeare more extensively sold in Germany than any other book, except the Bible and Schiller! One night we attempted "Brag" or "Pocher," but Gruppe presently became alarmed at G.'s play, and said "Das würde an zwölf Groschen reichen!" He drew some Jews' faces with a pen admirably.

We were invited to meet Waagen, whom we found a very intelligent and amusing man. He told us a story about Goethe, who said of some one, "I thank thee, Almighty God, that Thou hast produced no second edition of this man!" and an amusing judgment passed on Goethe himself, that he was "Kein dummer Mann!" Also a story of a lady who went to see him as an intellectual adorer, and began to spout to him as his masterpiece, "Fest gemauert in der Erden,"[1] &c.

[1] First line of Schiller's "Song of the Bell."

Berlin, Recollections, Nov. 1854 to March 1855.

Another pleasant friend was Edward Magnus, the portrait painter, an acute, intelligent, kind-hearted man, with real talent in his art. He was the only German we met with who seemed conscious of his countrymen's deficiencies. He showed in every possible way a hearty desire to do us service—sent us books, came to chat with us, showed us his portraits, and when we were going away, brought us lithographs of some paintings of his, that we might carry away a remembrance of him. He has travelled very extensively, and had much intercourse with distinguished people, and these means of culture have had some of their best effects on his fine temperament and direct truthful mind. He told us a rich story about Carlyle. At a dinner-party, given by Magnus in his honour, Wiese and Cornelius were deploring Goethe's want of evangelical sentiment. Carlyle was visibly uneasy, fumbling with his dinner-napkin. At last he broke out thus: "Meine Herren, kennen sie die Anekdote von dem Manne der die Sonne lästerte, weil sie ihn seine Cigarre nicht anstecken liess?"[1]

In the little room where we used to be ushered to wait for him, there was a portrait of Thorwaldsen and one of Mendelssohn, both of whom he knew well. I was surprised to find in his *atelier* the original of the portrait of Jenny Lind, with which I was so familiar. He was going to send it, together with Sontag's portrait, to the exhibition at Paris. His brother, the chemist, was also a bright good-natured-looking man. We were invited to a large evening party at his house, and found very elegant rooms, with a remarkable assemblage of celebrated men—Johannes Müller, Du Bois Reymond, Rose, Ehrenberg, &c., &c. Some of the women were very pretty and well dressed. The supper, brought round on trays, was well appointed; and altogether the party was well managed.

We spent one evening with Professor Stahr and his wife —Fanny Lewald—after their marriage. Stahr has a copy of the charming miniature of Schiller, taken when he was about thirty—a miniature in the possession of a certain Madame von Kalb. There are the long *Gänsehals*,[2] the aquiline nose, the blue eyes and auburn hair. It is a most real and striking portrait. I saw also a portrait and bust of Madame d'Agoult here, both rather handsome. The first evening Stahr told us some of the grievances which the

[1] "Gentlemen, do you know the story of the man who railed at the sun because it would not light his cigar?"

[2] Goose-neck.

Prussians have to bear from their Government, and amongst the rest the vexatious necessity for a "concession" or licence, before any, the simplest vocation, can be entered on. He observed, with justice, that the English are apt to suppose the German Revolution of '48 was mere restlessness and aping of other nations, when in fact there were real oppressions which the Germans had to bear, and which they had borne with a patience that the English would not imitate for a month. By far the most distinguished-looking man we saw at Berlin, and indeed next to Liszt in Germany, was Rauch the sculptor. Schöll had given G. a letter for him, and soon after it had been left at his house he called on us in the evening, and at once won our hearts by his beautiful person and the benignant and intelligent charm of his conversation. He is indeed the finest old man I ever saw—more than seventy-six, I believe, but perfectly upright, even stately in his carriage. His features are harmonious, his complexion has a delicate freshness, his silky white hair waves gracefully round his high forehead, and his brown eyes beam with benevolence and intelligence. He is above the common height, and his stature and beauty together ennoble the grey working surtout and cap which he wears in his *atelier* into a picturesque and distinguished costume. The evening he was with us he talked delightfully of Goethe, dwelling especially on his loveable nature. He described very graphically Goethe's way of introducing subjects, showing plates, &c., bringing in the cast of Schiller's skull, and talking of it and other little particulars of interest. We went one morning to his *atelier*, and found him superintending his pupil's work at a large group representing Moses with his hands held up by Aaron and Hur. It was extremely interesting to me to see Rauch's original little clay model of this group, for I had never seen statuary in that first stage before. The intense expression of entreaty in the face of the Moses was remarkable. But the spirit of this group is so alien to my sympathies, that I could feel little pleasure in the idea of its production. On the other hand, my heart leaped at the sight of old Kant's quaint figure, of which Rauch is commissioned to produce a colossal statue for Königsberg. In another *atelier*, where the work is in a different stage, we saw a splendid marble monument, nearly completed, of the late King of Hanover. Pitiable that genius and spotless white marble should be thrown away on such human trash! Our second visit to Rauch's *atelier* was paid shortly before we left Berlin. The group of Moses,

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Aaron, and Hur was clothed up, and the dark-eyed olive-complexioned pupil was at work on a pretty little figure of Hope—a child stepping forward with upturned face, a bunch of flowers in her hand. In the other *atelier* we saw a bust of Schleiermacher which, with the equestrian statue of Fritz and its pedestal, Rauch was going to send to the Paris Exhibition. Schleiermacher's face is very delicately cut, and indicates a highly susceptible temperament. The colossal head of Fritz, seen on a level with one's eye, was perfectly startling from its living expression. One can't help fancying that the head is thinking and that the eyes are seeing.

Dessoir the actor was another pleasant variety in our circle of acquaintance. He created in us a real respect and regard for him, not only by his sincere devotion to his art, but by the superiority of feeling which shone through all the little details of his conduct and conversation. Of lowly birth and entirely self-taught, he is by nature a gentleman. Without a single physical gift as an actor, he succeeds, by force of enthusiasm and conscientious study, in arriving at a representation which commands one's attention and feelings. I was very much pleased by the simplicity with which he one day said, "Shakspeare ist mein Gott; ich habe keinen anderen Gott:" and indeed one saw that his art was a religion to him. He said he found himself inevitably led into sing-song declamation by Schiller, but with Shakspeare it was impossible to be declamatory. It was very agreeable to have him as a companion now and then in our walks, and to have him read or discuss Shakspeare for an hour or two in the evening. He told us an amusing story about his early days. When he was a youth of sixteen or seventeen, acting at Spandau, he walked to Berlin (about nine miles) and back in the evening, accompanied by a watchmaker named Naundorff, an enthusiast for the theatre. On their way Dessoir declaimed at the top of his voice, and was encouraged by the applause of his companion to more and more exertion of lungs and limbs, so that people stared at them, and followed them as if they thought them two madmen. This watchmaker was Louis XVII.! Dessoir also imitated admirably Aldridge's mode of advancing to kill Duncan—like a wild Indian lurking for a not much wilder beast. He paid us the very pretty attention of getting up a dinner for us at Dietz's, and inviting Rötscher and Förster to meet us; and he supplied us with tickets for the theatre, which, however, was a pleasure we used sparingly. The first time we went was to see "Nathan der

Weise"—a real enjoyment, for the elegant theatre was new to us, and the scenery was excellent—better than I saw there on any subsequent occasion. Döring performed Nathan, and we thus saw him for the first time to great advantage,—for though he drags down this part, as he does all others, the character of Nathan sets limits which he cannot overstep; and though we lose most of its elevation in Döring's acting, we get, *en revanche*, an admirable ease and naturalness. His fine clear voice and perfect enunciation told excellently in the famous monologue, and in the whole scene with Saladin. Our hearts swelled and the tears came into our eyes as we listened to the noble words of dear Lessing, whose great spirit lives immortally in this crowning work of his. Berlin, Recollections, Nov. 1854 to March 1855.

Our great anxiety was to see and hear Johanna Wagner, so we took tickets for the "Orpheus," which Mlle. Solmar told us she thought her best part. We were thoroughly delighted both with her and the music. The caricatures of the Furies, the ballet-girls, and the butcher-like Greek shades in Elysium, the ugly screaming Eurydice, and the droll appearance of Timzek as Amor, in which she looked like a shop-girl who has donned a masquerade dress impromptu, without changing her head-dress—all these absurdities were rather an amusement than a drawback to our pleasure; for the Orpheus was perfect in himself, and looked like a noble horse among mules and donkeys.

Our days are so accurately parcelled out that my time for letter-writing is rather restricted, and for every letter I write I have to leave out something which we have learned to think necessary. We have been to hear "Fidelio" this evening—not well executed, except so far as the orchestra was concerned; but the divine music positively triumphs over the defects of execution. One is entirely wrapt in the *idea* of the composer. Last week we had "Orpheus and Eurydice," and I heard, for the first time, at once an opera of Gluck's and Johanna Wagner. It is one of the glories of Berlin to give Gluck's operas, and it is also something of a glory to have "die Wagner." She is really a fine actress and a fine singer: her voice is not ravishing, but she is mistress of it. I thought of you that evening, and wished you could hear and see what I know would interest you greatly—I refer rather to Gluck's opera than to Johanna Wagner. The scene in which Orpheus (Johanna Wagner) enters Tartarus, is met by the awful Shades, and charms them into ecstatic admiration till they make way for him to Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 9th Jan. 1855.

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pass on, is very fine. The voices—except in the choruses—are all women's voices; and there are only three characters—Orpheus, Amor, and Eurydice. One wonders that Pluto does not come as a basso; and one would prefer Mercury as a tenor to Amor in the shape of an ugly German soprano; but Gluck wished it otherwise, and the music is delightful. I am reading a charming book by Professor Stahr—who is one of our acquaintances here—'Torso: Kunst, Künstler, und Kunst Werke der Alten.' It feeds the fresh interest I am now feeling in art. Professor Stahr is a very erudite man, and, what is very much rarer amongst Germans, a good writer, who knows how to select his materials, and has, above all, a charming talent for description. We saw at his house the other night the first portrait of Schiller, which *convinces* me of a likeness to him. It is the copy of a miniature which has never been engraved. The face is less beautiful than that of the ordinary busts and portraits, but is very remarkable—the eyes blue, the complexion very fair (the picture was taken in his youth), and the hair sunny. He has the long "goose-neck" which he describes as belonging to Carl Moor in the "Robbers," and the forehead is *fuyant* in correspondence with the skull. The piteous contrast there is between the anxiety poor Schiller is constantly expressing about a livelihood—about the thalers he has to pay for this and the thalers he has to receive for that—and Goethe's perfect ease in that respect! For the 'History of the Netherlands' he got little more than fifteen shillings per sheet. I am very much interested in Professor Gruppe as a type of the German *Gelehrter*. He has written books on everything—on the Greek drama, a great book on the cosmic system of the Greeks, an Epic, numberless lyric poems, &c.; he has a philosophical work and a history of literature in the press; is professor of philosophy at the University; is enthusiastic about boar-hunting, and has written a volume of hunting poems—and *ich weiss nicht was*. Withal he is as simple as a child. When we go to see them in the evening, we find him wrapt in a moth-eaten grey coat and a cap on his head. Then he reads us a translation of one of the Homeric hymns, and goes into the most naïve *impersonal* ecstasy at the beauty of his own poetry (which is really good). The other night he read us part of an epic which is still in MS., and is to be read before the king—such is the fashion here. And his little wife, who is about twenty years younger than himself, listens with loving admira-

tion. Altogether, they and their two little children are a charming picture.

We went to only one concert, for which Vivier was kind enough to send us tickets. It was given by him and Roger, assisted by Arabella Goddard and Johanna Wagner. Roger's singing of the "Erl King" was a treat not to be forgotten. He gave the full effect to Schubert's beautiful and dramatic music; and his way of falling from melody into awe-struck speech in the final words "*War todt*" abides with one. I never felt so thoroughly the beauty of that divine ballad before. The king was present in all his toothlessness and blinkingness; and the new princess from Anhalt Dessau, young and delicate-looking, was there too. Arabella Goddard played the "Harmonious Blacksmith" charmingly, and then Wagner sang badly two ineffective German songs, and Halévy's duet from the "Reine de Chypre" with Roger. Berlin, Recollections, Nov. 1854 to March 1855.

Vivier is amusing. He says Germans take off their hats on all possible pretexts—not for the sake of politeness, but *pour être embarrassants*. They have wide streets, simply to embarrass you, by making it impossible to descry a shop or a friend. A German always has *three* gloves—"On ne sait pas pourquoi." There is a dog-tax in order to maintain a narrow *trottoir* in Berlin, and every one who keeps a dog feels authorised to keep the *trottoir* and move aside for no one. If he has two dogs, he drives out of the *trottoir* the man who has only one: the very dogs begin to be aware of it. If you kick one when he is off the *trottoir* he will bear it patiently, but on the *trottoir* he resents it vehemently. He gave us quite a bit of Molière in a description of a mystification at a restaurant. He says to the waiter—"Vous voyez ce monsieur là. C'est le pauvre M. Colignon." (Il faut qu'il soit quelqu'un qui prend très peu—une tasse de café ou comme ça, et qui ne dépense pas trop.) "Je suis son ami. Il est fou. Je le garde. Combien doit-il payer?" "Un franc." "Voilà." Then Vivier goes out. Presently the so-called M. Colignon asks how much he has to pay, and is driven to exasperation by the reiterated assurance of the waiter—"C'est payé, M. Colignon."

They were very happy months we spent at Berlin, in spite of the bitter cold which came on in January and lasted almost till we left. How we used to rejoice in the idea of our warm room and coffee as we battled our way from dinner against the wind and snow! Then came the delightful long evening, in which we read Shakspeare, Goethe,

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Heine, and Macaulay, with German *Pfefferkuchen* and *Semmels* at the end to complete the *noctes cenæque deûm*.

We used often to turn out for a little walk in the evening, when it was not too cold, to refresh ourselves by a little pure air as a change from the stove-heated room. Our favourite walk was along the Linden, in the broad road between the trees. We used to pace to old Fritz's monument, which loomed up dark and mysterious against the sky. Once or twice we went along the gas-lighted walk towards Kroll's. One evening in our last week, we went on to the bridge leading to the Friedrichstadt, and there by moon- and gas-light saw the only bit of picturesqueness Berlin afforded us. The outline of the Schloss towards the water is very varied, and a light in one of the windows near the top of a tower was a happy accident. The row of houses on the other side of the water was shrouded in indistinctness, and no ugly object marred the scene. The next day, under the light of the sun, it was perfectly prosaic.

Our *table d'hôte* at the Hotel de l'Europe was so slow in its progress from one course to another, and there was so little encouragement to talk to our neighbours, that we used to take our books by way of beguiling the time. Lessing's 'Hamburgische Briefe,' which I am not likely to take up again, will thus remain associated in my memory with my place at the *table d'hôte*. The company here, as almost everywhere else in Berlin, was sprinkled with officers. Indeed the swords of officers threaten one's legs at every turn in the streets, and one sighs to think how these unproductive consumers of *Wurst*, with all their blue and scarlet broadcloth, are maintained out of the pockets of the community. Many of the officers and privates are startlingly tall; indeed some of them would match, I should think, with the longest of Friedrich Wilhelm's *lange Kerle*.

It was a bitterly cold sleety morning—the 11th of March—when we set out from Berlin, leaving behind us, alas! G.'s rug, which should have kept his feet warm on the journey. Our travelling companions to Cologne were fat Madame Roger, her little daughter, and her dog, and a Queen's messenger—a very agreeable man, who afterwards persuaded another of the same vocation to join us for the sake of warmth. This poor man's teeth were chattering with cold, though he was wrapped in fur; and we, all fur-less as we were, pitied him, and were thankful that at least we were not feverish and ill, as he evidently was. We saw the immortal old town of Wolfenbüttel at a distance, as we rolled along:

beyond this there was nothing of interest in our first day's journey, and the only incident was the condemnation of poor Madame Roger's dog to the dog-box, apart from its mistress with her warm cloaks. She remonstrated in vain with a brutal German official, and it was amusing to hear him say to her in German, "Wenn sie Deutsch nicht verstehen können." "Eh bien—prenez la." "Ah! quel satan de pays!" was her final word, as she held out the shivering little beast. Berlin, Recollections, Nov. 1854 to March 1855.

We stayed at Cologne, and next morning walked out to look at the cathedral again. Melancholy as ever in its impression upon me! From Cologne to Brussels we had some rather interesting companions, in two French artists who were on their way from Russia. Strange beings they looked to us at first in their dirty linen, Russian caps, and other queer equipments; but in this, as in many other cases, I found that a first impression was an extremely mistaken one,—for instead of being, as I imagined, common uncultivated men, they were highly intelligent.

At Brussels, as we took our supper, we had the pleasure of looking at Berlioz's fine head and face, he being employed in the same way on the other side of the table. The next morning to Calais.

They were pleasant days these at Weimar and Berlin, and they were working days. Mr Lewes was engaged in completing his life of Goethe, which had been begun some time before, but which was now for the most part rewritten. At Weimar George Eliot wrote the article on Victor Cousin's 'Madame de Sablé' for the 'Westminster Review.' It was begun on 5th August and sent off on 8th September. At Berlin she nearly finished the translation of Spinoza's 'Ethics'—begun on 5th November, —and wrote an article on Vehse's 'Court of Austria,' which was begun on 23d January and finished 4th March 1855. Besides this writing, I find the following among the books that were engaging their attention; and in collecting the names from George Eliot's Journal, I have transcribed any remarks she makes on them:—

Sainte-Beuve, Goethe's 'Wahlverwandschaften,' 'Rameau's Neffe,' 'Egmont,' 'The Hoggarty Diamond,' Moore's 'Life of Sheridan'—a first-rate specimen of bad biographical writing; 'Götz' and the 'Bürger General,' Uhland's poems, 'Wilhelm Meister,' Rosenkranz on the Faust Sage, Heine's poems, Shakspeare's plays ("Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," "Julius Cæsar"—very much struck with the

masculine style of this play, and its vigorous moderation, compared with "Romeo and Juliet"—"Antony and Cleopatra," "Henry IV.," "Othello," "As You Like It," "Lear," —sublimely powerful,—"Taming of the Shrew," "Coriolanus," "Twelfth Night," "Measure for Measure," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Winter's Tale," "Richard III.," "Hamlet"); Lessing's 'Laocoon'—the most un-German of all the German books that I have ever read. The style is strong, clear, and lively; the thoughts acute and pregnant. It is well adapted to rouse an interest both in the classics and in the study of art; 'Emilia Galotti' seems to me a wretched mistake of Lessing's. The Roman myth of Virginius is grand, but the situation transported to modern times and divested of its political bearing is simply shocking. Read 'Briefe über Spinoza' (Jacobi's), "Nathan der Weise," Fanny Lewald's 'Wandlungen,' 'Minna von Barnhelm,' 'Italiänische Reise,' the 'Residence in Rome': a beautiful description of Rome and the Coliseum by moonlight—a fire made in the Coliseum sending its smoke, silvered by the moonlight, through the arches of the mighty walls. Amusing story of Goethe's landlady's cat worshipping Jupiter by licking his beard—a miracle in her esteem, explained by Goethe as a discovery the cat had made of the oil lodging in the undulations of the beard. 'Residence in Naples'—pretty passage about a star seen through a chink in the ceiling as he lay in bed. It is remarkable that when Goethe gets to Sicily, he is for the first time in Italy enthusiastic in his descriptions of natural beauty. Read Scherr's 'Geschichte Deutscher Cultur und Sitte'—much interested in his sketch of German poetry in the middle ages: 'Iphigenia.' Looked into the 'Xenien,' and amused ourselves with their pointlessness. 'Hermann and Dorothea,' 'Tasso,' 'Wanderjahre,'—*à mourir d'ennui*,—Heine's 'Geständnisse' —immensely amused with the wit of it in the first fifty pages, but afterwards it burns low, and the want of principle and purpose make it wearisome. Lessing's 'Hamburgische Briefe.' Read Goethe's wonderful observations on Spinoza. Particularly struck with the beautiful modesty of the passage in which he says he cannot presume to say that he thoroughly understands Spinoza. Read 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,' Knight's 'Studies of Shakspeare.' Talked of the 'Wahlverwandschaften' with Stahr—he finding fault with the *dénouement*, which I defended. Read Stahr's 'Torso'—too long-winded a style for reading aloud. Knight's 'History of Painting.' Compared several scenes

of "Hamlet" in Schlegel's translation with the original. It is generally very close, and often admirably well done: but Shakspeare's strong concrete language is almost always weakened. For example, "Though this hand were *thicker than* itself in brother's blood," is rendered, "Auch um und um in Bruder's Blut getauchet." The prose speeches of Hamlet lose all their felicity in the translation. Read Stahr on the Eginetan Sculptures, 'Die Neue Melusine,' 'West-Östliche Divan,' Gervinus on Shakspeare—found it unsatisfactory—Stahr's 'Ein Jahr in Italien,'—the description of Florence excellent. Read the wondrously beautiful 'Römische Elegien' again, and some of the Venetian Epigrams, Vehse's 'Court of Austria'—called on Miss Assing to try and borrow the book from Varnhagen. He does not possess it, so G. called on Vehse, and asked him to lend it to me. He was very much pleased to do so. Read the "Zueignung," the "Gedichte," and several of the ballads. Looked through Wraxall's 'Memoirs.' Read Macaulay's 'History of England.' Wrote article on Stahr.

This writing and reading, combined with visiting, theatre-going, and opera-going, make a pretty full life for these eight months—a striking contrast to the coming months of complete social quietness in England. Both lives had their attractions, the superficial aspects of which may be summed up in a passage from the Journal, dated 13th March 1855, on arrival at the Lord Warden Hotel at Dover:—

English mutton and an English fire were likely to be appreciated by creatures who had had eight months of Germany, with its questionable meat and its stove-heated rooms. The taste and quietude of a first-rate English hotel were also in striking contrast with the heavy finery, the noise, and the indiscriminate smoking of German inns. But after all, Germany is no bad place to live in; and the Germans, to counterbalance their want of taste and politeness, are at least free from the bigotry of exclusiveness of their more refined cousins. I even long to be amongst them again—to see Dresden, and Munich, and Nürnberg, and the Rhine country. May the day soon come!

CHAPTER VII.

Journal, March 1855.

March 14.—Took lodgings at 1 Sydney Place, Dover.

March 15.—A lovely day. As I walked up the Castle hill this afternoon, the town, with its background of softly rounded hills shrouded in sleepy haze, its little lines of water looking golden in the sun, made a charming picture. I have written the preface to the 'Third Book of Ethics,' read Scherr, and Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis."

March 16.—I read Shakspeare's "Passionate Pilgrim" at breakfast, and found a sonnet in which he expresses admiration of Spenser (Sonnet vi.):—

G. writes that this sonnet is Barnfield's. [Note written later.]

"Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence."

I must send word of this to G., who has written in his 'Goethe' that Shakspeare has left no line in praise of a contemporary. I could not resist the temptation of walking out before I sat down to work. Came in at half-past ten, and translated Spinoza till nearly one. Walked out again till two. After dinner read "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and some of the Sonnets. That play disgusted me more than ever in the final scene, where Valentine, on Proteus's mere begging pardon, when he has no longer any hope of gaining his ends, says: "All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee!" Silvia standing by. Walked up the Castle hill again, and came in at six. Read Scherr, and found an important hint that I have made a mistake in a sentence of my article on Austria about the death of Franz von Sickingen.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 16th March.

I daresay you will be surprised to see that I write from Dover. We left Berlin on the 11th. I have taken lodgings here for a little while, until Mr Lewes has concluded some arrangements in London; and with the aid of lovely weather, am even enjoying my solitude, though I don't mind how soon it ends. News of you all at Rosehill—how health, and business, and all other things are faring—would be very welcome to me, if you can find time for a little note of homely details. I am well and calmly happy—feeling much

stronger and clearer in mind for the last eight months of new experience. We were sorry to leave our quiet rooms and agreeable friends in Berlin, though the place itself is certainly ugly, and *am Ende* must become terribly wearisome for those who have not a vocation there. We went again and again to the new museum to look at the casts of the Parthenon Sculptures, and registered a vow that we would go to feast on the sight of the originals the first day we could spare in London. I had never cast more than a fleeting look on them before, but now I can in some degree understand the effect they produced on their first discovery. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 16th March.

March 25.—A note from Mr Chapman, in which he asks me to undertake part of the Contemporary Literature for the 'Westminster Review.' Journal.

April 18.—Came to town, to lodgings in Bayswater.

April 23.—Fixed on lodgings at East Sheen.

April 25.—Went to the British Museum.

April 28.—Finished article on Weimar, for 'Fraser.'

During this month George Eliot was finishing the translating and revising of Spinoza's Ethics, and was still reading Scherr's book, Schrader's 'German Mythology'—a "poor book"—"The Tempest," "Macbeth," 'Niebelungenlied,' "Romeo and Juliet," article on Dryden in the 'Westminster,' 'Reineke Fuchs,' 'Genesis of Science,' Gibbon, "Henry V.," "Henry VIII.," first, second, and third parts of "Henry VI., "Richard II."

May 2.—Came to East Sheen, and settled in our lodgings.

May 28.—Sent Belles Lettres section to 'Westminster Review.' During May several articles were written for the 'Leader.'

June 13.—Began Part IV. of Spinoza's Ethics. Began also to read Cumming for article in the 'Westminster.' We are reading in the evenings now Sydney Smith's letters, Boswell, Whewell's 'History of Inductive Sciences,' "The Odyssey," and occasionally Heine's 'Reisebilder.' I began the second book of the "Iliad," in Greek, this morning.

June 21.—Finished article on Brougham's 'Lives of Men of Letters.'

June 23.—Read 'Lucrezia Floriani.' We are reading White's 'History of Selborne' in the evening, with Boswell and the "Odyssey."

I have good hope that you will be deeply interested in the 'Life of Goethe.' It is a book full of feeling, as well as of thought and information, and I even think it will make you love Goethe as well as admire him. Eckermann's is Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 23d June.

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 23d June.

a wonderful book, but only represents Goethe at eighty. We were fortunate enough to be in time to see poor Eckermann before his *total* death. His mind was already half gone, but the fine brow and eyes harmonised entirely with the interest we had previously felt in him. We saw him in a small lodging, surrounded by singing birds, and tended by his son—an intelligent youth of sixteen, who showed some talent in drawing. I have written a castigation of Brougham for the 'Leader,' and shall be glad if your sympathy goes along with it. Varnhagen has written 'Denkwürdigkeiten,' and all sorts of literature, and is, or rather was, the husband of *Rahel*, the greatest of German women.

21st July

It was surely you who wrote the notice of the 'Westminster' in the 'Herald' (Coventry), which we received this morning. I am very much pleased with your appreciation of Mr Lewes's article. You hardly do justice to Froude's article on Spinoza. I don't at all agree with Froude's own views, but I think his account of Spinoza's doctrines admirable. Mr Lewes is still sadly ailing—tormented with tooth- and face-ache. This is a terrible trial to us poor scribblers, to whom health is money, as well as all other things worth having. I have just been reading that Milton suffered from indigestion—quite an affecting fact to me. I send you a letter which I have had from Barbara Smith. I think you will like to see such a manifestation of her strong noble nature.

On 1st August 1855 Mr Lewes went down to Ramsgate for change, taking his three boys with him for a week's holiday. Meantime George Eliot was continuing her article-writing, and in this week wrote an article for the 'Leader,' having written one for the same journal three weeks before. On 22d August she wrote another article for the 'Leader,' and on the 24th she finished the one on Cumming for the 'Westminster.' Mr C. Lewes tells me that he remembers it was after reading this article that his father was prompted to say to George Eliot, whilst walking one day with her in Richmond Park, that it convinced him of the true genius in her writing. Mr Lewes was not only an accomplished and practised literary critic, but he was also gifted with the inborn insight accompanying a fine artistic temperament, which gave unusual weight to his judgment. Up to this time he had not been quite sure of anything beyond great talent in her productions.

The first three weeks in September were again busily

occupied in article-writing. She contributed three papers to the 'Leader,' as well as the Belles Lettres section for the October number of the 'Westminster.' On the 19th September they left East Sheen, and after spending a couple of weeks at Worthing for a sea change, they took rooms at 8 Park Shot, Richmond, which remained their home for more than three years. Here some of George Eliot's most memorable literary work was accomplished. Both she and Mr Lewes were now working very hard for what would bring immediate profit, as they had to support not only themselves but his children and their mother. They had only one sitting-room between them; and I remember, in a walk on St George's Hill, near Weybridge, in 1871, she told me that the scratching of another pen used to affect her nerves to such an extent that it nearly drove her wild. On the 9th October she finished an article on Margaret Fuller and Mary Wollstonecraft, and on the 12th October one on Carlyle for the 'Leader,' and began an article on Heine for the January number of the 'Westminster.' In October there are the following letters to the Brays:—

Letter to Chas. Bray, Monday, Oct.

Since you have found out the "Cumming," I write by to-day's post just to say that it *is* mine, but also to beg that you will not mention it as such to any one likely to transmit the information to London, as we are keeping the authorship a secret. The article appears to have produced a strong impression, and that impression would be a little counteracted if the author were known to be a *woman*. I have had a letter addressed "to the author of Article No. 4," begging me to print it separately "for the good of mankind in general"! It is so kind of you to rejoice in anything I do at all well. I am dreadfully busy again, for I am going to write an article for the 'Westminster Review' again, besides my other work. We enjoy our new lodgings very much—everything is the pink of order and cleanliness.

Miss Sara Hennell, 16th Oct.

Why you should object to Herbert Spencer speaking of Sir William Hamilton's contributions to a theory of perception as "valuable," I am unable to conceive. Sir William Hamilton has been of service to him as well as to others; and instead of repressing acknowledgments of merit in others, I should like them to be more freely given. I see no dignity or anything else that is good in ignoring one's fellow-beings. Herbert Spencer's views, like every other man's views, could not have existed without the substratum laid by his predecessors. But perhaps you mean something

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 16th Oct.

that I fail to perceive. Your bit of theology is very fine. Here is a delicious Hibernicism in return. In a treatise on consumption, sent yesterday, the writer says: "There is now hardly any *difference* on this subject—at least *I* feel none." Our life has no incidents except such as take place in our own brains, and the occasional arrival of a longer letter than usual. Yours are always read aloud and enjoyed. Nevertheless our life is intensely occupied, and the days are far too short. We are reading Gall's 'Anatomie et Physiologie du Cerveau,' and Carpenter's 'Comparative Physiology,' aloud in the evenings; and I am trying to fix some knowledge about plexuses and ganglia in my soft brain, which generally only serves me to remember that there is something I ought to remember, and to regret that I did not put the something down in my note-book. For "Live and learn," we should sometimes read "Live and grow stupid."

Chas. Bray, 21st Nov.

You will receive by rail to-morrow a copy of the 'Life and Works of Goethe' (published on 1st November), which I hope you will accept as a keepsake from me. I should have been glad to send it you earlier, but as Mr Lewes has sold the copyright of the first edition, he has only a small number of copies at his disposal, and so I doubted whether I ought to ask for one. I think you will find much to interest you in the book. I can't tell you how I value it, as the best product of a mind which I have every day more reason to admire and love. We have had much gratification in the expression of individual opinion. The press is very favourable, but the notices are for the most part too idiotic to give us much pleasure, except in a pecuniary point of view. I am going out to-day, for the first time for nearly a fortnight.

Miss Sara Hennell, 29th Nov.

I have just finished a long article on Heine for the 'Westminster Review,' which none of you will like. *En revanche*, Mr Lewes has written one on Lions and Lion Hunters, which you will find amusing.

On the 12th December the Belles Lettres section for the January number of the 'Westminster Review' was finished and sent off, and the next entry in the Journal is dated—

Journal.

Dec. 24, 1855.—For the last ten days I have done little, owing to headache and other ailments. Began the 'Antigone,' read Von Bohlen on Genesis, and Swedenborg. Mr Chapman wants me to write an article on Missions and Missionaries, for the April number of the 'Westminster,' but

I think I shall not have it ready till the July number. In the afternoon I set out on my journey to see my sister, and arrived at her house about eight o'clock, finding her and her children well. Journal.

Dec. 29.—Returned to Richmond. G. away at Vernon Hill (Arthur Helps's), having gone thither on Wednesday.

Dec. 30.—Read the 'Shaving of Shagpat' (George Meredith's).

Dec. 31.—Wrote a review of 'Shagpat.'

Jan. 1, 1856.—Read Kingsley's 'Greek Heroes,' and began a review of Von Bohlen.

Jan. 5.—G. came home.

Jan. 6.—Began to revise Book IV. of Spinoza's 'Ethics,' and continued this work through the week, being able to work but slowly. Finished Kahnis' 'History of German Protestantism.'

Jan. 16.—Received a charming letter from Barbara Smith, with a petition to Parliament that women may have a right to their earnings.

I believe there have been at least a thousand copies of the 'Goethe' sold, which is a wonderfully good sale in less than three months for a 30s. book. We have a charming collection of letters, both from remarkable acquaintances and remarkable non-acquaintances, expressing enthusiastic delight in the book—letters all the more delightful because they are quite spontaneous, and spring from a generous wish to let the author know how highly the writers value his work. If you want some idle reading, get the 'Shaving of Shagpat,' which I think you will say deserves all the praise I gave it. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 18th Jan. 1856.

Feb. 19.—Since the 6th January I have been occupied with Spinoza; and, except a review of Griswold's 'American Poets,' have done nothing else but translate the Fifth Book of the 'Ethics,' and revise the whole of my translation from the beginning. This evening I have finished my revision. Journal.

I was so glad to have a little news of you. I should like to hear much oftener, but our days are so accurately parcelled out among regular occupations, that I rarely manage to do anything not included in the programme; and without reading Mrs Barbauld on the 'Inconsistency of Human Expectations,' I know that receiving letters is inconsistent with not writing any. Have you seen any numbers of the 'Saturday Review,' a new journal, on which "all the talents" are engaged? It is not properly a newspaper, but— Miss Sara Hennell, 19th Feb.

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 19th Feb

what its title expresses—a political and literary Review. We are delighting ourselves with Ruskin's third volume, which contains some of the finest writing I have read for a long time (among recent books). I read it aloud for an hour or so after dinner; then we jump to the old dramatists, when Mr Lewes reads to me as long as his voice will hold out, and after this we wind up the evening with Rymer Jones's 'Animal Kingdom,' by which I get a confused knowledge of branchiæ, and such things—perhaps, on the whole, a little preferable to total ignorance. These are our *noctes* —without *cenæ* for the present—occasionally diversified by very dramatic singing of Figaro, &c., which, I think, must alarm "that good man, the clergyman," who sits below us. We have been half-laughing, half-indignant over Alison's new volume of his 'History of Europe,' in which he undertakes to give an account of German literature.

25th Feb.

What you tell me of Harriet Martineau interests me very much. I feel for her terrible bodily suffering, and think of her with deep respect and admiration. Whatever may have been her mistakes and weaknesses, the great and good things she has done far outweigh them; and I should be grieved if anything in her memoir should cast a momentary shadow over the agreeable image of her that the world will ultimately keep in its memory. I wish less of our piety were spent on imaginary perfect goodness, and more given to real *im*perfect goodness.

End of Feb.

I am very happy for you to keep the sheets, and to get signatures (for the Women's Petition that they should have legal right to their own earnings). Miss Barbara Smith writes that she must have them returned to her before the 1st of March. I am glad you have taken up the cause, for I do think that, with proper provisos and safeguards, the proposed law would help to raise the position and character of women. It is one round of a long ladder stretching far beyond our lives.

During March George Eliot wrote only the Belles Lettres section for the April number of the 'Westminster,' having resigned the subject of "Missions" to Harriet Martineau. She also wrote two articles for the 'Saturday Review,' and two for the 'Leader.' And there are the following letters in March to the Brays, in which allusion is made to their leaving the old home at Rosehill, owing to the unsatisfactory state of the Coventry business.

We are flourishing in every way except in health. Mr Lewes's head is still infirm, but he manages, nevertheless, to do twice as much work as other people. I am always a croaker, you know, but my ailments are of a small kind, their chief symptoms being a muddled brain; and as my pen is not of the true literary order which will run along without the help of brains, I don't get through so much work as I should like. By the way, when the Spinoza comes out, be so good as not to mention my name in connection with it. I particularly wish not to be known as the translator of the 'Ethics,' for reasons which it would be "too tedious to mention." You don't know what a severely practical person I am become, and what a sharp eye I have to the main chance. I keep the purse, and dole out sovereigns with all the pangs of a miser. In fact, if you were to feel my bump of acquisitiveness, I daresay you would find it in a state of inflammation, like the "veneration" of that clergyman to whom Mr Donovan said, "Sir, you have recently been engaged in prayer." I hope you recognised your own wit about the one-eyed dissenters, which was quoted in the 'Leader' some time ago. You always said no one did so much justice to your jokes as I did. Letters to Chas. Bray, 26th March.

My mind is more rebellious than yours, and I can't help being saddened by the idea of you and Cara being in any other home than the dear old one. But I know that your cheerful courage is yet stronger in deed than in word. Will not business or pleasure bring you to London soon, and will you not come to see us? We can give you a bed—not a sumptuous one, but one which you will perhaps not find intolerable for a night. I know the trip up the Thames is charming, and we should like to do it with you, but I don't think we can manage it this summer. We are going to send or take the boys (Mr Lewes's sons) to school in Germany at midsummer, and are at present uncertain about our arrangements. If we can *send* them, we shall go to the coast as soon as the warm weather comes, and remain there for three months. But our plans are not yet crystallised. 31st March.

After I wrote you yesterday morning we had a letter from Germany which has made Mr Lewes incline to defer sending the boys thither till next year. But he is anxious to remove them from their present school; and in the course of our consultations on the subject, we thought of Mr John Sibree as a person in whom we should feel confidence as to the moral influence he would exercise as a tutor. The risk of placing children with entire strangers is terrible. So I 1st April.

Letter to Chas. Bray, 1st April.

tease you with another letter to ask you if Mr J. Sibree continues in the same position as formerly, and if he is still anxious to obtain pupils. What a delicious day! We are going to have a holiday at the Zoological Gardens.

Miss Sara Hennell, 7th April.

Thank you for taking the trouble to write me a full account of matters so interesting to me. I hope you will be able thoroughly to enjoy this last precious summer on the pretty lawn, where it is one of my pleasures on sunshiny days to think of you all strolling about or seated on the Bearskin. We are very thankful for the Hofwyl circular, and have almost decided to send the two eldest boys there. But it is necessary to weigh all things carefully before coming to a determination; as not being either swindlers or philanthropists, we don't like to incur obligations which there is not a reasonable certainty of our being able to meet. I am much obliged to Mr Bray, too, for sending Mr John Sibree's letter. Mr Lewes had already received an answer from him declining his proposition, but we were interested to read his very characteristic letter to his sister, which proved to Mr Lewes that I had given him a correct description of the man.

The next few weeks are, perhaps, the most signally important and interesting of all in George Eliot's development. There are unmistakable signs of the rising of the sap of creative production.

In the middle of April Mr Herbert Spencer, who had been away from London for some time, returned to town, and dined with them at Park Shot on the 15th, and on the 18th they went with him to Sydenham. On the 22d April George Eliot began her article on Young; and on the 29th she began to read Riehl's book,[1] on which she was to write another article for the 'Westminster.' On the 8th of May they set off for Ilfracombe.

The Brays, 6th June, from Ilfracombe.

When we arrived here I had not even read a great book on which I had engaged to write a long article by the beginning of this month; so that between work and zoology and bodily ailments my time has been full to overflowing. We are enchanted with Ilfracombe. I really think it is the loveliest sea place I ever saw, from the combination of fine rocky coast with exquisite inland scenery. But it would not do for any one who can't climb rocks and mount perpetual hills; for the peculiarity of this country is, that it is all hill and no valley. You have no sooner got to the foot of one hill than you begin to mount another. You would

[1] 'Land und Volk.'

laugh to see our room decked with yellow pie-dishes, a *foot pan*, glass jars and phials, all full of zoophytes, or molluscs, or annelids,—and still more, to see the eager interest with which we rush to our "preserves" in the morning to see if there has been any mortality among them in the night. We have made the acquaintance of a charming little zoological curate here, who is a delightful companion on expeditions, and is most good-natured in lending and giving apparatus and "critturs" of all sorts. Mr Pigott[1] is coming here in his brother's yacht at the end of June, and we hope then to go to Clovelly—Kingsley's Clovelly—and perhaps other places on the coast that we can't reach on foot. After this we mean to migrate to Tenby, for the sake of making acquaintance with its molluscs and medusæ.

Letter to the Brays, 6th June, from Ilfracombe.

I received your kind letter only yesterday, but I write a few words in answer at once, lest, as it so often happens, delay should beget delay.

Mrs Peter Taylor, 8th June, from Tenby.

It is never too late to write generous words, and although circumstances are not likely to allow of our acquiring a more intimate knowledge of each other from personal intercourse, it will always be a pleasant thought to me that you have remembered me kindly, and interpreted me nobly. You are one of the minority who know how to "use their imagination in the service of charity."

I have suffered so much from misunderstanding created by letters, even to old friends, that I never write on private personal matters, unless it be a rigorous duty or necessity to do so. Some little phrase or allusion is misinterpreted, and on this false basis a great fabric of misconception is reared, which even explanatory conversations will not remove. Life is too precious to be spent in this weaving and unweaving of false impressions, and it is better to live quietly on under some degree of misrepresentation than to attempt to remove it by the uncertain process of letter-writing.

Yes, indeed, I do remember old Tenby days, and had set my heart on being in the very same house again; but, alas! it had just been let. It is immensely smartened up, like the place generally, since those old times, and is proportionately less desirable for quiet people who have no flounces and do not subscribe to new churches. Tenby looks insignificant in picturesqueness after Ilfracombe; but the two objects that drew us hither, zoology and health, will flourish none the worse for the absence of tall precipices and many-tinted

Miss Sara Hennell, 29th June.

[1] Mr Edward Smyth Pigott, who remained to the end of their lives a very close and much-valued friend of Mr Lewes and George Eliot.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 29th June.

rocks. The air is delicious—soft but not sultry—and the sands and bathing such as are to be found nowhere else. St Catherine's Rock with its caverns is our paradise. We go there with baskets, hammers and chisels, and jars and phials, and come home laden with spoils. Altogether we are contented to have been driven away from Ilfracombe by the cold wind, since a new place is new experience, and Mr Lewes has never been here before. To me there is the additional pleasure—half melancholy—of recalling all the old impressions and comparing them with the new. I understand your wish to have as much of Rosehill as possible this year, and I am so glad that you will associate a visit from Herbert Spencer with this last summer. I suppose he is with you now. If so, give him my very evil regards, and tell him that because he has not written to us we will diligently *not* tell him a great many things he would have liked to know. We have a project of going into St Catherine's caverns with lanterns, some night when the tide is low, about eleven, for the sake of seeing the zoophytes preparing for their midnight revels. The Actiniæ, like other belles, put on their best faces on such occasions. Two things we have lost by leaving Ilfracombe, for which we have no compensation,—the little zoological curate, Mr Tugwell, who is really one of the best specimens of the clergyman species I have seen; and the pleasure of having Miss Barbara Smith there for a week sketching the rocks and putting our love of them into the tangible form of a picture. We are looking out now for Mr Pigott in his brother's yacht; and his amiable face will make an agreeable variety on the sands. I thought 'Walden'[1] (you mean 'Life in the Woods,' don't you?) a charming book, from its freshness and sincerity as well as for its bits of description. It is pleasant to think that Harriet Martineau can make so much of her last days. Her energy and her habit of useful work are admirable.

During the stay of three months at Ilfracombe and Tenby not much literary work was done, except the articles on Young and on Riehl's book. There was a notice of Masson's Essays and the Belles Lettres section for the July number of the 'Westminster,' and a review for the 'Leader.' There is mention, too, of the reading of Beaumarchais' 'Memoirs,' Milne Edwards's 'Zoology,' Harvey's sea-side book, and "Coriolanus," and then comes this significant sentence in her Journal:—

Journal. *July* 20.—The fortnight has slipped away without my being

[1] By Thoreau.

able to show much result from it. I have written a review of the 'Lover's Seat,' and jotted down some recollections of Ilfracombe: besides these trifles, and the introduction to an article already written, I have done no *visible* work. But I have absorbed many ideas and much bodily strength; indeed I do not remember ever feeling so strong in mind and body as I feel at this moment. I never before longed so much to know the names of things. The desire is part of the tendency that is now constantly growing in me to escape from all vagueness and inaccuracy into the daylight of distinct vivid ideas. The mere fact of naming an object tends to give definiteness to our conception of it. We have then a sign which at once calls up in our minds the distinctive qualities which mark out for us that particular object from all others. On Saturday the 12th Barbara Smith arrived, and stayed here till Wednesday morning. We enjoyed her society very much, but were deeply touched to see that three years had made her so much older and sadder. Her activity for great objects is admirable; and contact with her is a fresh inspiration to work while it is day. We have now taken up Quatrefages again. The 'Memoirs' of Beaumarchais yielded me little fruit. Mr Chapman invites me to contribute to the 'Westminster' for this quarter. *I am anxious to begin my fiction writing*, and so am not inclined to undertake an article that will give me much trouble, but at all events, I will finish my article on Young. Journal, July 20.

Glad to hear at last some news of your Essay—hoping to hear more and better by-and-by. I didn't like to think that your labour would be thrown away, except so far as it must do good to yourself by clearing up your ideas. Not that your ideas were muddy, but the last degree of clearness can only come by writing. Mr Pigott is with us just now, and we are meditating a nocturnal visit to St Catherine's caves with him. Our visit to Tenby has been very useful zoologically, but we are not otherwise greatly in love with the place. It seems tame and vulgar after Ilfracombe. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 29th July.

Thank you for your kind note,[1] so like yourself. Such things encourage me, and help me to do better. I never think what I write is good for anything till other people tell me so, and even then it always seems to me as if I should never write anything *else* worth reading. Ah, how much good we may do each other by a few friendly words, and Chas. Bray, 6th Aug.

[1] About the article on Riehl's book, 'The Natural History of German Life.'

Letter to Chas. Bray, 6th Aug.

the opportunities for them are so much more frequent than for friendly deeds! We want people to feel with us more than to act for us. Mr Lewes sends his kind regards to you. He, too, was very pleased with your letter, for he cares more about getting approbation for me than for himself. *He* can do very well without it.

On the 8th August they left Tenby, and on 9th arrived at Richmond "with terrible headache, but enjoyed the sense of being 'at home' again." On the 18th, "walked in Kew Park, and talked with G. of my novel. Finished 'César Birotteau' aloud. On the 25th August Mr Lewes set off for Hofwyl, near Berne, taking his two eldest boys, Charles and Thornton, to place them at school there. He returned on 4th September, and in his absence George Eliot had been busy with her article on "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists." This was finished on the 12th September, and on the 19th she sent off the Belles Lettres section for the October number of the 'Westminster.'

We have now arrived at the period of the new birth, and fortunately, in the following memorandum, we have George Eliot's own words as to how it came about :—

How I came to write fiction.

September 1856 made a new era in my life, for it was then I began to write fiction. It had always been a vague dream of mine that some time or other I might write a novel ; and my shadowy conception of what the novel was to be, varied, of course, from one epoch of my life to another. But I never went further towards the actual writing of the novel than an introductory chapter describing a Staffordshire village and the life of the neighbouring farm-houses ; and as the years passed on I lost any hope that I should ever be able to write a novel, just as I desponded about everything else in my future life. I always thought I was deficient in dramatic power, both of construction and dialogue, but I felt I should be at my ease in the descriptive parts of a novel. My "introductory chapter" was pure description, though there were good materials in it for dramatic presentation. It happened to be among the papers I had with me in Germany, and one evening at Berlin something led me to read it to George. He was struck with it as a bit of concrete description, and it suggested to him the possibility of my being able to write a novel, though he distrusted—indeed disbelieved in—my possession of any dramatic power. Still, he began to think that I might as well try some time what I could do in fiction ; and by-and-by, when we came back to

England, and I had greater success than he ever expected in other kinds of writing, his impression that it was worth while to see how far my mental power would go, towards the production of a novel, was strengthened. He began to say very positively, "You must try and write a story," and when we were at Tenby he urged me to begin at once. I deferred it, however, after my usual fashion, with work that does not present itself as an absolute duty. But one morning as I was thinking what should be the subject of my first story, my thoughts merged themselves into a dreamy doze, and I imagined myself writing a story, of which the title was 'The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton.' I was soon wide awake again and told G. He said, "Oh, what a capital title!" and from that time I had settled in my mind that this should be my first story. George used to say, "It may be a failure—it may be that you are unable to write fiction. Or perhaps it may be just good enough to warrant you trying again." Again, "You may write a *chef-d'œuvre* at once —there's no telling." But his prevalent impression was, that though I could hardly write a *poor* novel, my effort would want the highest quality of fiction—dramatic presentation. He used to say, "You have wit, description, and philosophy—those go a good way towards the production of a novel. It is worth while for you to try the experiment."

How I came to write fiction.

We determined that if my story turned out good enough, we would send it to Blackwood; but G. thought the more probable result was that I should have to lay it aside and try again.

But when we returned to Richmond, I had to write my article on "Silly Novels," and my review of Contemporary Literature for the 'Westminster,' so that I did not begin my story till September 22. After I had begun it, as we were walking in the park, I mentioned to G. that I had thought of the plan of writing a series of stories, containing sketches drawn from my own observation of the clergy, and calling them 'Scenes from Clerical Life,' opening with "Amos Barton." He at once accepted the notion as a good one—fresh and striking; and about a week afterwards, when I read him the first part of "Amos," he had no longer any doubt about my ability to carry out the plan. The scene at Cross Farm, he said, satisfied him that I had the very element he had been doubtful about—it was clear I could write good dialogue. There still remained the question whether I could command any pathos; and that was to be decided by the mode in which I treated Milly's death. One night G. went

How I came to write fiction.

to town on purpose to leave me a quiet evening for writing it. I wrote the chapter from the news brought by the shepherd to Mrs Hackit, to the moment when Amos is dragged from the bedside, and I read it to G. when he came home. We both cried over it, and then he came up to me and kissed me, saying, "I think your pathos is better than your fun."

The story of the "Sad Fortunes of Amos Barton" was begun on 22d September and finished on the 5th November, and I subjoin the opening correspondence between Mr Lewes and Mr John Blackwood, to exhibit the first effect it produced:—

Letter from G. H. Lewes to John Blackwood, 6th Nov.

"I trouble you with a MS. of 'Sketches of Clerical Life,' which was submitted to me by a friend who desired my good offices with you. It goes by this post. I confess that before reading the MS. I had considerable doubts of my friend's powers as a writer of fiction; but after reading it, these doubts were changed into very high admiration. I don't know what you will think of the story, but according to my judgment, such humour, pathos, vivid presentation, and nice observation, have not been exhibited (in this style) since the 'Vicar of Wakefield'; and in consequence of that opinion, I feel quite pleased in negotiating the matter with you.

"This is what I am commissioned to say to you about the proposed series. It will consist of tales and sketches illustrative of the actual life of our country clergy about a quarter of a century ago—but solely in its *human*, and not at all in its *theological* aspects; the object being to do what has never yet been done in our literature, for we have had abundant religious stories, polemical and doctrinal, but since the 'Vicar' and Miss Austen, no stories representing the clergy like every other class, with the humours, sorrows, and troubles of other men. He begged me particularly to add, that—as the specimen sent will sufficiently prove—the tone throughout will be sympathetic, and not at all antagonistic.

"Some of these, if not all, you may think suitable for 'Maga.' If any are sent of which you do not approve, or which you do not think sufficiently interesting, these he will reserve for the separate republication, and for this purpose he wishes to retain the copyright. Should you only print one or two, he will be well satisfied; and still better, if you should think well enough of the series to undertake the separate republication."

Letter from John Blackwood to G. H. Lewes, 12th Nov.

"I am happy to say that I think your friend's reminiscences of Clerical Life will do. If there is any more of the series written I should like to see it, as, until I saw more, I could not make any decided proposition for the publication of the Tales, in whole or in part, in the 'Magazine.' This first specimen, 'Amos Barton,' is unquestionably very pleasant reading. Perhaps the author falls into the error of trying too much to explain the characters of his actors by description instead of allowing them to evolve in the action of the story; but the descriptions are very humorous and good. The death of Milly is powerfully done, and affected me much. I am not sure whether he does not spoil it a little by specifying so minutely the different children and their names. The wind-up is perhaps the lamest part of the story; and there, too, I think the defect is caused by the specifications as to the fortunes of parties of whom the reader has no previous knowledge, and cannot, consequently, feel much interest. At first, I was afraid that in the amusing reminiscences of childhood in church there was a want of some softening touch, such as the remembrance of a father or mother lends, in after years, to what was at the time considerable penance.

"I hate anything of a sneer at real religious feeling as cordially as I despise anything like cant, and I should think this author is of the same way of thinking, although his clergymen, with one exception, are not very attractive specimens of the body. The revulsion of feeling towards poor Amos is capitally drawn, although the asinine stupidity of his conduct about the Countess had disposed one to kick him.

"I daresay I shall have a more decided opinion as to the merits of the story when I have looked at it again and thought over it; but in the meantime I am sure that there is a happy turn of expression throughout, also much humour and pathos. If the author is a new writer, I beg to congratulate him on being worthy of the honours of print and pay. I shall be very glad to hear from you or him soon."

G. H. Lewes to John Blackwood, Saturday, Nov.

"I have communicated your letter to my clerical friend, who, though somewhat discouraged by it, has taken my advice, and will submit the second story to you when it is written. At present he has only written what he sent you. His avocations, he informs me, will

Letter from G. H. Lewes to John Blackwood, Saturday, Nov.

prevent his setting to work for the next three weeks or so, but as soon as he is at liberty he will begin.

"I rate the story much higher than you appear to do, from certain expressions in your note, though you too appreciate the humour and pathos and the happy turn of expression. It struck me as being fresher than any story I have read for a long while, and as exhibiting, in a high degree, that faculty which I find to be the rarest of all—viz., the dramatic ventriloquism.

"At the same time I told him that I thoroughly understood your editorial caution in not accepting from an unknown hand a series on the strength of one specimen."

John Blackwood to G. H. Lewes, 18th Nov.

"I was very far from intending that my letter should convey anything like disappointment to your friend. On the contrary, I thought the tale very good, and intended to convey as much. But I daresay I expressed myself coolly enough. Criticism would assume a much soberer tone were critics compelled *seriously to act* whenever they expressed an opinion. Although not much given to hesitate about anything, I always think twice before I put the decisive mark 'In type for the Magazine' on any MS. from a stranger. Fancy the intense annoyance (to say nothing of more serious considerations) of publishing, month after month, a series about which the conviction gradually forces itself on you that you have made a total blunder.

"I am sorry that the author has no more written, but if he cares much about a speedy appearance, I have so high an opinion of this first tale, that I will waive my objections, and publish it without seeing more—not, of course, committing myself to go on with the other tales of the series unless I approved of them. I am very sanguine that I will approve, as in addition to the other merits of 'Amos,' I agree with you that there is great freshness of style. If you think also that it would stimulate the author to go on with the other tales with more spirit, I will publish 'Amos' at once. He could divide into two parts. I am blocked up for December, but I could start him in January.

"I am glad to hear that your friend is, as I supposed, a clergyman. Such a subject is best in clerical hands, and some of the pleasantest and least prejudiced correspondents I have ever had are English clergymen.

"I have not read 'Amos Barton' a second time, but

the impression on my mind of the whole character, incidents, and feeling of the story is very distinct, which is an excellent sign."

Letter from G. H. Lewes to John Blackwood, Saturday, Nov.

"Your letter has greatly restored the shaken confidence of my friend, who is unusually sensitive, and, unlike most writers, is more anxious about *excellence* than about appearing in print—as his waiting so long before taking the venture proves. He is consequently afraid of failure, though not afraid of obscurity; and by failure he would understand that which I suspect most writers would be apt to consider as success — so high is his ambition.

"I tell you this that you may understand the sort of shy, shrinking, ambitious nature you have to deal with. I tried to persuade him that you really *did* appreciate his story, but were only hesitating about committing yourself to a series; and your last letter has proved me to have been right—although, as he never contemplated binding you to the publication of any portion of the series to which you might object, he could not at first see your position in its true light.

"All is, however, clear now. He will be gratified if you publish 'Amos Barton' in January, as it will give him ample time to get the second story ready, so as to appear when 'Barton' is finished, should you wish it. He is anxious, however, that you should publish the general title of 'Scenes of Clerical Life'; and I think you may do this with perfect safety, since it is quite clear that the writer of 'Amos Barton' is capable of writing at least one more story suitable to 'Maga,' and two would suffice to justify the general title.

"Let me not forget to add that when I referred to 'my clerical friend,' I meant to designate the writer of the clerical stories—not that he was a clericus. I am not at liberty to remove the veil of anonymity, even as regards social position. Be pleased, therefore, to keep the whole secret, and not even mention *my* negotiation, or in any way lead guessers (should any one trouble himself with such a guess—*not* very likely) to jump from me to my friend."

On Christmas Day 1856, "Mr Gilfil's Love-Story" was begun, and during December and January the following are mentioned among the books read: 'The Ajax of Sophocles,' Miss Martineau's 'History of the Peace,'

Macaulay's 'History' finished, Carlyle's 'French Revolution,' Burke's 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' and 'Mansfield Park.'

Letter from John Blackwood to the author of "Amos Barton," 29th Dec.

"Along with this I send a copy of the January number of the Magazine, in which you will find the first part of 'Amos Barton.' It gives me very great pleasure to begin the number with 'Amos,' and I put him in that position because his merits well entitle him to it, and also because it is a vital point to attract public attention to the *first* part of a series, to which end being the first article of the first number of the year may contribute.

"I have already expressed to our friend Mr Lewes the very high opinion I entertain of 'Amos,' and the expectations I have formed of the series, should his successors prove equal to him, which I fully anticipate.

"It is a long time since I have read anything so fresh, so humorous, and so touching. The style is capital, conveying so much in so few words.

"Those who have seen the tale here are chiefly members of my own family, and they are all enthusiastic in praise.

"You may recollect that I expressed a fear that in the affecting and highly-wrought scene of poor Milly's death, the attempt to individualise the children by reiterating their names weakened the effect, as the reader had not been prepared to care for them individually, but simply as a group—the children of Milly and the sorrow-stricken curate. My brother says, 'No. Do not advise the author to touch anything so exquisite.' Of course you are the best judge.

"I now send proof of the conclusion of 'Amos,' in acknowledgment of which, and of the first part, I have the pleasure of enclosing a cheque for £52, 10s.—fifty guineas.

"If the series goes on as I anticipate, there is every prospect that a republication as a separate book, at some time or other, will be advisable. We would look upon such republication as a joint property, and would either give you a sum for your interest in it, or publish on the terms of one half of the clear profits, to be divided between author and publisher, as might be most agreeable to you.

"I shall be very glad to hear from you, either direct or through Mr Lewes; and any intelligence that the

successors of 'Amos' are taking form and substance will be very acceptable.

Letter from John Blackwood to the author of "Amos Barton," 29th Dec.

"I shall let you know what the other contributors and the public think of 'Amos' as far as I can gather a verdict, but in the meantime I may congratulate you on having achieved a preliminary success at all events."

From the author of "Amos Barton" to John Blackwood, Jan. 1857.

Your letter has proved to me that the generous Editor and publisher—generous both in word and in deed—who makes the author's path smooth and easy, is something more than a pleasant tradition. I am very sensitive to the merits of cheques for fifty guineas, but I am still more sensitive to that cordial appreciation which is a guarantee to me that my work was worth doing for its own sake.

If the 'Scenes of Clerical Life' should be republished, I have no doubt we shall find it easy to arrange the terms. In the meantime, the most pressing business is to make them worth republishing.

I think the particularisation of the children in the death-bed scene has an important effect on the imagination. But I have removed all names from the "conclusion" except those of Patty and Dickey, in whom, I hope, the reader has a personal interest.

I hope to send you the second story by the beginning of February. It will lie, for the most part, among quite different scenes and persons from the last—opening in Shepperton once more, but presently moving away to a distant spot and new people, whom, I hope, you will not like less than "Amos" and his friends. But if any one of the succeeding stories should seem to you unsuitable to the pages of 'Maga,' it can be reserved for publication in the future volume, without creating any difficulty.

Thank you very warmly for the hearty acceptance you have given to my first story.

Journal.

The first part of "Amos Barton" appeared in the January number of 'Blackwood.' Before the appearance of the 'Magazine,' on sending me the proof, Mr John Blackwood already expressed himself with much greater warmth of admiration; and when the first part had appeared, he sent me a charming letter with a cheque for fifty guineas, and a proposal about republication of the series. When the story was concluded, he wrote me word how Albert Smith had sent him a letter saying he had never read anything that affected him more than Milly's death, and, added Blackwood, "The men at the club seem to have mingled their tears and

Journal. their tumblers together. It will be curious if you should be a member and be hearing your own praises." There was clearly no suspicion that I was a woman. It is interesting as an indication of the value there is in such conjectural criticism generally, to remember that when G. read the first part of "Amos" to a party at Helps's, they were all sure I was a clergyman—a Cambridge man. Blackwood seemed curious about the author, and when I signed my letter "George Eliot," hunted up some old letters from Eliot Warburton's brother to compare the handwritings, though, he said, "'Amos' seems to me not in the least like what that good artilleryman would write."

Letter to John Blackwood, 4th Feb. Thank you for fulfilling your promise to let me know something of the criticisms passed on my story. I have a very moderate respect for "opinions of the press," but the private opinions of intelligent people may be valuable to me.

In reference to artistic presentation, much adverse opinion will, of course, arise from a dislike to the *order* of art rather than from a critical estimate of the execution. Any one who detests the Dutch school in general will hardly appreciate fairly the merits of a particular Dutch painting. And against this sort of condemnation one must steel one's self as one best can. But objections which point out to me any vice of manner, or any failure in producing an intended effect, will be really profitable. For example, I suppose my scientific illustrations must be a fault, since they seem to have obtruded themselves disagreeably on one of my readers. But if it be a sin to be at once a man of science and a writer of fiction, I can declare my perfect innocence on that head, my scientific knowledge being as superficial as that of the most "practised writers." I hope to send you a second story in a few days, but I am rather behindhand this time, having been prevented from setting to work for some weeks by other business.

Whatever may be the success of my stories, I shall be resolute in preserving my *incognito*,—having observed that a *nom de plume* secures all the advantages without the disagreeables of reputation. Perhaps, therefore, it will be well to give you my prospective name, as a tub to throw to the whale in case of curious inquiries; and accordingly I subscribe myself, best and most sympathising of Editors, yours very truly, GEORGE ELIOT.

I may mention here that my wife told me the reason she fixed on this name was that George was Mr Lewes's

Christian name, and Eliot was a good mouth-filling, easily-pronounced word.

Letter to John Blackwood, 18th Feb.

First let me thank you very heartily for your letter of the 10th. Except your own very cordial appreciation, which is so much beyond a mere official acceptance, that little fact about Albert Smith has gratified me more than anything else in connection with the effect of "Amos." If you should happen to hear an opinion from Thackeray, good or bad, I should like to know it.

You will see that I have availed myself of your suggestions on points of language. I quite recognise the justice of your criticisms on the French phrases. They are not in keeping with my story.

But I am unable to alter anything in relation to the delineation or development of character, as my stories always grow out of my psychological conception of the *dramatis personæ*. For example, the behaviour of Caterina in the gallery is essential to my conception of her nature, and to the development of that nature in the plot. My artistic bent is directed not at all to the presentation of eminently irreproachable characters, but to the presentation of mixed human beings in such a way as to call forth tolerant judgment, pity, and sympathy. And I cannot stir a step aside from what I *feel* to be *true* in character. If anything strikes you as untrue to human nature in my delineations, I shall be very glad if you will point it out to me, that I may reconsider the matter. But, alas! inconsistencies and weaknesses are not untrue. I hope that your doubts about the plot will be removed by the further development of the story. Meanwhile, warmest thanks for your encouraging letters.

Miss Sara Hennell, 24th Feb.

I am the more inclined to think that I shall admire your book, because you are suspected of having given undue preponderance to the Christian argument: for I have a growing conviction that we may measure true moral and intellectual culture by the comprehension and veneration given to all forms of thought and feeling which have influenced large masses of mankind—and of all intolerance the intolerance calling itself philosophical is the most odious to me.

John Blackwood, 1st March.

Thank you for the copy of 'Maga' and for the accompanying cheque. One has not many correspondents whose handwriting has such agreeable associations as yours.

I was particularly pleased with that extract you were so good as to send me from Mr Swayne's letter. Dear old

"Goldie" is one of my earliest and warmest admirations, and I don't desire a better fate than to lie side by side with him in people's memories.

The Rev. Mr Swayne had written to Blackwood saying that "Amos," in its charming tenderness, reminded him of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' Blackwood had written much delighted with the two first parts of "Mr Gilfil's Love-Story," which were sent to him together.

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 2d March.

I began, oddly enough you will perhaps think, by reading through the 'Answers of Infidelity,'[1] those being the most interesting parts of the book to me. Some of your own passages I think very admirable,—some of them made me cry, which is always a sign of the highest pleasure writing can give me. But in many of the extracts, I think, Infidelity cuts a very poor figure. Some are feeble, some *bad*, and terribly discrepant in the tone of their thought and feeling from the passages which come fresh from your own mind. The disadvantage arising from the perpetual shifting of the point of view is a disadvantage, I suppose, inseparable from the plan, which I cannot admire or feel to be effective, though I can imagine it may be a serviceable form of presentation to some inquirers. The *execution* I do admire. I think it shows very high and rare qualities of mind—a self-discipline and largeness of thought, which are the highest result of culture. The 'Objections of Christianity,' which I have also read, are excellently put, and have an immense advantage over the 'Answers of Infidelity' in their greater homogeneity. The first part I have only begun and glanced through, and at present have no other observation to make than that I think you might have brought a little more artillery to bear on Christian morality. But nothing is easier than to find fault—nothing so difficult as to *do* some real work.

5th March.

I think I wrote very brusquely and disagreeably to you the other day, but the impertinence was altogether in the form and not at all in the feeling. I always have uncomfortable sensations after writing objections and criticisms when they relate to things I substantially admire. It is inflicting a hurt on my own veneration.

I showed the passage on the eye, p. 157, to Herbert Spencer, and he agrees with us that you have not stated your idea so as to render it a logical argument against design. You appear to imply that development and gradation in

[1] Baillie Prize Essay on Christianity and Infidelity: an Exposition of the Arguments on both sides. By Miss Sara Hennell.

organs and functions are opposed to that conception, which they are not. I suppose you are aware that we all three hold the conception of creative design to be untenable. We only think you have not made out a good case against it. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 5th March.

Thank you for sending me some news of Harriet Martineau. I have often said lately, "I wonder how she is."

I am glad you retain a doubt in favour of the *dagger*, and wish I could convert you to entire approval, for I am much more satisfied when your feeling is thoroughly with me. But it would be the death of my story to substitute a dream for the real scene. Dreams usually play an important part in fiction, but rarely, I think, in actual life. John Blackwood, 14th March.

So many of us have reason to know that criminal impulses may be felt by a nature which is nevertheless guarded by its entire constitution from the commission of crime, that I can't help hoping that my Caterina will not forfeit the sympathy of all my readers.

The answer you propose to give to curious inquirers is the best possible. For several reasons I am very anxious to retain my *incognito* for some time to come, and to an author not already famous, anonymity is the highest *prestige*. Besides, if George Eliot turns out a dull dog and an ineffective writer—a mere flash in the pan—I, for one, am determined to cut him on the first intimation of that disagreeable fact.

The fates have willed that this shall be a very melancholy story, and I am longing to be a little merrier again.

On the 16th March, Mr Lewes and George Eliot started for Plymouth, Penzance, and the Scilly Isles, and we have the following recollections of their stay there:—

I had never before seen a granite coast, and on the southern side of the island of St Mary's one sees such a coast in its most striking and characteristic forms. Rectangular crevices, the edges of which have been rounded by weather, give many of the granite masses a resemblance to bales of wool or cotton heaped on each other; another characteristic form is the mushroom-shaped mass, often lying poised on the summits of more cubical boulders or fragments; another is the immense flat platform stretching out like a pier into the sea; another the oval basins formed by the action of the rain-water on the summits of the rocks and boulders. The colouring of the rocks was very various and beautiful: sometimes a delicate greyish-green from the shaggy byssus which clothes it, chiefly high up from the water; then a light warm Recollections, Scilly Isles, March-May.

Recollections, Scilly Isles, March-May.

brown; then black; occasionally of a rich yellow; and here and there purplish. Below the rocks, on the coast, are almost everywhere heaps of white boulders, sometimes remarkably perfect ovals, and looking like huge eggs of some monstrous bird. Hardly any weed was to be seen on the granite, except here and there in a rock-pool, green with young ulva; and no barnacles incrust the rock, no black mussels, scarcely any limpets. The waves that beat on this coast are clear as crystal, and we used to delight in watching them rear themselves like the horses of a mighty sea-god as they approached the rocks on which they were broken into eddies of milky foam. Along a great part of this southern coast there stretch heathy or furzy downs, over which I used to enjoy rambling immensely—there is a sense of freedom in those unenclosed grounds that one never has in a railed park, however extensive. Then, on the north side of the island, above Sandy Bar, what a view we used to get of the opposite islands and reefs, with their delicious violet and yellow tints—the tall ship or two anchored in the Sound, changing their aspect like living things, and when the wind was at all high the white foam prancing round the reefs and rising in fountain-like curves above the screen of rocks!

Many a wet and dirty walk we had along the lanes, for the weather was often wet and almost always blustering. Now and then, however, we had a clear sky and a calm sea, and on such days it was delicious to look up after the larks that were soaring above us, or to look out on the island- and reef-studded sea. I never enjoyed the lark before as I enjoyed it at Scilly—never felt the full beauty of Shelley's poem on it before. A spot we became very fond of toward the close of our stay was Carne Lea, where, between two fine jutting piles of granite, there was a soft down, gay with the pretty pink flowers of the thrift, which, in this island, carpets the ground like greensward. Here we used to sit and lie in the bright afternoons, watching the silver sunlight on the waves,—bright silver, not golden—it is the morning and evening sunlight that is golden. A week or two after our arrival we made the acquaintance of Mr Moyle, the surgeon, who became a delightful friend to us, always ready to help with the contents of his surgery or anything else at his command. We liked to have him come and smoke a cigar in the evening, and look in now and then for a little lesson in microscopy. The little indications of the social life at Scilly that we were able to pick up were very

Recollections, Scilly Isles, March-May.

amusing. I was repeatedly told, in order to make me aware who Mr Hall was, that he married a Miss Lemon. The people at St Mary's imagine that the lawyers and doctors at Penzance are a sort of European characters that every one knows. We heard a great deal about Mr Quill, an Irishman, the Controller of the Customs; and one day, when we were making a call on one of the residents, our host said two or three times at intervals, "I wish you knew Quill!" At last, on our farewell call, we saw the distinguished Quill, with his hair plaistered down, his charming smile, and his trousers with a broad stripe down each leg. Our host amused us by his contempt for curs: "Oh, I wouldn't have a cur—there's nothing to look at in a cur!" [1]

Letter to Mrs Bray, 5th April.

The smallest details written in the hastiest way that will enable me to imagine you as you are, are just what I want—indeed all I care about in correspondence. We are more and more in love with these little islands. There is not a tree to be seen, but there are grand granite hills on the coast such as I never saw before, and furze-covered hills with larks soaring and singing above them, and zoological wonders on the shore to fill our bottles and our souls at once. For some time I have been unusually weak and knock-upable. Our landlady is an excellent woman, but like almost all peculiarly domestic women, has not more than rudimentary ideas of cooking; and in an island where you can get nothing but beef, except by sending to Penzance, that supreme science has its maximum value. She seems to think eating a purely arbitrary procedure—an abnormal function of mad people who come to Scilly; and if we ask her what the people live on here, is quite at a loss to tell us, apparently thinking the question relates to the abstruser portion of natural history. But I insist, and give her a culinary lecture every morning, and we do in the end get fed. Altogether our life here is so far better than the golden age, that we work as well as play. That is the happy side of things. But there is a very sad one to me which I shall not dwell upon—only tell you of. More than a week ago I received the news that poor Chrissey had lost one of her pretty little girls of fever, that the other little one—they were the only two she had at home with her—was also dangerously ill, and Chrissey herself and her servant apparently attacked by typhus too. The thought of her in this state is a perpetual shadow to me in the sunshine.

[1] 'Mill on the Floss,' chap. iii., Book IV. Bob Jakin.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 16th April.

I shudder at entering on such great subjects (as "Design") in letters;—my idle brain wants lashing to work like a negro, and will do nothing under a slighter stimulus. We are enjoying a retrogression to old-fashioned reading. I rush on the slightest pretext to Sophocles, and am as excited about blind old Œdipus as any young lady can be about the latest hero with magnificent eyes. But there is *one* new book we have been enjoying, and so, I hope, have you—the 'Life of Charlotte Brontë.' Deeply affecting throughout: in the early part romantic, poetic as one of her own novels; in the later years tragic—especially to those who know what sickness is. Mrs Gaskell has done her work admirably, both in the industry and care with which she has gathered and selected her material, and in the feeling with which she has presented it. There is one exception, however, which I regret very much. She sets down Branwell's conduct entirely to remorse. Remorse may make sad work with a man; but it will not make such a life as Branwell's was in the last three or four years, unless the germ of vice had sprouted and shot up long before, as it seems clear they had in him. What a tragedy!—that picture of the old father and the three sisters trembling, day and night, in terror at the possible deeds of their drunken, brutal son and brother! That is the part of the life which affects me most.

Isaac P. Evans, 16th April.

I have been looking anxiously for some further tidings of Chrissey since your last letter, which told me that she and Kate were better, though not out of danger. I try to hope that no news is good news, but if you do not think it troublesome to write, I shall be thankful to have that hope changed into certainty.

Meanwhile, to save multiplying letters—which I know you are not fond of—I mention now what will take no harm from being mentioned rather prematurely. I should like Chrissey to have £15 of my next half-year's income, due at the beginning of June, to spend in taking a change of air as soon as she is able to do so; and perhaps if it were desirable for her to leave before the money has been paid in, you would be so kind as to advance it for a few weeks. I am writing, of course, in ignorance of her actual state; but I should think it must be good for her, as soon as she is able to move, to leave that fever-infected place for a time, and I know the money must have gone very fast in recent expenses. I only suggest the change of air as the thing that I should think best for Chrissey; but in any case I should like her to have the money to do what she pleases

with it. If she is well enough, please to give her the enclosed note, in which I have suggested to her what I have just written to you. Letter to Isaac P. Evans, 16th April.

I am much obliged to you for your last letter, and shall be still more so if you will write me word of Chrissey's present condition.

Thank you for the pleasant notes of impressions concerning my story sent to me through Lewes. John Blackwood, 1st May.

I will pay attention to your caution about the danger of huddling up my stories. Conclusions are the weak point of most authors, but some of the fault lies in the very nature of a conclusion which is at best a negation.

There must be something wrong in the winding up of "Amos," for I have heard of two persons who are disappointed with the conclusion. But the story never presented itself to me as possible to be protracted after Milly's death. The drama ends there.

I am thinking of writing a short epilogue to "Mr Gilfil's Love-Story," and I will send it to you with the proof from Jersey, where, on a strict promise that I am not to be dissected, I shall shortly join our friend Lewes.

The third story will be very different from either of the preceding, which will perhaps be an advantage, as poor Tina's sad tale was necessarily rather monotonous in its effects.

The Epilogue to "Mr Gilfil" was written sitting on the Fortification Hill, Scilly Isles, one sunshiny morning: and on 12th May they moved on to Jersey.

Such hedgerows in this island! Such orchards, white against the green slopes and shady walks by the woodside with distracting wild flowers. We enjoy the greenery and variety of this bushy island all the better for our stay on bare Scilly, which we had gone to and fro upon till we knew it by heart. Our little lodgings are very snug—only 13s. a week—a nice little sitting-room, with a work-room adjoining for Mr Lewes, who is at this moment in all the bliss of having discovered a parasitic worm in a cuttlefish. We dine at five, and our afternoons are almost exhausted in rambling. I hope to get up my strength in this delicious quiet, and have fewer interruptions to work from headache than I have been having since Christmas. I wonder if I should have had the happiness of seeing Cara if I had been at Richmond now. I would rather see her than any one else in the world—except poor Chrissey. Tell me when you have read the life of Currer Bell. Some people think its revelations in bad taste—making money out of the dead, Miss Sara Hennell, 22d May.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d May.

wounding the feelings of the living, &c. What book is there that some people or other will not find abominable? We thought it admirable, cried over it, and felt the better for it. We read Cromwell's letters again at Scilly with great delight.

In May Mr Lewes writes to Mr John Blackwood—"We were both amused with the divination of the Manx seer and his friend Liggers." This is the first mention of the individual, whose real name was Liggins of Nuneaton, who afterwards became notorious for laying claim to the authorship of the 'Scenes of Clerical Life' and 'Adam Bede.'

"Janet's Repentance" had been begun on the 18th April, and the first three parts were finished in Jersey. In reference to the 'Scenes of Clerical Life' there are the following entries in the Journal:—

Journal.

May 2.—Received letter from Blackwood expressing his approbation of Part IX. of "Mr Gilfil's Love-Story." He writes very pleasantly, says the series is attributed by many to Bulwer, and that Thackeray thinks highly of it. This was a pleasant fillip to me, who am just now ready to be dispirited on the slightest pretext.

May 21.—The other day we had a pleasant letter from Herbert Spencer, saying that he had heard "Mr Gilfil's Love-Story" discussed by Baynes and Dallas, as well as previously by Pigott, all expressing warm approval and curiosity as to the author.

May 26.—Received a pleasant letter from Blackwood, enclosing one from Archer Gurney to the author of "Mr Gilfil's Love-Story."

I subjoin this letter, as it is the first she received in her character of a creative author, and it still bears a pencil memorandum in her writing: "This letter he brought up to me at Jersey after reading it, saying with intense joy, 'Her fame is beginning.'"

Letter from Rev. Archer Gurney to the author of "Mr Gilfil's Love-Story," 14th May.

BUCKINGHAM (BUCKS),
Thursday, 14*th May* 1857.

"SIR,—Will you consider it impertinent in a brother author and old reviewer to address a few lines of earnest sympathy and admiration to you, excited by the purity of your style, originality of your thoughts, and absence of all vulgar seeking for effect in those 'Scenes of Clerical Life' now appearing in 'Blackwood'? If I mistake not much, your muse of invention is no hack-

Letter from Rev. Archer Gurney to the author of "Mr Gilfil's Love-Story," 14th May.

neyed one, and your style is too peculiar to allow of your being confounded with any of the already well-known writers of the day. Your great and characteristic charm is, to my mind, Nature. You frequently, indeed, express what I may call brilliant ideas, but they always seem to come unsought for, never, as in Lytton, for instance, to be elaborated and placed in the most advantageous light. I allude to such brief aphoristic sayings as 'Animals are such agreeable friends, they ask no questions, they pass no criticisms,'—'All with that brisk and cheerful air which a sermon is often observed to produce when it is quite finished.' By-the-by, I am one of the cloth, and might take exception to certain hints perhaps, but these are dubious. What I see plainly I admire honestly, and trust that more good remains behind. Will you always remain equally natural? That is the doubt. Will the fear of the critic, or the public, or the literary world, which spoils almost every one, never master you? Will you always write to please yourself, and preserve the true independence which seems to mark a real supremacy of intellect? But these questions are, I fear, impertinent. I will conclude. Pardon this word of greeting from one whom you may never see or know, and believe me, your earnest admirer,

ARCHER GURNEY.

"The Author of
'Mr Gilfil's Love-Story.'"

Journal.

June.—Blackwood writes from London that he hears nothing but approval of "Mr Gilfil's Love-Story." Lord Stanley, among other people, had spoken to him about the 'Clerical Scenes' at Bulwer's, and was astonished to find Blackwood in the dark as to the author.

Letter to John Blackwood, 2d June.

I send you by the same post with this the first part of my third story, which I hope will not disappoint you. The part is, I think, rather longer than my parts have usually been, but it would have been injurious to the effect of the story to pause earlier.

Pleasant letters like yours are the best possible stimulus to an author's powers, and if I don't write better and better, the fault will certainly not lie in my editor, who seems to have been created in pre-established harmony with the organisation of a susceptible contributor.

This island, too, with its grassy valleys and pretty indented coast, is not at all a bad haunt for the Muses, if, as

Letter to John Blackwood, 2d June.

one may suppose, they have dropped their too scanty classical attire, and appear in long dresses and brown hats, like decent Christian women likely to inspire 'Clerical Scenes.'

Moreover, having myself a slight zoological weakness, I am less alarmed than most people at the society of a zoological maniac. So that, altogether, your contributor is in promising circumstances, and if he doesn't behave like an animal in good condition, is clearly unworthy of his keep.

I am much gratified to have made the conquest of Professor Aytoun; but with a parent's love for the depreciated child, I can't help standing up for "Amos" as better than "Gilfil."

Lewes seems to have higher expectations from the third story than from either of the preceding; but I can form no judgment myself until I have quite finished a thing, and see it aloof from my actual self. I can only go on writing what I feel, and waiting for the proof that I have been able to make others feel.

Mrs Bray, 5th June.

Richmond is *not* fascinating in "the season" or through the summer. It is hot, noisy, and haunted with Cockneys; but at other times we love the Park with an increasing love, and we have such a kind, good landlady there, that it always seems like going home when we return to Park Shot. She writes to us: "I hope you will make your fortune—but you must always live with me," which, considering that she gets less out of us than other lodgers, is a proof of affection in a landlady. Yes! we like our wandering life at present, and it is fructifying, and brings us material in many ways; but we keep in perspective the idea of a cottage among green fields and cows, where we mean to settle down (after we have once been to Italy), and buy pots and kettles and keep a dog. Wherever we are we work hard—and at work which brings *present* money; for we have too many depending on us to be *dilettanti* or idlers.

I wish it to be understood that I should never invite any one to come and see me who did not ask for the invitation.

You wonder how my face has changed in the last three years. Doubtless it is older and uglier, but it ought not to have a bad expression, for I never have anything to call out my ill-humour or discontent,—which you know were always ready enough to come on slight call,—and I have everything to call out love and gratitude.

Your letter was very sweet to me. The sense of my deficiencies in the past often presses on me with a discouraging weight, and to know that any one can remember me lovingly, helps me to believe that there has been some good to balance the evil. I like to think of you as a happy wife and mother; and since Rosehill must have new tenants, I like to think that you and yours are there rather than any one else, not only because of my own confidence in your nature, but because our dear friends love you so much as a neighbour. You know I can never feel otherwise than sorry that they should not have ended their days in that pretty home; but the inevitable regret is softened as much as possible by the fact that the home has become yours. Letter to Mrs John Cash (Miss Mary Sibree), 6th June.

It is very nice to hear that Mrs Sibree can relish anything of my writing. She was always a favourite with me; and I remember very vividly many pleasant little conversations with her. Seventy-two! How happy you are to have a dear, aged mother, whose heart you can gladden.

I was a good deal touched by the letter your brother wrote to you about accepting, or rather declining, more pupils. I feel sure that his sensitive nature has its peculiar trials and struggles in this strange life of ours, which some thick-skinned mortals take so easily.

I am very happy—happy in the highest blessing life can give us, the perfect love and sympathy of a nature that stimulates my own to healthful activity. I feel too that all the terrible pain I have gone through in past years, partly from the defects of my own nature, partly from outward things, has probably been a preparation for some special work that I may do before I die. That is a blessed hope, to be rejoiced in with trembling. But even if that hope should be unfulfilled, I am contented to have lived and suffered for the sake of what has already been. You see your kind letter has made me inclined to talk about myself, but as we do not often have any communication with each other, I know it will be a gratification to your sympathetic nature to have a few direct words from me that will assure you of my moral wellbeing.

I hope your little ones are just like you—just as fair and sweet-tempered.

I sent off the first part of "Janet's Repentance," but to my disappointment Blackwood did not like it so well—seemed to misunderstand the characters, and to be doubtful about the treatment of clerical matters. I wrote at once to beg him to give up printing the story if he felt uncomfort- Journal, June.

Journal, June.

able about it, and he immediately sent a very anxious, cordial letter, saying the thought of putting a stop to the series "gave him quite a turn:" he "did not meet with George Eliots every day"—and so on.

Letter to John Blackwood, 11th June.

I am not much surprised and not at all hurt by your letter received to-day with the proof. It is a great satisfaction—in fact, my only satisfaction—that you should give me your judgment with perfect frankness. I am able, I think, to enter into an editor's doubts and difficulties, and to see my stories in some degree from your point of view as well as my own. My answer is written after considering the question as far as possible on all sides, and as I feel that I shall not be able to make any other than *superficial* alterations in the proof, I will, first of all, say what I can in explanation of the spirit and future course of the present story.

The collision in the drama is not at all between "bigoted churchmanship" and evangelicalism, but between *ir*religion and religion. Religion in this case happens to be represented by evangelicalism; and the story, so far as regards the *persecution*, is a real bit in the religious history of England, that happened about eight-and-twenty years ago. I thought I had made it apparent in my sketch of Milby feelings, on the advent of Mr Tryan, that the conflict lay between immorality and morality—irreligion and religion. Mr Tryan will carry the reader's sympathy. It is through him that Janet is brought to repentance. Dempster's vices have their natural evolution in deeper and deeper moral deterioration (though not without softening touches), and death from intemperance. Everything is softened from the fact, so far as art is permitted to soften and yet to remain essentially true.

My sketches, both of Churchmen and Dissenters, with whom I am almost equally acquainted, are drawn from close observation of them in real life, and not at all from hearsay or from the descriptions of novelists. If I were to undertake to alter language or character, I should be attempting to represent some vague conception of what may possibly exist in other people's minds, but has no existence in my own. Such of your marginal objections as relate to a mere detail, I can meet without difficulty by alteration; but as an artist I should be utterly powerless if I departed from my own conceptions of life and character. There is nothing to be done with the story, but either to let Dempster and Janet and the rest be as I *see* them, or to renounce it as too painful. I am keenly alive, at once to the scruples and alarms an

editor may feel, and to my own utter inability to write under cramping influence, and on this double ground I should like you to consider whether it will not be better to close the series for the 'Magazine' *now*. I daresay you will feel no difficulty about publishing a volume containing the story of "Janet's Repentance," and I shall accept that plan with no other feeling than that you have been to me the most liberal and agreeable of editors, and are the man of all others I would choose for a publisher. Letter to John Blackwood, 11th June.

My irony, so far as I understand myself, is not directed against opinions—against any class of religious views—but against the vices and weaknesses that belong to human nature in every sort of clothing. But it is possible that I may not affect other minds as I intend and wish to affect them, and you are a better judge than I can be of the degree in which I may occasionally be offensive. I should like *not* to be offensive—I should like to touch every heart among my readers with nothing but loving humour, with tenderness, with belief in goodness. But I may have failed in this case of Janet, at least so far as to have made you feel its publication in the 'Magazine' a disagreeable risk. If so, there will be no harm done by closing the series with No. 2, as I have suggested. If, however, I take your objections to be deeper than they really are—if you prefer inserting the story in spite of your partial dissatisfaction, I shall of course be happy to appear under 'Maga's' wing still.

When I remember what have been the successes in fiction, even as republications from 'Maga,' I can hardly believe that the public will regard my pictures as exceptionally coarse. But in any case there are too many prolific writers who devote themselves to the production of pleasing pictures, to the exclusion of all disagreeable truths, for me to desire to add to their number. In this respect, at least, I may have some resemblance to Thackeray, though I am not conscious of being in any way a disciple of his, unless it constitute discipleship to think him, as I suppose the majority of people with any intellect do, on the whole the most powerful of living novelists.

I feel every day a greater disinclination for theories and arguments about the origin of things in the presence of all this mystery and beauty and pain and ugliness that floods one with conflicting emotions. Miss Sara Hennell, 8th June.

We are reading 'Aurora Leigh' for the third time with more enjoyment than ever. I know no book that gives me a deeper sense of communion with a large as well as beauti-

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 8th June.

ful mind. It is in process of appearing in a third edition, and no wonder.

If I live five years longer, the positive result of my existence on the side of truth and goodness will outweigh the small negative good that would have consisted in my not doing anything to shock others, and I can conceive no consequences that will make me repent the past. Do not misunderstand me, and suppose that I think myself heroic or great in any way. Far enough from that! Faulty, miserably faulty I am—but least of all faulty when others most blame.

On the 24th July the pleasant sojourn at Jersey came to an end. The travellers returned to 8 Park Shot, Richmond, where Miss Sara Hennell paid them a visit at the end of the month, and Dr and Mrs Bodichon (*née* Miss Barbara L. Smith) came on the 4th of August. On the 12th August there is an entry in the Journal, "Finished the 'Electra' of Sophocles, and began Æschylus's 'Agamemnon,'" and then come the following letters:—

John Blackwood, 17th Aug.

Lewes has just given me your letter of the 15th with the accompanying one from the Rev. W. P. Jones.

Mr Tryan is not a portrait of any clergyman, living or dead. He is an ideal character, but I hope probable enough to resemble more than one evangelical clergyman of his day.

If Mr Jones's deceased brother was like Mr Tryan, so much the better, for in that case he was made of human nature's finer clay. I think you will agree with me that there are few clergymen who would be depreciated by an identification with Mr Tryan. But I should rather suppose that the old gentleman, misled by some similarity in outward circumstances, is blind to the discrepancies which must exist where no portrait was intended. As to the rest of my story, so far as its elements were suggested by real persons, those persons have been, to use good Mr Jones's phrase, "long in eternity."

I think I told you that a persecution of the kind I have described did actually take place, and belongs as much to the common store of our religious history as the Gorham Controversy, or as Bishop Blomfield's decision about wax candles. But I only know the *outline* of the real persecution. The details have been filled in from my imagination. I should consider it a fault which would cause me lasting regret if I had used reality in any other than the legitimate way common to all artists, who draw their materials from their observation and experience. It would be a melancholy

result of my fictions, if I gave *just* cause of annoyance to any good and sensible person. But I suppose there is no perfect safeguard against erroneous impressions or a mistaken susceptibility. We are all apt to forget how little there is about us that is unique, and how very strongly we resemble many other insignificant people who have lived before us. I shouldn't wonder if several nieces of pedantic maiden ladies saw a portrait of their aunt in Miss Pratt, but I hope they will not think it necessary, on that ground, to increase the already troublesome number of your correspondents. Letter to John Blackwood, 17th Aug.

We went to see Rosa Bonheur's picture the other day. What power! That is the way women should assert their rights. Writing is part of my religion, and I can write no word that is not prompted from within. At the same time I believe that almost all the best books in the world have been written with the hope of getting money for them. Miss Sara Hennell, 19th Aug.

Unless there be any strong reason to the contrary, I should like to close the series with this story. According to my calculation, which, however, may be an erroneous one, the three stories will make two good volumes—*i.e.*, good as to bulk. John Blackwood, 1st Sept.

I have a subject in my mind which will not come under the limitations of the title 'Clerical Life,' and I am inclined to take a large canvas for it and write a novel.

In case of my writing fiction for 'Maga' again, I should like to be considerably beforehand with my work, so that you can read a thoroughly decisive portion before beginning to print.

The days are very peaceful—peacefully busy. One always feels a deeper calm as autumn comes on. I should be satisfied to look forward to a heaven made up of long autumn afternoon walks, quite delivered from any necessity of giving a judgment on the woman question, or of reading newspapers about Indian mutinies. I am so glad there are thousands of good people in the world who have very decided opinions, and are fond of working hard to enforce them. I like to feel and think everything and do nothing, a pool of the "deep contemplative" kind. Miss Sara Hennell, 21st Sept.

Some people *do* prosper — that is a comfort. The rest of us must fall back on the beatitudes—"Blessed are the poor"—that is Luke's version, you know, and it is really, on the whole, more comforting than Matthew's. I'm afraid there are few of us who can appropriate the blessings of the "poor in spirit."

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 21st Sept.

We are reading one of the most wonderful books in French or any other literature — Monteil's 'Histoire des Français des divers Etats'—a history written on an original plan. If you see any account of it, read that account.

John Blackwood, 17th Oct.

I am very much gratified that my Janet has won your heart and kept up your interest in her to the end.

My new story haunts me a good deal, and I shall set about it without delay. It will be a country story—full of the breath of cows and the scent of hay. But I shall not ask you to look at it till I have written a volume or more, and then you will be able to judge whether you will prefer printing it in the 'Magazine,' or publishing it as a separate novel when it is completed.

By the way, the sheets of the 'Clerical Scenes' are not come, but I shall not want to make any other than verbal and literal corrections, so that it will hardly be necessary for me to go through the sheets *and* the proofs, which I must, of course, see.

I enclose a title-page with a motto. But if you don't like the motto, I give it up. I've not set my heart on it.

I leave the number of copies to be published, and the style of getting up, entirely to your discretion. As to the terms, I wish to retain the copyright, according to the stipulation made for me by Lewes when he sent "Amos Barton"; and whatever you can afford to give me for the first edition, I shall prefer having as a definite payment rather than as half profits.

You stated, in a letter about "Amos Barton," your willingness to accede to either plan, so I have no hesitation in expressing my wishes.

Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Oct.

"Open to conviction," indeed! I should think so. I am open to conviction on all points except dinner and debts. I hold that the one must be eaten and the other paid. These are my only prejudices.

I *was* pleased with Mr Call.[1] He is a man one really cares to talk to—has thoughts, says what he means, and listens to what others say. We should quite like to see him often. And I cannot tell you how much I have felt Mrs Call's graceful as well as kind behaviour to me. Some months ago, before the new edition of the 'Biographical

[1] Mr W. M. W. Call, author of 'Reverberations and other Poems,' who married Mr Charles Hennell's widow—formerly Miss Brabant. As will be seen from the subsequent correspondence, Mr and Mrs Call remained amongst the Leweses' warm friends to the end, and Mr Call is the author of an interesting paper on George Eliot in the 'Westminster Review' of July 1881.

History of Philosophy' came out, Mr Lewes had a letter from a working-man at Leicester, I think, who said that he and some fellow students met together, on a Sunday, to read the book aloud and discuss it. He had marked some errors of the press, and sent them to Mr Lewes for his new edition. Wasn't that pretty? Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Oct

"Conscience goes to the hammering in of nails" is my gospel. There can be no harm in preaching *that* to women at any rate. But I should be sorry to undertake any more specific enunciation of doctrine on a question so entangled as the "woman question." The part of the Epicurean gods is always an easy one; but because I prefer it so strongly myself, I the more highly venerate those who are struggling in the thick of the contest. "La carrière ouverte aux talents," whether the talents be feminine or masculine, I am quite confident is a right maxim. Whether "La carrière ouverte à la sottise" be equally just when made equally universal, it would be too much like "taking sides" for me to say. The Brays, 30th Oct.

There are only three entries in the journal for October.

Oct. 9.—Finished "Janet's Repentance." I had meant to carry on the series, and especially I longed to tell the story of the "Clerical Tutor," but my annoyance at Blackwood's want of sympathy in the first part (although he came round to admiration at the third part) determined me to close the series and republish them in two volumes.

Oct. 22.—Began my new novel 'Adam Bede.'

Oct. 29.—Received a letter from Blackwood offering me £120 for the first edition of 'Scenes of Clerical Life.'

I am quite contented with the sum (£120) you offer me for the edition, being thoroughly confident of your disposition to do the best you can for me. I perceive your hope of success for the 'Scenes' is not strong, and you certainly have excellent means of knowing the probabilities in such a case. John Blackwood, 30th Oct.

I am not aware that the motto has been used before, but if you suspect it, we had better leave it out altogether. A stale motto would hardly be an ornament to the title-page.

How I wish I could get to you by some magic, and have one walk over the hill with you again. Letters are poor things compared with five minutes of looking and speaking, and one kiss. Nevertheless, I do like to have a little letter now and then, though I don't for a moment ask it if you have no spontaneous impulse to give it. I can't help losing belief that people love me — the unbelief is in my nature, Mrs Bray, 1st Nov.

Letter to Mrs Bray, 1st Nov.

and no sort of fork will drive it finally out. I can't help wondering that you can think of *me* in the past with much pleasure. It all seems so painful to me—made up of blunders and selfishness—and it only comes back upon me as a thing to be forgiven. That is honest painful truth, and not sentimentality. But I am thankful if others found more good than I am able to remember.

John Blackwood, 7th Nov.

It is pleasant to have the first sheet of one's proof—to see one's paragraphs released from the tight-lacing of double columns, and expanding themselves at their ease.

I perceive clearly the desirableness of the short number—for my observation of literary affairs has gone far enough to convince me that neither critical judgment, nor practical experience, can guarantee any opinion as to rapidity of sale, in the case of an unknown author; and I shudder at the prospect of encumbering my publishers' bookshelves.

My new story is in progress—slow progress at present. A little sunshine of success would stimulate its growth, I daresay. Unhappily, I am as impressionable as I am obstinate, and as much in need of sympathy from my readers as I am incapable of bending myself to their tastes. But if I can only find a public as cordial and agreeable in its treatment of me as my editor, I shall have nothing to wish. Even my thin skin will be comfortable then. The page is not a shabby one, after all; but I fear the fact of two volumes instead of three is a fatal feature in my style in the eyes of librarians.

Miss Sara Hennell, 9th Nov.

One is glad to have one's book (*apropos* of review of Lewes's 'History of Philosophy') spoken well of by papers of good circulation, because it is possible, though not certain, that such praise may help the sale; but otherwise it is hardly worth while to trouble one's self about newspaper reviews, unless they point out some error, or present that very rare phenomenon, a true appreciation, which is the most delicious form in which sympathy can reach one. So much sectarian feeling usually arises in discussions on the subject of phrenology, that I confess the associations of the word are not agreeable to me. The last refuge of intolerance is in not tolerating the intolerant; and I am often in danger of secreting that sort of venom.

Charles Bray, 15th Nov.

It is pleasant to have a kind word now and then, when one is not near enough to have a kind glance or a hearty shake by the hand. It is an old weakness of mine to have no faith in affection that does not express itself; and when friends take no notice of me for a long while, I generally

settle down into the belief that they have become indifferent or have begun to dislike me. That is not the best mental constitution; but it might be worse—for I don't feel obliged to dislike *them* in consequence. I, for one, ought not to complain if people think worse of me than I deserve, for I have very often reason to be ashamed of my thoughts about others. They almost always turn out to be better than I expected—fuller of kindness towards me at least. In the fundamental doctrine of your book ('The Philosophy of Necessity')—that mind presents itself under the same conditions of invariableness of antecedent and consequent as all other phenomena (the only difference being that the true antecedent and consequent are proportionately difficult to discover as the phenomena are more complex)—I think you know that I agree. And every one who knows what science means, must also agree with you that there can be no social science without the admission of that doctrine. I dislike extremely a passage in which you appear to consider the disregard of individuals as a lofty condition of mind. My own experience and development deepen every day my conviction that our moral progress may be measured by the degree in which we sympathise with individual suffering and individual joy. The fact that in the scheme of things we see a constant and tremendous sacrifice of individuals, is, it seems to me, only one of the many proofs that urge upon us our total inability to find in our own natures a key to the Divine mystery. I could more readily turn Christian, and worship Jesus again, than embrace a Theism which professes to explain the proceedings of God. But I don't feel at all wise in these matters. I have a few strong impressions which serve me for my own support and guidance, but do not in the least qualify me to speak as a theorist.

Letter to Charles Bray, 15th Nov.

Mr Lewes sends you his kind remembrances, and will not like you any the worse for cutting him up. He has had to perform that office for his own friends sometimes. I suppose phrenology is an open question, on which everybody has a right to speak his mind. Mr Lewes, feeling the importance of the subject, desired to give it its due place in his 'History of Philosophy,' and doing so, he must, of course, say what *he* believes to be the truth, not what other people believe to be the truth. If you will show where he is mistaken, you will be doing him a service as well as phrenology. His arguments may be bad; but I will answer for him that he has not been guilty of any intentional unfairness. With regard to their system, phrenologists seem

Letter to Charles Bray, 15th Nov.

to me to be animated by the same sort of spirit as that of religious dogmatists, and especially in this—that in proportion as a man approximates to their opinions without identifying himself with them, they think him offensive and contemptible. It is amusing to read from the opposite side complaints against Mr Lewes for giving too high a position to phrenology, and a confident opinion that "phrenologists, by their ridiculous pretensions, merit all the contempt that has been thrown on them." Thus doctors differ! But I am much less interested in crusades for or against phrenology than in your happiness at Ivy Cottage.[1] Happiness means all sorts of love and good feeling; and that is the best result that can ever come out of science. Do you know Buckle's 'History of Civilisation'? I think you would find it a suggestive book.

Miss Sara Hennell, 24th Nov.

Anniversaries are sad things—to one who has lived long and done little. Herbert Spencer dined with us the other day—looks well, and is brimful of clever talk as usual. His volume of 'Essays' is to come out soon. He is just now on a crusade against the notion of "species." We are reading Harriet Martineau's history with edification, and otherwise feeding our souls, which flourish very well, notwithstanding November weather.

Journal.

Nov. 28.—A glorious day, still autumnal and not wintry. We have had a delicious walk in the Park, and I think the colouring of the scenery is more beautiful than ever. Many of the oaks are still thickly covered with leaves of a rich yellow-brown; the elms, golden sometimes, still with lingering patches of green. On our way to the Park the view from Richmond Hill had a delicate blue mist over it, that seemed to hang like a veil before the sober brownish-yellow of the distant elms. As we came home, the sun was setting on a fog-bank, and we saw him sink into that purple ocean —the orange and gold passing into green above the fog-bank, the gold and orange reflected in the river in more sombre tints. The other day, as we were coming home through the Park, after having walked under a sombre, heavily-clouded sky, the western sun shone out from under the curtain, and lit up the trees and grass, thrown into relief on a background of dark-purple cloud. Then as we advanced towards the Richmond end of the Park, the level reddening rays shone on the dry fern and the distant oaks, and threw a crimson light on them. I have especially enjoyed this autumn, the delicious greenness of

[1] The Brays' new house at Coventry.

the turf, in contrast with the red and yellow of the dying leaves. Journal.

Dec. 6 (*Sunday*).—Finished the 'Agamemnon' to-day. In the evenings of late we have been reading Harriet Martineau's 'Sketch of the British Empire in India,' and are now following it up with Macaulay's articles on Clive and Hastings. We have lately read Harriet Martineau's Introduction to the 'History of the Peace.'

Dec. 8.—I am reading 'Die Familie,' by Riehl, forming the third volume of the series, the two first of which, 'Land und Volk,' and 'Die Bürgerliche Gesellschaft,' I reviewed for the 'Westminster.'

A letter from Blackwood to-day tells us that Major Blackwood, during his brother's absence in England, having some reasons, not specified, for being more hopeful about the 'Clerical Scenes,' resolved to publish 1000 instead of 750; and in consequence of this, Blackwood promises to pay me an additional £60 when 750 shall have been sold off. He reports that an elderly clergyman has written to him to say that "Janet's Repentance" is exquisite—another vote to register along with that of Mrs Nutt's rector, who "cried over the story like a child."

Dec. 10.—Major Blackwood called—an unaffected, agreeable man. It was evident to us, when he had only been in the room a few minutes, that he knew I was George Eliot.

Lewes has read to me your last kind letter, and I am not insensible to the "practical cheerer" it contains. But I rejoice with trembling at the additional 250, lest you should have to repent of them. Letter to John Blackwood, 11th Dec.

I have certainly had a good deal of encouragement to believe that there are many minds, both of the more cultured sort and of the common novel-reading class, likely to be touched by my stories; but the word "many" is very elastic, and often shrinks frightfully when measured by a financial standard.

When one remembers how long it was before Charles Lamb's Essays were known familiarly to any but the elect few, the very strongest assurance of merit or originality—supposing one so happy as to have that assurance—could hardly do more than give the hope of *ultimate* recognition.

Our affairs are very prosperous just now, making sunshine in a shady or rather a foggy place. It is a great happiness to me that Mr Lewes gets more and more of the recognition he deserves; pleasant letters and speeches have been very numerous lately, especially about his 'Sea-side Studies' Miss Sara Hennell, 13th Dec.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 13th Dec.

which have appeared in 'Blackwood,' and are soon to appear —very much improved and enlarged—in a separate volume. Dear Carlyle writes, *apropos* of his 'Frederic'—"I have had such a fourteen months as was never appointed me before in this world—sorrow, darkness, and disgust my daily companions; and no outlook visible, except getting a detestable business turned off, or else being driven mad by it." That is his exaggerated way of speaking; and writing is always painful to him. Do you know he is sixty-two! I fear this will be his last book. Tell Mr Bray I am reading a book of Riehl's, 'The Family,' forming the sequel to his other volumes. He will be pleased to hear that so good a writer agrees with him on several points about the occupations of women. The book is a good one; and if I were in the way of writing articles, I should write one on it. There is so much to read, and the days are so short! I get more hungry for knowledge every day, and less able to satisfy my hunger. Time is like the Sibylline leaves, getting more precious the less there remains of it. That, I believe, is the correct allusion for a fine writer to make on the occasion.

John Blackwood, 15th Dec.

I give up the motto, because it struck you as having been used before; and though I copied it into my note-book when I was re-reading 'Amelia' a few months ago, it is one of those obvious quotations which never *appear* fresh, though they may actually be made for the first time.

I shall be curious to know the result of the subscription.

There are a few persons to whom I should like a copy of the volume to be sent, and I enclose a list of them.

Journal.

Dec. 17.—Read my new story to G. this evening as far as the end of the third chapter. He praised it highly. I have finished 'Die Familie,' by Riehl—a delightful book. I am in the 'Choephoræ' now. In the evenings we are reading 'History of the Thirty Years' Peace' and Béranger. Thoroughly disappointed in Béranger.

Dec. 19 (*Saturday*).—Alone this evening with very thankful, solemn thoughts—feeling the great and unhoped-for blessings that have been given me in life. This last year, especially, has been marked by inward progress and outward advantages. In the spring George's 'History of Philosophy' appeared in the new edition; his 'Sea-side Studies' have been written with much enjoyment, and met with much admiration, and now they are on the verge of being published with bright prospects. Blackwood has also accepted his 'Physiology of Common Life'; the 'Goethe' has passed into its third German edition; and best of all, G.'s head is

well. I have written the 'Scenes of Clerical Life'—my first book; and though we are uncertain still whether it will be a success as a separate publication, I have had much sympathy from my readers in 'Blackwood,' and feel a deep satisfaction in having done a bit of faithful work that will perhaps remain like a primrose root in the hedgerow, and gladden and chasten human hearts in years to come. Journal.

Buckle's is a book full of suggestive material, though there are some strangely unphilosophic opinions mixed with its hardy philosophy. For example, he holds that there is no such thing as *race* or *hereditary transmission* of qualities! (I should tell you, at the same time, that he is a necessitarian and a physiological-psychologist.) It is only by such negations as these that he can find his way to the position which he maintains at great length—that the progress of mankind is dependent entirely on the progress of knowledge, and that there has been no intrinsically moral advance. However, he presents that side of the subject which has perhaps been least adequately dwelt on. Letter to the Brays, 23d Dec.

Dec. 25 (*Christmas Day*).—George and I spent this lovely day together—lovely as a clear spring day. We could see Hampstead from the Park so distinctly, that it seemed to have suddenly come nearer to us. We ate our turkey together in a happy *solitude à deux*. Journal.

Dec. 31 (*the last night of* 1857).—The dear old year is gone, with all its *Weben* and *Streben*. Yet not gone either: for what I have suffered and enjoyed in it remains to me an everlasting possession while my soul's life remains. This time last year I was alone, as I am now, and dear George was at Vernon Hill. I was writing the introduction to "Mr Gilfil's Love-Story." What a world of thoughts and feelings since then! My life has deepened unspeakably during the last year: I feel a greater capacity for moral and intellectual enjoyment; a more acute sense of my deficiencies in the past; a more solemn desire to be faithful to coming duties than I remember at any former period of my life. And my happiness has deepened too: the blessedness of a perfect love and union grows daily. I have had some severe suffering this year from anxiety about my sister, and what will probably be a final separation from her—there has been no other real trouble. Few women, I fear, have had such reason as I have to think the long sad years of youth were worth living for the sake of middle age. Our prospects are very bright too. I am writing my new novel. G. is full of his 'Physiology of Common Life.' He has just finished

Journal. editing Johnston, for which he is to have 100 guineas, and we have both encouragement to think that our books just coming out, 'Sea-side Studies' and 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' will be well received. So good-bye, dear 1857! May I be able to look back on 1858 with an equal consciousness of advancement in work and in heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

Journal, 1858. *Jan.* 2.—George has returned this evening from a week's visit to Vernon Hill. On coming up-stairs he said—"I have some very pretty news for you,—something in my pocket." I was at a loss to conjecture, and thought confusedly of possible opinions from admiring readers, when he drew the 'Times' from his pocket—to-day's number, containing a review of the 'Scenes of Clerical Life.' He had happened to ask a gentleman in the railway carriage coming up to London to allow him to look at the 'Times,' and felt quite agitated and tremulous when his eyes alighted on the review. Finding he had time to go into town before the train started, he bought a copy there. It is a highly favourable notice, and, as far as it goes, appreciatory.

When G. went into town he called at Nutt's, and Mrs Nutt said to him, "I think you don't know our curate. *He* says the author of 'Clerical Scenes' is a High Churchman; for though Mr Tryan is said to be Low Church, his feelings and *actions* are those of a High Churchman." (The curate himself being of course High Church.) There were some pleasant scraps of admiration also gathered for me at Vernon Hill. Doyle happening to mention the treatment of children in the stories, Helps said—"Oh, he is a great writer!"

I wonder how I shall feel about these little details ten years hence, if I am alive. At present I value them as grounds for hoping that my writing may succeed, and so give value to my life: as indications that I can touch the hearts of my fellow-men, and so sprinkle some precious grain as the result of the long years in which I have been inert and suffering. But at present fear and trembling still predominate over hope.

Jan. 5.—To-day the 'Clerical Scenes' came in their two-volume dress, looking very handsome.

Jan. 8.—News of the subscription—580, with a probable addition of 25 for Longmans. Mudie has taken 350. When we used to talk of the probable subscription, G. always said, "I daresay it will be 250!" (The final number subscribed for was 650.) Journal.

I ordered copies to be sent to the following persons—Froude, Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Ruskin, Faraday, the author of 'Companions of my Solitude,' Albert Smith, Mrs Carlyle.

On the 20th of January I received the following letter from Dickens:—

"Tavistock House, London,
Monday, 17th Jan. 1858.

"My dear Sir,—I have been so strongly affected by the two first tales in the book you have had the kindness to send me, through Messrs Blackwood, that I hope you will excuse my writing to you to express my admiration of their extraordinary merit. The exquisite truth and delicacy, both of the humour and the pathos of these stories, I have never seen the like of; and they have impressed me in a manner that I should find it very difficult to describe to you, if I had the impertinence to try. Letter from Charles Dickens to George Eliot, 17th Jan.

"In addressing these few words of thankfulness to the creator of the Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton, and the sad love-story of Mr Gilfil, I am (I presume) bound to adopt the name that it pleases that excellent writer to assume. I can suggest no better one: but I should have been strongly disposed, if I had been left to my own devices, to address the said writer as a woman. I have observed what seemed to me such womanly touches in those moving fictions, that the assurance on the title-page is insufficient to satisfy me even now. If they originated with no woman, I believe that no man ever before had the art of making himself mentally so like a woman since the world began.

"You will not suppose that I have any vulgar wish to fathom your secret. I mention the point as one of great interest to me—not of mere curiosity. If it should ever suit your convenience and inclination to show me the face of the man, or woman, who has written so charmingly, it will be a very memorable occasion to me. If otherwise, I shall always hold that impalpable personage in loving attachment and respect, and shall yield myself up to all future utterances from the same source, with a

perfect confidence in their making me wiser and better. —Your obliged and faithful servant and admirer,

"CHARLES DICKENS.

"GEORGE ELIOT, Esq."

Journal. *Jan.* 21.—To-day came the following letter from Froude:—

"NORTHDOWN HOUSE, BIDEFORD,
17*th Jan.* 1858.

Letter from J. A. Froude to George Eliot, 17th Jan.

"DEAR SIR,—I do not know when I have experienced a more pleasant surprise than when, on opening a book parcel two mornings ago, I found it to contain 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' 'From the author.' I do not often see 'Blackwood'; but in accidental glances I had made acquaintance with 'Janet's Repentance,' and had found there something extremely different from general magazine stories. When I read the advertisement of the republication, I intended fully, at my leisure, to look at the companions of the story which had so much struck me, and now I find myself sought out by the person whose workmanship I had admired, for the special present of it.

"You would not, I imagine, care much for flattering speeches; and to go into detail about the book would carry me farther than at present there is occasion to go. I can only thank you most sincerely for the delight which it has given me; and both I myself, and my wife, trust that the acquaintance which we seem to have made with you through your writings may improve into something more tangible. I do not know whether I am addressing a young man or an old—a clergyman or a layman. Perhaps, if you answer this note you may give us some information about yourself. But at any rate, should business or pleasure bring you into this part of the world, pray believe that you will find a warm welcome if you will accept our hospitality.—Once more, with my best thanks, believe me, faithfully yours,

"J. A. FROUDE."

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 17th Jan.

I have long ceased to feel any sympathy with mere antagonism and destruction; and all crudity of expression marks, I think, a deficiency in subtlety of thought as well as in breadth of moral and poetic feeling. Mr William Smith, the author of 'Thorndale,' is an old acquaintance of Mr Lewes's. I should say an old *friend*, only I don't like the

too ready use of that word. Mr Lewes admires and esteems him very highly. He is a very accomplished man—a bachelor, with a small independent income; used to write very effective articles on miscellaneous subjects in 'Blackwood.' I shall like to know what you think of 'Thorndale.' I don't know whether you look out for Ruskin's books whenever they appear. His little book on the 'Political Economy of Art' contains some magnificent passages, mixed up with stupendous specimens of arrogant absurdity on some economical points. But I venerate him as one of the great teachers of the day. The grand doctrines of truth and sincerity in art, and the nobleness and solemnity of our human life, which he teaches with the inspiration of a Hebrew prophet, must be stirring up young minds in a promising way. The two last volumes of 'Modern Painters' contain, I think, some of the finest writing of the age. He is strongly akin to the sublimest part of Wordsworth—whom, by-the-by, we are reading with fresh admiration for his beauties and tolerance for his faults. Our present plans are: to remain here till about the end of March, then to go to Munich, which I long to see. We shall live there several months, seeing the wonderful galleries in leisure moments. Our living here is so much more expensive than living abroad, that we save more than the expenses of our journeying; and as our work can be as well done there as here for some months, we lay in much more capital, in the shape of knowledge and experience, by going abroad.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 17th Jan.

Jan. 18.—I have begun the 'Eumenides,' having finished the 'Choephoræ.' We are reading Wordsworth in the evening—at least G. is reading him to me. I am still reading aloud Miss Martineau's History.

Journal.

I am sure you will be interested in Dickens's letter, which I enclose, begging you to return it as soon as you can, and not to allow any one besides yourself and Major Blackwood to share in the knowledge of its contents. There can be no harm, of course, in every one's knowing that Dickens admires the 'Scenes,' but I should not like any more specific allusion made to the words of a private letter. There can hardly be any climax of approbation for me after this; and I am so deeply moved by the finely-felt and finely-expressed sympathy of the letter, that the iron mask of my *incognito* seems quite painful in forbidding me to tell Dickens how thoroughly his generous impulse has been appreciated. If you should have an opportunity of conveying this feeling of mine to him in any way, you would oblige me by doing

John Blackwood, 21st Jan.

Letter to John Blackwood, 21st Jan.

so. By-the-by, you probably remember sending me, some months ago, a letter from the Rev. Archer Gurney—a very warm, simple-spoken letter—praising me for qualities which I most of all care to be praised for. I should like to send him a copy of the 'Scenes,' since I could make no acknowledgment of his letter in any other way. I don't know his address, but perhaps Mr Langford would be good enough to look it out in the Clergy List.

Journal.

Jan. 23.—There appeared a well-written and enthusiastic article on 'Clerical Scenes' in the 'Statesman.' We hear there was a poor article in the 'Globe'—of feebly written praise—the previous week, but beyond this, we have not yet heard of any notices from the press.

Jan. 26.—Came a very pleasant letter from Mrs Carlyle, thanking the author of 'Clerical Scenes' for the present of his book, praising it very highly, and saying that her husband had promised to read it when released from his mountain of history.

"5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
21*st Jan.* 1858.

Letter from Mrs Carlyle to George Eliot, 21st Jan.

"DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for a surprise, a pleasure, and a—consolation (!) all in one book! And I do thank you most sincerely. I cannot divine what inspired the good thought to send *me* your book, since (if the name on the title-page be your real name) it could not have been personal regard; there has never been a George Eliot among my friends or acquaintance. But neither, I am sure, could *you* divine the circumstances under which I should read the book, and the particular benefit it should confer on me! I read it—at least the first volume—during one of the most (physically) wretched nights of my life; sitting up in bed, unable to get a wink of sleep for fever and sore throat, and it helped me through that dreary night as well—better than—the most sympathetic helpful friend watching by my bedside could have done!

"You will believe that the book needed to be something more than a "new novel" for me; that I *could* at my years, and after so much reading, read it in positive torment, and be beguiled by it of the torment! that it needed to be the one sort of book, however named, that still takes hold of me, and that grows rarer every year—a *human* book—written out of the heart of a live man, not merely out of the brain of an author—full of tenderness and pathos, without a scrap of sentimentality, of

sense without dogmatism, of earnestness without twaddle —a book that makes one *feel friends* at once and for always with the man or woman who wrote it! Letter from Mrs Carlyle to George Eliot, 21st Jan.

"In guessing at why you gave me this good gift, I have thought amongst other things, 'Oh, perhaps it was a delicate way of presenting the novel to my husband, he being over head and ears in *history*.' If that was it, I compliment you on your *tact!* for my husband is much likelier to read the 'Scenes' on *my* responsibility than on a venture of his own—though, as a general rule, never opening a novel, he has engaged to read this one whenever he has some leisure from his present task.

"I hope to know some day if the person I am addressing bears any resemblance in external things to the idea I have conceived of him in my mind—a man of middle age, with a wife, from whom he has got those beautiful *feminine* touches in his book—a good many children, and a dog that he has as much fondness for as I have for my little Nero! For the rest—not just a clergyman, but brother or first cousin to a clergyman! How ridiculous all this *may* read beside the reality. Anyhow—I honestly confess I am very curious about you, and look forward with what Mr Carlyle would call 'a good, healthy, genuine desire' to shaking hands with you some day.—In the meanwhile, I remain, your obliged

"JANE W. CARLYLE."

Jan. 30.—Received a letter from Faraday, thanking me very gracefully for the present of the 'Scenes.' Blackwood mentions, in enclosing this letter, that Simpkin & Marshall have sent for twelve additional copies—the first sign of a move since the subscription. The other night we looked into the life of Charlotte Brontë, to see how long it was before 'Jane Eyre' came into demand at the libraries, and we found it was not until six weeks after publication. It is just three weeks now since I heard news of the subscription for my book. Journal.

"ROYAL INSTITUTION, 28*th Jan.* 1858.

"SIR,—I cannot resist the pleasure of thanking you for what I esteem a great kindness: the present of your thoughts embodied in the two volumes you have sent me. They have been, and will be again, a very pleasant relief from mental occupation among my own pursuits. Letter from M. Faraday to George Eliot, 28th Jan.

Such rest I find at times not merely agreeable, but essential.—Again thanking you, I beg to remain, your very obliged servant, M. FARADAY.

"GEORGE ELIOT, Esq., &c., &c."

Journal. *Feb.* 3.—Gave up Miss Martineau's History last night, after reading some hundred pages in the second volume. She has a sentimental, rhetorical style in this history which is fatiguing and not instructive. But her history of the Reform movement is very interesting.

Feb. 4.—Yesterday brought the discouraging news, that though the book is much talked of, it moves very slowly. Finished the 'Eumenides.' Bessie Parkes has written asking me to contribute to the 'Englishwoman's Journal,' a new monthly, which, she says, "We are beginning with £1000, and great social interest."

Feb. 16.—To-day G. went into the City and saw Langford, for the sake of getting the latest news about our two books —his 'Sea-side Studies' having been well launched about a fortnight or ten days ago, with a subscription of 800. He brought home good news. The 'Clerical Scenes' are moving off at a moderate but steady pace. Langford remarked, that while the press had been uniformly favourable, not one *critical* notice had appeared. G. went to Parker's in the evening, and gathered a little gossip on the subject. Savage, author of the 'Falcon Family,' and now editor of the 'Examiner,' said he was reading the 'Scenes'—had read some of them already in 'Blackwood,' but was now reading the volume. "G. Eliot was a writer of great merit." A barrister named Smythe said he had seen "the Bishop" reading them the other day. As a set-off against this, Mrs Schlesinger "couldn't bear the book." She is a regular novel reader; but hers is the first unfavourable opinion we have had.

Feb. 26.—We went into town for the sake of seeing Mr and Mrs Call, and having our photographs taken by Mayall.

Feb. 28.—Mr John Blackwood called on us, having come to London for a few days only. He talked a good deal about the 'Clerical Scenes' and George Eliot, and at last asked, "Well, am I to see George Eliot this time?" G. said, "Do you wish to see him?" "As he likes—I wish it to be quite spontaneous." I left the room, and G. following me a moment, I told him he might reveal me. Blackwood was kind, came back when he found he was too late for the train, and said he would come to Richmond again. He came on the following Friday and chatted very pleasantly—told us

that Thackeray spoke highly of the 'Scenes,' and said *they were not written by a woman.* Mrs Blackwood is *sure* they are not written by a woman. Mrs Oliphant, the novelist, too, is confident on the same side. I gave Blackwood the MS. of my new novel, to the end of the second scene in the wood. He opened it, read the first page, and smiling, said, "This will do." We walked with him to Kew, and had a good deal of talk. Found, among other things, that he had lived two years in Italy when he was a youth, and that he admires Miss Austen. Journal.

Since I wrote these last notes, several encouraging fragments of news about the 'Scenes' have come to my ears—especially that Mrs Owen Jones and her husband—two very different people—are equally enthusiastic about the book. But both have detected the woman.

Perhaps we may go to Dresden, perhaps not: we leave room for the *imprévu*, which Louis Blanc found so sadly wanting in Mr Morgan's millennial village. You are among the exceptional people who say pleasant things to their friends, and don't feel a too exclusive satisfaction in their misfortunes. We like to hear of your interest in Mr Lewes's books—at least, *I* am very voracious of such details. I keep the pretty letters that are written to him; and we have had some really important ones from the scientific big-wigs about the 'Sea-side Studies.' The reception of the book in that quarter has been quite beyond our expectations. Eight hundred copies were sold at once. There is a great deal of close hard work in the book, and every one who knows what scientific work is necessarily perceives this. Happily many have been generous enough to express their recognition in a hearty way. Miss Sara Hennell, 2d March.

I enter so deeply into everything you say about your mother. To me that old, old popular truism, "We can never have but one mother," has worlds of meaning in it, and I think with more sympathy of the satisfaction you feel in at last being allowed to wait on her than I should of anything else you could tell me. I wish we saw more of that sweet human piety that feels tenderly and reverently towards the aged. [*Apropos* of some incapable woman's writing she adds—] There is something more piteous almost than soapless poverty in this application of feminine incapacity to literature. We spent a very pleasant couple of hours with Mr and Mrs Call last Friday. It was worth a journey on a cold dusty day to see two faces beaming kindness and happiness.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 26th March.

I enclose a letter which will interest you. It is affecting to see how difficult a matter it often is for the men who would most profit by a book to purchase it, or even get a reading of it, while stupid Jopling of Reading or elsewhere thinks nothing of giving a guinea for a work which he will simply put on his shelves.

Chas. Bray, March.

When do you bring out your new poem? I presume you are already in the sixth canto. It is true you never told me you intended to write a poem, nor have I heard any one say so who was likely to know. Nevertheless I have quite as active an imagination as you, and I don't see why I shouldn't suppose you are writing a poem as well as you suppose that I am writing a novel. Seriously, I wish you would not set rumours afloat about me. They are injurious. Several people, who seem to derive their notions from Ivy Cottage,[1] have spoken to me of a supposed novel I was going to bring out. Such things are damaging to me.

Chas Bray, 31st March.

Thanks for your disclaimer. It shows me that you take a right view of the subject. There is no undertaking more fruitful of absurd mistakes than that of "guessing" at authorship; and as I have never communicated to any one so much as an *intention* of a literary kind, there can be none but imaginary data for such guesses. If I withhold anything from my friends which it would gratify them to know, you will believe, I hope, that I have good reasons for doing so, and I am sure those friends will understand me when I ask them to further my object—which is not a whim but a question of solid interest—by complete silence. I can't afford to indulge either in vanity or sentimentality about my work. I have only a trembling anxiety to do what is in itself worth doing, and by that honest means to win very necessary profit of a temporal kind. "There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed" in due time. But till that time comes—till I tell you myself, "This is the work of my hand and brain"—don't believe anything on the subject. There is no one who is in the least likely to know what I can, could, should, or would write.

Journal.

April 1, 1858.—Received a letter from Blackwood containing warm praise of 'Adam Bede,' but wanting to know the rest of the story in outline before deciding whether it should go in the Magazine. I wrote in reply refusing to tell him the story.

April 7.—Started for Munich.

[1] The Brays' new house.

We have been just to take a sip at the two Pinacotheks and at the Glyptothek. At present the Rubens Saal is what I most long to return to. Rubens gives me more pleasure than any other painter, whether that is right or wrong. To be sure, I have not seen so many pictures, and pictures of so high a rank, by any other great master. I feel sure that when I have seen as much of Raphael I shall like him better; but at present Rubens, more than any one else, makes me feel that painting is a great art, and that he was a great artist. His are such real, breathing men and women, moved by passions, not mincing and grimacing, and posing in mere aping of passion! What a grand, glowing, forceful thing life looks in his pictures—the men such grand-bearded, grappling beings, fit to do the work of the world; the women such real mothers. We stayed at Nürnberg only twenty-four hours, and I felt sad to leave it so soon. A pity the place became Protestant, so that there is only one Catholic church, where one can go in and out as one would. We turned into the famous St Sebald's for a minute, where a Protestant clergyman was reading in a cold, formal way under the grand Gothic arches. Then we went to the Catholic church, the Frauen-Kirche, where the organ and voices were giving forth a glorious mass; and we stood with a feeling of brotherhood among the standing congregation till the last note of the organ had died out. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 17th April, from Munich

April 24.—As we were reading this afternoon, Herr Oldenbourg came in, invited us to go to his house on Tuesday, and chatted pleasantly for an hour. He talked of Kaulbach, whom he has known very intimately, being the publisher of the 'Reineke Fuchs.' The picture of the "Hunnen Schlacht" was the first of Kaulbach's on a great scale. It created a sensation, and the critics began to call it a "Weltgeschichtliches Bild." Since then Kaulbach has been seduced into the complex, wearisome, symbolical style, which makes the frescoes at Berlin enormous puzzles. Journal.

When we had just returned from our drive in the Englische Garten, Bodenstedt pleasantly surprised us by presenting himself. He is a charming man, and promises to be a delightful acquaintance for us in this strange town. He chatted pleasantly with us for half an hour, telling us that he is writing a work, in five volumes, on the 'Contemporaries of Shakspeare,' and indicating the nature of his treatment of the Shakspearian drama—which is historical and analytical. Presently he proposed that we should adjourn to his house and have tea with him; and so we turned out all together

Journal. in the bright moonlight, and enjoyed his pleasant chat until ten o'clock. His wife was not at home, but we were admitted to see the three sleeping children—one a baby about a year and a half old—a lovely waxen thing. He gave the same account of Kaulbach as we had heard from Oldenbourg: spoke of Genelli as superior in genius, though he has not the fortune to be recognised: recited some of Hermann Lingg's poetry, and spoke enthusiastically of its merits. There was not a word of detraction about any one —nothing to jar on one's impression of him as a refined noble-hearted man.

April 27.—This has been a red-letter day. In the morning Professor Wagner took us over his "Petrifacten Sammlung," giving us interesting explanations; and before we left him we were joined by Professor Martius, an animated clever man, who talked admirably, and invited us to his house. Then we went to Kaulbach's studio, talked with him, and saw with especial interest the picture he is preparing as a present to the New Museum. In the evening, after walking in the Theresien Wiese, we went to Herr Oldenbourg's, and met Liebig the chemist, Geibel and Heyse the poets, and Carrière, the author of a work on the Reformation. Liebig is charming, with well-cut features, a low quiet voice, and gentle manners. It was touching to see his hands, the nails black from the roots, the skin all grimed.

Heyse is like a painter's poet, ideally beautiful; rather brilliant in his talk, and altogether pleasing. Geibel is a man of rather coarse texture, with a voice like a kettledrum, and a steady determination to deliver his opinions on every subject that turned up. But there was a good deal of ability in his remarks.

April 30.—After calling on Frau Oldenbourg, and then at Professor Bodenstedt's, where we played with his charming children for ten minutes, we went to the theatre to hear Prince Radziwill's music to the "Faust." I admired especially the earlier part, the Easter-morning song of the spirits, the Beggar's song, and other things, until after the scene in Auerbach's cellar, which is set with much humour and fancy. But the scene between Faust and Marguerite is bad—"Meine Ruh ist hin" quite pitiable, and the "König im Thule" not good. Gretchen's second song, in which she implores help of the Schmerzensreiche, touched me a good deal.

On Friday, Bodenstedt called with Baron Schack to take us to Genelli's, the artist of whose powers Bodenstedt had

spoken to us with enthusiastic admiration. The result to us was nothing but disappointment: the sketches he showed us seemed to us quite destitute of any striking merit. On Sunday we dined with Liebig, and spent the evening at Bodenstedt's, where we met Professor Bluntschli, the jurist, a very intelligent and agreeable man, and Melchior Meyr, a maker of novels and tragedies, otherwise an ineffectual personage. Journal.

Our life here is very agreeable—full of pleasant novelty, although we take things quietly and observe our working hours just as if we were at Richmond. People are so kind to us that we feel already quite at home, sip *baierisch Bier* with great tolerance, and talk bad German with more and more *aplomb*. The place, you know, swarms with professors of all sorts—all *gründlich*, of course, and one or two of them great. There is no one we are more charmed with than Liebig. Mr Lewes had no letter to him—we merely met him at an evening party; yet he has been particularly kind to us, and seems to have taken a benevolent liking to me. We dined with him and his family yesterday, and saw how men of European celebrity may put up with greasy cooking in private life. He lives in very good German style, however; has a handsome suite of apartments, and makes a greater figure than most of the professors. His manners are charming—easy, graceful, benignant, and all the more conspicuous because he is so quiet and low-spoken among the loud talkers here. He looks best in his laboratory, with his velvet cap on, holding little phials in his hand, and talking of Kreatine and Kreatinine in the same easy way that well-bred ladies talk scandal. He is one of the professors who has been called here by the present king—Max—who seems to be a really sensible man among kings: gets up at five o'clock in the morning to study, and every Saturday evening has a gathering of the first men in science and literature, that he may benefit by their opinions on important subjects. At this *Tafel-runde* every man is required to say honestly what he thinks; every one may contradict every one else; and if the king suspects any one of a polite insincerity, the too polished man is invited no more. Liebig, the three poets—Geibel, Heyse, and Bodenstedt—and Professor Löher, a writer of considerable mark, are always at the *Tafel-runde* as an understood part of their functions; the rest are invited according to the king's direction. Bodenstedt is one of our best friends here—enormously instructed, after the fashion of Germans, but not at all stupid with it. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 10th May.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 10th May.

We were at the Siebolds' last night to meet a party of celebrities, and, what was better, to see the prettiest little picture of married life—the great comparative anatomist (Siebold) seated at the piano in his spectacles playing the difficult accompaniments to Schubert's songs, while his little round-faced wife sang them with much taste and feeling. They are not young. Siebold is grey, and probably more than fifty—his wife perhaps nearly forty; and it is all the prettier to see their admiration of each other. She said to Mr Lewes, when he was speaking of her husband, "Ja, er ist ein netter Mann, nicht wahr?"[1]

We take the art in very small draughts at present—the German hours being difficult to adjust to our occupations. We are obliged to dine at *one!* and of course when we are well enough must work till then. Two hours afterwards all the great public exhibitions are closed, except the churches. I *cannot* admire much of the modern German art. It is for the most part elaborate lifelessness. Kaulbach's great compositions are huge charades; and I have seen nothing of his equal to his own "Reineke Fuchs." It is an unspeakable relief, after staring at one of his pictures—the "Destruction of Jerusalem," for example, which is a regular child's puzzle of symbolism—to sweep it all out of one's mind,—which is very easily done, for nothing grasps you in it,—and call up in your imagination a little Gerard Dow that you have seen hanging in a corner of one of the cabinets. We have been to his *atelier*, and he has given us a proof of his "Irrenhaus,"[2] a strange sketch, which he made years ago—very terrible and powerful. He is certainly a man of great faculty, but is, I imagine, carried out of his true path by the ambition to produce "Weltgeschichtliche Bilder," which the German critics may go into raptures about. His "Battle of the Huns," which is the most impressive of all his great pictures, was the first of the series. He painted it simply under the inspiration of the grand myth about the spirits of the dead warriors rising and carrying on the battle in the air. Straightway the German critics began to smoke furiously that vile tobacco which they call *ästhetik*, declared it a "Weltgeschichtliches Bild," and ever since Kaulbach has been concocting these pictures in which, instead of taking a single moment of reality and trusting to the infinite symbolism that belongs to all nature, he attempts to give you at one view a succession of events — each represented by

[1] "He is really a charming man, is he not?"
[2] Picture of interior of a Lunatic Asylum.

some group which may mean "Whichever you please, my little dear." Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 10th May.

I must tell you something else which interested me greatly, as the first example of the kind that has come under my observation. Among the awful mysterious names, hitherto known only as marginal references whom we have learned to clothe with ordinary flesh and blood, is Professor Martius (Spix and Martius), now an old man, and rich after the manner of being rich in Germany. He has a very sweet wife—one of those women who remain pretty and graceful in old age—and a family of three daughters and one son, all more than grown up. I learned that she is Catholic, that her daughters are Catholic, and her husband and son Protestant—the children having been so brought up according to the German law in cases of mixed marriage. I can't tell you how interesting it was to me to hear her tell of her experience in bringing up her son conscientiously as a Protestant, and then to hear her and her daughters speak of the exemplary priests who had shown them such tender fatherly care when they were in trouble. They are the most harmonious, affectionate family we have seen; and one delights in such a triumph of human goodness over the formal logic of theorists.

May 13.—Geibel came and brought me the two volumes of his poems, and stayed chatting for an hour. We spent the evening quietly at home. Journal.

May 14.—After writing, we went for an hour to the Pinacothek, and looked at some of the Flemish pictures. In the afternoon we called at Liebig's, and he went a long walk with us—the long chain of snowy mountains in the hazy distance. After supper I read Geibel's 'Junius Lieder.'

May 15.—Read the 18th chapter of 'Adam Bede' to G. He was much pleased with it. Then we walked in the Englische Garten, and heard the band, and saw the Germans drinking their beer. The park was lovely.

May 23.—Through the cold wind and white dust we went to the Jesuits' church to hear the music. It is a fine church in the Renaissance style, the vista terminating with the great altar, very fine, with all the crowd of human beings covering the floor. Numbers of men!

In the evening we went to Bodenstedt's, and saw his wife for the first time—a delicate creature, who sang us some charming Bavarian *Volkslieder*. On Monday we spent the evening at Löhers'—Baumgarten, *ein junger Historiker*, Oldenbourg, and the Bodenstedts meeting us.

Journal. *May* 26.—This evening I have read aloud 'Adam Bede,' chap. xx. We have begun Ludwig's 'Zwischen Himmel und Erde.'

May 27.—We called on the Siebolds to-day, then walked in the Theresien Wiese, and saw the mountains gloriously. Spent the evening at Prof. Martius's, where Frau Erdl played Beethoven's Andante and the Moonlight Sonata admirably.

May 28.—We heard from Blackwood this morning. Good news in general, but the sale of our books not progressing at present.

Letter to John Blackwood, 28th May. It is invariably the case that when people discover certain points of coincidence in a fiction with facts that happen to have come to their knowledge, they believe themselves able to furnish a key to the whole. That is amusing enough to the author, who knows from what widely sundered portions of experience—from what a combination of subtle, shadowy suggestions, with certain actual objects and events, his story has been formed. It would be a very difficult thing for me to furnish a key to my stories myself. But where there is no exact memory of the past, any story with a few remembered points of character or of incident may pass for a history.

We pay for our sight of the snowy mountains here by the most capricious of climates. English weather is steadfast compared with Munich weather. You go to dinner here in summer and come away from it in winter. You are languid among trees and feathery grass at one end of the town, and are shivering in a hurricane of dust at the other. This inconvenience of climate, with the impossibility of dining (well) at any other hour than one o'clock, is not friendly to the stomach—that great seat of the imagination. And I shall never advise an author to come to Munich except *ad interim*. The great Saal, full of Rubens's pictures, is worth studying; and two or three precious bits of sculpture, and the sky on a fine day, always puts one in a good temper—it is so deliciously clear and blue, making even the ugliest buildings look beautiful by the light it casts on them.

Journal. *May* 30.—We heard "William Tell"—a great enjoyment to me.

June 13.—This morning I am entering on my history of the birthday, with some fear and trembling. In the evening we walked, between eight and half-past nine, in the Wiese, looking toward Nymphenburg. The light delicious—the west glowing; the faint crescent moon and Venus

pale above it; the larks filling the air with their songs, which seemed only a little way above the ground.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 14th June.

Words are very clumsy things. I like less and less to handle my friends' sacred feelings with them. For even those who call themselves intimate know very little about each other—hardly ever know just *how* a sorrow is felt, and hurt each other by their very attempts at sympathy or consolation. We can bear no hand on our bruises. And so I feel I have no right to say that I know *how* the loss of your mother—"the only person who ever leaned on you"—affects you. I only know that it must make a deeply felt crisis in your life, and I know that the better from having felt a great deal about my own mother and father, and from having the keenest remembrance of all that experience. But for this very reason I know that I can't measure what the event is to you; and if I were near you I should only kiss you and say nothing. People talk of the feelings dying out as one gets older; but at present my experience is just the contrary. All the serious relations of life become so much more real to me—pleasure seems so slight a thing, and sorrow and duty and endurance so great. I find the least bit of real human life touch me in a way it never did when I was younger.

Journal.

July 7.—This morning we left Munich, setting out in the rain to Rosenheim by railway. The previous day we dined and sat a few hours with the dear charming Siebolds, and parted from them with regret—glad to leave Munich, but not to leave the friends who had been so kind to us. For a week before, I had been ill—almost a luxury, because of the love that tended me. But the general languor and sense of depression, produced by Munich air and way of life, was no luxury, and I was glad to say a last good-bye to the quaint pepper-boxes of the Frauen-Kirche.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 28th July, from Dresden.

Since I wrote to you last I have lived through a great deal of exquisite pleasure. First an attack of illness during our last week at Munich, which I reckon among my pleasures because I was nursed so tenderly. Then a fortnight's unspeakable journey to Salzburg, Ischl, Linz, Vienna, Prague, and finally Dresden, which is our last resting-place before returning to Richmond, where we hope to be at the beginning of September. Dresden is a proper climax; for all other art seems only a preparation for feeling the superiority of the Madonna di San Sisto the more. We go three days a-week to the gallery, and every day—after looking at other pictures—we go to take a parting draught of delight

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 28th July, from Dresden.

at Titian's Zinsgroschen and the *Einzige* Madonna. In other respects I am particularly enjoying our residence here —we are so quiet, having determined to know no one and give ourselves up to work. We both feel a happy change in our health from leaving Munich, though I am reconciled to our long stay there by the fact that Mr Lewes gained so much from his intercourse with the men of science there, especially Bischoff, Siebold, and Harless. I remembered your passion for autographs, and asked Liebig for his on your account. I was not sure that you would care enough about the handwriting of other luminaries; for there is such a thing as being European and yet obscure—a fixed star visible only from observatories.

You will be interested to hear that I saw Strauss at Munich. He came for a week's visit before we left. I had a quarter of an hour's chat with him alone, and was very agreeably impressed by him. He looked much more serene, and his face had a far sweeter expression, than when I saw him in that dumb way at Cologne. He speaks with very choice words, like a man strictly truthful in the use of language. Will you undertake to tell Mrs Call from me that he begged me to give his kindest remembrances to her and to her father,[1] of whom he spoke with much interest and regard as his earliest English friend? I dare not begin to write about other things or people that I have seen in these crowded weeks. They must wait till I have you by my side again, which I hope will happen some day.

Journal, July.

At Dresden we secured our lodgings—a whole apartment of six rooms, all to ourselves, for 18s. per week!—where we enjoyed six weeks' quiet work, undisturbed by visits and visitors. We were as happy as princes—are not—George writing at the far corner of the great *salon*, I at my *Schrank* in my own private room, with closed doors. Here I wrote the latter half of the second volume of 'Adam Bede' in the long mornings that our early hours—rising at six o'clock—secured us. Three mornings in the week we went to the Picture Gallery from twelve till one. The first day we went was a Sunday, when there is always a crowd in the Sistine Madonna Cabinet. I sat down on the sofa opposite the picture for an instant; but a sort of awe, as if I were suddenly in the living presence of some glorious being, made my heart swell too much for me to remain comfortably, and we hurried out of the room. On subsequent mornings we always came, in the last minutes of our stay,

[1] Dr Brabant.

to look at this sublimest picture; and while the others, except the "Christo della Moneta" and Holbein's Madonna, lost much of their first interest, this became harder and harder to leave. Holbein's Madonna is very exquisite—a divinely gentle, golden-haired blonde, with eyes cast down, in an attitude of unconscious, easy grace—the loveliest of all the Madonnas in the Dresden Gallery, except the Sistine. By the side of it is a wonderful portrait by Holbein, which I specially enjoyed looking at. It represents nothing more lofty than a plain, weighty man of business, a goldsmith; but the eminently fine painting brings out all the weighty, calm, good sense that lies in a first-rate character of that order. Journal, July.

It was a charming life, our six weeks at Dresden. There were the open-air concerts at the Grosser Garten and the Brühl'sche Terrace; the Sommer Theater, where we saw our favourite comic actor Merbitz; the walks into the open country, and the grand stretch of sky all round; the Zouaves, with their wondrous make-ups as women; Räder, the humorous comedian at the Link'sche Bad Theater; our quiet afternoons in our pleasant *salon*—all helping to make an agreeable fringe to the quiet working time.

From Dresden, one showery day at the end of August, we set off to Leipzig, the first stage on our way home. Here we spent two nights; had a glimpse of the old town with its fine market; dined at Brockhaus's; saw the picture-gallery, carrying away a lasting delight in Calame's great landscapes and De Dreux's dogs, which are far better worth seeing than De la Roche's "Napoleon at Fontainebleau"—considered the glory of the gallery; went with Victor Carus to his museum and saw an Amphioxus; and finally spent the evening at an open-air concert in Carus's company. Early in the morning we set off by railway, and travelled night and day till we reached home on the 2d September.

Will you not write to the author of 'Thorndale' and express your sympathy? He is a very diffident man, who would be susceptible to that sort of fellowship; and one should give a gleam of happiness where it is possible. I shall write you nothing worth reading for the next three months, so here is an opportunity for you to satisfy a large appetite for generous deeds. You can write to me a great many times without getting anything worth having in return. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 5th Sept., from Richmond.

Thanks for the verses on Buckle. I'm afraid I feel a malicious delight in them, for he is a writer who inspires

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 5th Sept.

me with personal dislike: not to put too fine a point on it, he impresses me as an irreligious, conceited man.

Long ago I had offered to write about Newman, but gave it up again.

The second volume of 'Adam Bede' had been sent to Blackwood on 7th September, the third had followed two months later, and there are the following entries in the Journal in November:—

Journal.

Nov. 1.—I have begun Carlyle's 'Life of Frederic the Great,' and have also been thinking much of my own life to come. This is a moment of suspense, for I am awaiting Blackwood's opinion and proposals concerning 'Adam Bede.'

Nov. 4.—Received a letter from Blackwood containing warm praise of my third volume, and offering £800 for the copyright of 'Adam Bede' for four years. I wrote to accept.

Nov. 10.—Wilkie Collins and Mr Pigott came to dine with us after a walk by the river. I was pleased with Wilkie Collins, — there is a sturdy uprightness about him that makes all opinion and all occupation respectable.

Nov. 16.—Wrote the last word of 'Adam Bede' and sent it to Mr Langford. *Jubilate.*

History of 'Adam Bede.'

The germ of 'Adam Bede' was an anecdote told me by my Methodist Aunt Samuel (the wife of my father's younger brother),—an anecdote from her own experience. We were sitting together one afternoon during her visit to me at Griff, probably in 1839 or 1840, when it occurred to her to tell me how she had visited a condemned criminal,—a very ignorant girl, who had murdered her child and refused to confess; how she had stayed with her praying through the night, and how the poor creature at last broke out into tears, and confessed her crime. My aunt afterwards went with her in the cart to the place of execution; and she described to me the great respect with which this ministry of hers was regarded by the official people about the gaol. The story, told by my aunt with great feeling, affected me deeply, and I never lost the impression of that afternoon and our talk together; but I believe I never mentioned it, through all the intervening years, till something prompted me to tell it to George in December 1856, when I had begun to write the 'Scenes of Clerical Life.' He remarked that the scene in the prison would make a fine element in a story; and I afterwards began to think of blending this and some other recollections of my aunt in one story, with some points in my father's early life and character. The

problem of construction that remained was to make the unhappy girl one of the chief *dramatis personæ*, and connect her with the hero. At first I thought of making the story one of the series of "Scenes," but afterwards, when several motives had induced me to close these with "Janet's Repentance," I determined on making what we always called in our conversation "My Aunt's Story" the subject of a long novel, which I accordingly began to write on the 22d October 1857. History of 'Adam Bede.'

The character of Dinah grew out of my recollections of my aunt, but Dinah is not at all like my aunt, who was a very small, black-eyed woman, and (as I was told, for I never heard her preach) very vehement in her style of preaching. She had left off preaching when I knew her, being probably sixty years old, and in delicate health; and she had become, as my father told me, much more gentle and subdued than she had been in the days of her active ministry and bodily strength, when she could not rest without exhorting and remonstrating in season and out of season. I was very fond of her, and enjoyed the few weeks of her stay with me greatly. She was loving and kind to me, and I could talk to her about my inward life, which was closely shut up from those usually round me. I saw her only twice again, for much shorter periods—once at her own home at Wirksworth in Derbyshire, and once at my father's last residence, Foleshill.

The character of Adam and one or two incidents connected with him were suggested by my father's early life; but Adam is not my father any more than Dinah is my aunt. Indeed, there is not a single portrait in 'Adam Bede'; only the suggestions of experience wrought up into new combinations. When I began to write it, the only elements I had determined on, besides the character of Dinah, were the character of Adam, his relation to Arthur Donnithorne, and their mutual relations to Hetty—*i.e.*, to the girl who commits child-murder,—the scene in the prison being, of course, the climax towards which I worked. Everything else grew out of the characters and their mutual relations. Dinah's ultimate relation to Adam was suggested by George, when I had read to him the first part of the first volume: he was so delighted with the presentation of Dinah, and so convinced that the readers' interest would centre in her, that he wanted her to be the principal figure at the last. I accepted the idea at once, and from the end of the third chapter worked with it constantly in view.

History of 'Adam Bede.'

The first volume was written at Richmond, and given to Blackwood in March. He expressed great admiration of its freshness and vividness, but seemed to hesitate about putting it in the Magazine, which was the form of publication he, as well as myself, had previously contemplated. He still *wished* to have it for the Magazine, but desired to know the course of the story. At *present* he saw nothing to prevent its reception in 'Maga,' but he would like to see more. I am uncertain whether his doubts rested solely on Hetty's relation to Arthur, or whether they were also directed towards the treatment of Methodism by the Church. I refused to tell my story beforehand, on the ground that I would not have it judged apart from my *treatment*, which alone determines the moral quality of art; and ultimately I proposed that the notion of publication in 'Maga' should be given up, and that the novel should be published in three volumes at Christmas, if possible. He assented.

I began the second volume in the second week of my stay at Munich, about the middle of April. While we were at Munich, George expressed his fear that Adam's part was too passive throughout the drama, and that it was important for him to be brought into more direct collision with Arthur. This doubt haunted me, and out of it grew the scene in the wood between Arthur and Adam; the fight came to me as a *necessity* one night at the Munich opera, when I was listening to "William Tell." Work was slow and interrupted at Munich, and when we left I had only written to the beginning of the dance on the Birthday Feast; but at Dresden I wrote uninterruptedly and with great enjoyment in the long, quiet mornings, and there I nearly finished the second volume—all, I think, but the last chapter, which I wrote here in the old room at Richmond in the first week of September, and then sent the MS. off to Blackwood. The opening of the third volume — Hetty's journey — was, I think, written more rapidly than the rest of the book, and was left without the slightest alteration of the first draught. Throughout the book I have altered little; and the only cases I think in which George suggested more than a verbal alteration, when I read the MS. aloud to him, were the first scene at the Farm, and the scene in the wood between Arthur and Adam, both of which he recommended me to "space out" a little, which I did.

When, on October 29, I had written to the end of the love-scene at the Farm, between Adam and Dinah, I sent the MS. to Blackwood, since the remainder of the third volume

could not affect the judgment passed on what had gone before. He wrote back in warm admiration, and offered me, on the part of the firm, £800 for four years' copyright. I accepted the offer. The last words of the third volume were written and despatched on their way to Edinburgh, November the 16th, and now on the last day of the same month I have written this slight history of my book. I love it very much, and am deeply thankful to have written it, whatever the public may say to it—a result which is still in darkness, for I have at present had only four sheets of the proof. The book would have been published at Christmas, or rather early in December, but that Bulwer's 'What will he do with it?' was to be published by Blackwood at that time, and it was thought that this novel might interfere with mine. History of 'Adam Bede.'

> The manuscript of 'Adam Bede' bears the following inscription:—"To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes, I give the MS. of a work which would never have been written but for the happiness which his love has conferred on my life."

I shall be much obliged if you will accept for me Tauchnitz's offer of £30 for the English reprint of 'Clerical Scenes.' And will you also be so good as to desire that Tauchnitz may register the book in Germany, as I understand that is the only security against its being translated without our knowledge; and I shudder at the idea of my books being turned into hideous German by an incompetent translator. Letter to John Blackwood, 25th Nov.

I return the proofs by to-day's post. The dialect must be toned down all through in correcting the proofs, for I found it impossible to keep it subdued enough in writing. I am aware that the spelling which represents a dialect perfectly well to those who know it by the ear, is likely to be unintelligible to others. I hope the sheets will come rapidly and regularly now, for I dislike lingering, hesitating processes.

Your praise of my ending was very warming and cheering to me in the foggy weather. I'm sure if I have written well, your pleasant letters have had something to do with it. Can anything be done in America for 'Adam Bede'? I suppose not—as my name is not known there.

Nov. 25.—We had a visit from Mr Bray, who told us much that interested us about Mr Richard Congreve, and also his own affairs. Journal.

I am very grateful to you for sending me a few authentic words from your own self. They are unspeakably precious to me. I mean that quite literally, for there is no putting Letter to Mrs Bray, 26th Nov.

Letter to Mrs Bray, 26th Nov.

into words any feeling that has been of long growth within us. It is easy to say how we love *new* friends, and what we think of them, but words can never trace out all the fibres that knit us to the old. I have been thinking of you incessantly in the waking hours, and feel a growing hunger to know more precise details about you. I am of a too sordid and anxious disposition, prone to dwell almost exclusively on fears instead of hopes, and to lay in a larger stock of resignation than of any other form of confidence. But I try to extract some comfort this morning from my consciousness of this disposition, by thinking that nothing is ever so bad as my imagination paints it. And then I know there are incommunicable feelings within us capable of creating our best happiness at the very time others can see nothing but our troubles. And so I go on arguing with myself, and trying to live inside *you* and looking at things in all the lights I can fancy you seeing them in, for the sake of getting cheerful about you in spite of Coventry.

Chas. Bray, Christmas Day.

The well-flavoured molluscs came this morning. It was very kind of you: and if you remember how fond I am of oysters, your good-nature will have the more pleasure in furnishing my *gourmandise* with the treat. I have a childish delight in any little act of genuine friendliness towards us—and yet not childish, for how little we thought of people's goodness towards us when we were children. It takes a good deal of experience to tell one the rarity of a thoroughly disinterested kindness.

John Blackwood, 28th Dec.

I see with you entirely about the preface: indeed I had myself anticipated the very effects you predict. The deprecatory tone is not one I can ever take willingly, but I am conscious of a shrinking sort of pride which is likely to warp my judgment in many personal questions, and on that ground I distrusted my own opinion.

Mr Lewes went to Vernon Hill yesterday for a few days' change of air, but before he went, he said, "Ask Mr Blackwood what he thinks of putting a mere advertisement at the beginning of the book to this effect: As the story of 'Adam Bede' will lose much of its effect if the development is foreseen, the author requests those critics who may honour him with a notice to abstain from telling the story." I write my note of interrogation accordingly "?"

Pray do not begin to read the second volume until it is all in print. There is necessarily a lull of interest in it to prepare for the crescendo. I am delighted that you like my Mrs Poyser. I'm very sorry to part with her and some of

my other characters—there seems to be so much more to be done with them. Mr Lewes says she gets better and better as the book goes on; and I was certainly conscious of writing her dialogue with heightening gusto. Even in our imaginary worlds there is the sorrow of parting. Letter to John Blackwood, 28th Dec.

I hope the Christmas weather is as bright in your beautiful Edinburgh as it is here, and that you are enjoying all other Christmas pleasures too without disturbance.

I have not yet made up my mind what my next story is to be, but I must not lie fallow any longer when the new year is come.

Dec. 25 (*Christmas Day*).—George and I spent this wet day very happily alone together. We are reading Scott's life in the evenings with much enjoyment. I am reading through Horace in this pause. Journal

Dec. 31.—The last day of the dear old year, which has been full of expected and unexpected happiness. 'Adam Bede' has been written, and the second volume is in type. The first number of George's 'Physiology of Common Life'—a work in which he has had much happy occupation—is published to-day; and both his position as a scientific writer and his inward satisfaction in that part of his studies have been much heightened during the past year. Our double life is more and more blessed—more and more complete.

I think this chapter cannot more fitly conclude than with the following extract from Mr G. H. Lewes's Journal, with which Mr Charles Lewes has been good enough to furnish me:—

"*Jan.* 28, 1859.—Walked along the Thames towards Kew to meet Herbert Spencer, who was to spend the day with us, and we chatted with him on matters personal and philosophical. I owe him a debt of gratitude. My acquaintance with him was the brightest ray in a very dreary, *wasted* period of my life. I had given up all ambition whatever, lived from hand to mouth, and thought the evil of each day sufficient. The stimulus of his intellect, especially during our long walks, roused my energy once more and revived my dormant love of science. His intense theorising tendency was contagious, and it was only the stimulus of a *theory* which could then have induced me to work. I owe Spencer another and a deeper debt. It was through him that I learned to know Marian—to know her was to love her,—and since then my life has been a new birth. To her I owe all my prosperity and all my happiness. God bless her!"

CHAPTER IX.

Journal, 1859.

Jan. 12.—We went into town to-day and looked in the 'Annual Register' for cases of *inundation*. Letter from Blackwood to-day, speaking of renewed delight in 'Adam Bede,' and proposing 1st Feb. as the day of publication. Read the article in yesterday's 'Times' on George's 'Seaside Studies'—highly gratifying. We are still reading Scott's life with great interest; and G. is reading to me Michelet's book 'De l'Amour.'

Jan. 15.—I corrected the last sheets of 'Adam Bede,' and we afterwards walked to Wimbledon to see our new house, which we have taken for seven years. I hired the servant—another bit of business done: and then we had a delightful walk across Wimbledon Common and through Richmond Park homeward. The air was clear and cold—the sky magnificent.

Jan. 31.—Received a cheque for £400 from Blackwood, being the first instalment of the payment for four years' copyright of 'Adam Bede.' To-morrow the book is to be subscribed, and Blackwood writes very pleasantly—confident of its "great success." Afterwards we went into town, paid money into the bank, and ordered part of our china and glass towards housekeeping.

Letter to John Blackwood, 31st Jan.

Enclosed is the formal acknowledgment, bearing my signature, and with it let me beg you to accept my thanks—*not* formal but heartfelt—for the generous way in which you have all along helped me with words and with deeds.

The impression 'Adam Bede' has made on you and Major Blackwood—of whom I have always been pleased to think as concurring with your views—is my best encouragement, and counterbalances, in some degree, the depressing influences to which I am peculiarly sensitive. I perceive that I have not the characteristics of the "popular author," and yet I am much in need of the warmly expressed sympathy which only popularity can win.

A good subscription would be cheering, but I can understand that it is not decisive of success or non-success. Thank you for promising to let me know about it as soon as possible.

Journal.

Feb. 6.—Yesterday we went to take possession of Holly Lodge, Wandsworth, which is to be our dwelling, we expect, for years to come. It was a deliciously fresh bright day—

I will accept the omen. A letter came from Blackwood telling me the result of the subscription to 'Adam Bede,' which was published on the 1st. : 730 copies, Mudie having taken 500 on the publisher's terms—*i.e.*, ten per cent on the sale price. At first he had stood out for a larger reduction, and would only take 50, but at last he came round. In this letter Blackwood told me the first *ab extra* opinion of the book, which happened to be precisely what I most desired. A cabinet-maker (brother to Blackwood's managing clerk) had read the sheets, and declared that the writer must have been brought up to the business, or at least had listened to the workmen in their workshop. Journal

Feb. 12.—Received a cheering letter from Blackwood, saying that he finds 'Adam Bede' making just the impression he had anticipated among his own friends and connections, and enclosing a parcel from Dr John Brown "To the author of 'Adam Bede.'" The parcel contained 'Rab and his Friends,' with an inscription.

Will you tell Dr John Brown, that when I read an account of 'Rab and his Friends' in a newspaper, I wished I had the story to read at full length; and I thought to myself the writer of 'Rab' would perhaps like 'Adam Bede.' Letter to John Blackwood, 13th Feb.

When you have told him this, he will understand the peculiar pleasure I had on opening the little parcel with 'Rab' inside, and a kind word from Rab's friend. I have read the story twice—once aloud, and once to myself, very slowly, that I might dwell on the pictures of Rab and Ailie, and carry them about with me more distinctly. I will not say any commonplace words of admiration about what has touched me so deeply: there is no adjective of that sort left undefiled by the newspapers. The writer of 'Rab' *knows* that I must love the grim old mastiff with the short tail and the long dewlaps—that I must have felt present at the scenes of Ailie's last trial.

Thanks for your cheering letter. I will be hopeful—if I can.

You have the art of writing just the sort of letters I care for—sincere letters, like your own talk. We are tolerably settled now, except that we have only a temporary servant; and I shall not be quite at ease until I have a trustworthy woman who will manage without incessant dogging. Our home is very comfortable, with far more of vulgar indulgencies in it than I ever expected to have again; but you must not imagine it a snug place, just peeping above the holly bushes. Imagine it rather as a tall cake, with a low Miss Sara Hennell, 19th Feb.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 19th Feb.

garnish of holly and laurel. As it is, we are very well off, with glorious breezy walks, and wide horizons, well ventilated rooms, and abundant water. If I allowed myself to have any longings beyond what is given, they would be for a nook quite in the country, far away from palaces—Crystal or otherwise—with an orchard behind me full of old trees, and rough grass and hedgerow paths among the endless fields where you meet nobody. We talk of such things sometimes, along with old age and dim faculties, and a small independence to save us from writing drivel for dishonest money. In the meantime the business of life shuts us up within the environs of London and within sight of human advancements, which I should be so very glad to believe in without seeing.

Pretty Arabella Goddard we heard play at Berlin—play the very things you heard as a *bonne bouche* at the last—none the less delightful from being so unlike the piano playing of Liszt and Clara Schumann, whom we had heard at Weimar,—both great, and one the greatest.

Thank you for sending me that authentic word about Miss Nightingale. I wonder if she would rather rest from her blessed labours, or live to go on working? Sometimes, when I read of the death of some great sensitive human being, I have a triumph in the sense that they are at rest; and yet, along with that, such deep sadness at the thought that the rare nature is gone for ever into darkness, and we can never know that our love and reverence can reach him, that I seem to have gone through a personal sorrow when I shut the book and go to bed. I felt in that way the other night when I finished the life of Scott aloud to Mr Lewes. He had never read the book before, and has been deeply stirred by the picture of Scott's character—his energy and steady work, his grand fortitude under calamity, and the spirit of strict honour to which he sacrificed his declining life. He loves Scott as well as I do.

We have met a pleasant-faced, bright-glancing man, whom we set down to be worthy of the name, Richard Congreve. I am curious to see if our *Ahnung* will be verified.

Mrs Bray, 24th Feb.

One word of gratitude to *you* first before I write any other letters. Heaven and earth bless you for trying to help me. I have been blasphemous enough sometimes to think that I had never been good and attractive enough to win any little share of the honest, disinterested friendship there is in the world: one or two examples of late had given that impression, and I am prone to rest in the least agreeable

conviction the premisses will allow. I need hardly tell you what I want, you know it so well: a servant who will cause me the least possible expenditure of time on household matters. I wish I were not an anxious, fidgety wretch, and could sit down content with dirt and disorder. But anything in the shape of an *anxiety* soon grows into a monstrous vulture with me, and makes itself more present to me than my rich sources of happiness—such as too few mortals are blessed with. You know me. Since I wrote this, I have just had a letter from my sister Chrissey—ill in bed, consumptive—regretting that she ever ceased to write to me. It has ploughed up my heart. Letter to Mrs Bray, 24th Feb.

Mrs Carlyle's ardent letter will interest and amuse you. I reckon it among my best triumphs that she found herself "in charity with the whole human race" when she laid the book down. I want the philosopher himself to read it, because the *pre*-philosophic period—the childhood and poetry of his life—lay among the furrowed fields and pious peasantry. If he *could* be urged to read a novel! I should like, if possible, to give him the same sort of pleasure he has given me in the early chapters of 'Sartor,' where he describes little Diogenes eating his porridge on the wall in sight of the sunset, and gaining deep wisdom from the contemplation of the pigs and other "higher animals" of *Entepfuhl*. John Blackwood, 24th Feb.

Your critic was *not* unjustly severe on the 'Mirage Philosophy'—and I confess the 'Life of Frederic' was a painful book to me in many respects; and yet I shrink, perhaps superstitiously, from any written or spoken word which is as strong as my inward criticism.

I needed your letter very much—for when one lives apart from the world, with no opportunity of observing the effect of books except through the newspapers, one is in danger of sinking into the foolish belief that the day is past for the recognition of genuine truthful writing, in spite of recent experience that the newspapers are no criterion at all. One such opinion as Mr Caird's outweighs a great deal of damnatory praise from ignorant journalists.

It is a wretched weakness of my nature to be so strongly affected by these things; and yet how is it possible to put one's best heart and soul into a book and be hardened to the result—be indifferent to the proof whether or not one has really a vocation to speak to one's fellow-men in that way? Of course one's vanity is at work; but the main anxiety is something entirely distinct from vanity.

Letters to John Blackwood, 24th Feb.

You see I mean you to understand that my feelings are very respectable, and such as it will be virtuous in you to gratify with the same zeal as you have always shown. The packet of newspaper notices is not come yet. I will take care to return it when it *has* come.

The best news from London hitherto is that Mr Dallas is an enthusiastic admirer of Adam. I ought to except Mr Langford's reported opinion, which is that of a person who has a voice of his own, and is not a mere echo.

Otherwise, Edinburgh has sent me much more encouraging breezes than any that have come from the sweet south. I wonder if all your other authors are as greedy and exacting as I am. If so, I hope they appreciate your attention as much. Will you oblige me by writing a line to Mrs Carlyle for me. I don't like to leave her second letter (she wrote a very kind one about the 'Clerical Scenes') without any sort of notice. Will you tell her that the sort of effect she declares herself to have felt from 'Adam Bede' is just what I desire to produce—gentle thoughts and happy remembrances; and I thank her heartily for telling me, so warmly and generously, what she has felt. That is not a pretty message: revise it for me, pray, for I am weary and ailing, and thinking of a sister who is slowly dying.

25th Feb.

The folio of notices duly came, and are returned by to-day's post. The friend at my elbow ran through them for me, and read aloud some specimens to me, some of them ludicrous enough. The 'Edinburgh Courant' has the ring of sincere enjoyment in its tone; and the writer there makes himself so amiable to me, that I am sorry he has fallen into the mistake of supposing that Mrs Poyser's original sayings are remembered proverbs! I have no stock of proverbs in my memory; and there is not one thing put into Mrs Poyser's mouth that is not fresh from my own mint. Please to correct that mistake if any one makes it in your hearing.

I have not ventured to look into the folio myself; but I learn that there are certain threatening marks, in ink, by the side of such stock sentences as "best novel of the season," or "best novel we have read for a long time," from such authorities as the 'Sun,' or 'Morning Star,' or other orb of the newspaper firmament—as if these sentences were to be selected for reprint in the form of advertisement. I shudder at the suggestion. Am I taking a liberty in entreating you to keep a sharp watch over the advertisements, that no hackneyed puffing phrase of this kind may be

tacked to my book? One sees them garnishing every other advertisement of trash: surely no being "above the rank of an idiot" can have his inclination coerced by them; and it would gall me, as much as any trifle could, to see my book recommended by an authority who doesn't know how to write decent English. I believe that your taste and judgment will concur with mine in the conviction that no quotations of this vulgar kind can do credit to a book; and that unless something looking like the real opinion of a tolerably educated writer, in a respectable journal, can be given, it would be better to abstain from "opinions of the press" altogether. I shall be grateful to you if you will save me from the results of any agency but your own—or at least of any agency that is not under your rigid criticism in this matter. Letter to John Blackwood, 25th Feb.

Pardon me if I am overstepping the author's limits in this expression of my feelings. I confide in your ready comprehension of the irritable class you have to deal with.

Feb. 26.—Laudatory reviews of 'Adam Bede' in the 'Athenæum,' 'Saturday,' and 'Literary Gazette.' The 'Saturday' criticism is characteristic: Dinah is not mentioned! Journal.

The other day I received the following letter, which I copy, because I have sent the original away:—

"To the Author of 'Adam Bede.'

"Chester Road, Sunderland.

"Dear Sir,—I got the other day a hasty read of your 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' and since that a glance at your 'Adam Bede,' and was delighted more than I can express; but being a poor man, and having enough to do to make 'ends meet,' I am unable to get a read of your inimitable books. Letter from E. Hall to Geo. Eliot.

"Forgive, dear sir, my boldness in asking you to give us a cheap edition. You would confer on us a great boon. I can get plenty of trash for a few pence, but I am sick of it. I felt so different when I shut your books, even though it was but a kind of 'hop, skip, and jump' read.

"I feel so strongly in this matter, that I am determined to risk being thought rude and officious, and write to you.

"Many of my working brethren feel as I do, and I

express their wish as well as my own. Again asking your forgiveness for intruding myself upon you—I remain, with profoundest respect, yours, &c.,

"E. HALL."

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 26th Feb.

I have written to Chrissey, and shall hear from her again. I think her writing was the result of long, quiet thought—the slow return of a naturally just and affectionate mind to the position from which it had been thrust by external influence. She says: "My object in writing to you is to tell you how very sorry I have been that I ceased to write, and neglected one who, under all circumstances, was kind to me and mine. *Pray believe* me when I say it will be the greatest comfort I can receive to know that you are *well* and *happy*. Will you write once more?" &c. I wrote immediately, and I desire to avoid any word of reference to anything with which she associates the idea of alienation. The past is abolished from my mind. I only want her to feel that I love her and care for her. The servant trouble seems less mountainous to me than it did the other day. I was suffering physically from unusual worrit and muscular exertion in arranging the house, and so was in a ridiculously desponding state. I have written no end of letters in answer to servants' advertisements, and we have put our own advertisement in the 'Times'—all which amount of force, if we were not philosophers and therefore believers in the conservation of force, we should declare to be lost. It is so pleasant to know these high doctrines—they help one so much. Mr and Mrs Richard Congreve have called on us. We shall return the call as soon as we can.

Journal.

March 8.—Letter from Blackwood this morning saying that "'Bedesman' has turned the corner and is coming in a winner." Mudie has sent for 200 additional copies (making 700), and Mr Langford says the West End libraries keep sending for more.

March 14.—My dear sister wrote to me about three weeks ago, saying she regretted that she had ever ceased writing to me, and that she has been in a consumption for the last eighteen months. To-day I have a letter from my niece Emily, telling me her mother had been taken worse, and cannot live many days.

March 16.—Blackwood writes to say I am "a popular author, as well as a great author." They printed 2090 of 'Adam Bede,' and have disposed of more than 1800, so that they are thinking about a second edition. A very feeling

letter from Froude this morning. I happened this morning to be reading the 30th Ode, B. III. of Horace—"Non omnis moriar."

Letter to John Blackwood, 17th March.

The news you have sent me is worth paying a great deal of pain for, past and future. It comes rather strangely to me, who live in such unconsciousness of what is going on in the world. I am like a deaf person, to whom some one has just shouted that the company round him have been paying him compliments for the last half hour. Let the best come, you will still be the person outside my own home who *first* gladdened me about 'Adam Bede'; and my success will always please me the better because you will share the pleasure.

Don't think I mean to worry you with many such requests—but will you copy for me the enclosed short note to Froude? I know you will, so I say "thank you."

J. A. Froude from George Eliot.

Dear Sir,—My excellent friend and publisher, Mr Blackwood, lends me his pen to thank you for your letter, and for his sake I shall be brief.

Your letter has done me real good—the same sort of good as one has sometimes felt from a silent pressure of the hand and a grave look in the midst of smiling congratulations.

I have nothing else I care to tell you that you will not have found out through my books, except this one thing: that, so far as I am aware, you are only the *second* person who has shared my own satisfaction in Janet. I think she is the least popular of my characters. You will judge from that, that it was worth your while to tell me what you felt about her.

I wish I could help you with words of equal value; but, after all, am I not helping you by saying that it was well and generously done of you to write to me?—Ever faithfully yours,

George Eliot.

Miss Sara Hennell, 21st March.

It was worth your while to write me those feeling words, for they are the sort of things that I keep in my memory and feel the influence of a long, long while. Chrissey's death has taken from me the possibility of many things towards which I looked with some hope and yearning in the future. I had a very special feeling towards her—stronger than any third person would think likely.

Journal.

March 24.—Mr Herbert Spencer brought us word that 'Adam Bede' had been quoted by Mr Charles Buxton in the House of Commons: "As the farmer's wife says in

Journal. 'Adam Bede,' 'It wants to be hatched over again and hatched different.'"

March 26.—George went into town to-day and brought me home a budget of good news that compensated for the pain I had felt in the coldness of an old friend. Mr Langford says that Mudie "thinks he must have another hundred or two of 'Adam'—has read the book himself, and is delighted with it." Charles Reade says it is "the finest thing since Shakspeare"—placed his finger on Lisbeth's account of her coming home with her husband from their marriage—praises enthusiastically the style—the way in which the author handles the Saxon language. Shirley Brooks also delighted. John Murray says there has never been such a book. Mr Langford says there must be a second edition, in 3 vols., and they will print 500: whether Mudie takes more or not, they will have sold all by the end of a month. Lucas delighted with the book, and will review it in the 'Times' the first opportunity.

Letters to John Blackwood, 30th March. I should like you to convey my gratitude to your reviewer. I see well he is a man whose experience and study enable him to relish parts of my book, which I should despair of seeing recognised by critics in London back drawing-rooms. He has gratified me keenly by laying his finger on passages which I wrote either with strong feeling or from intimate knowledge, but which I had prepared myself to find entirely passed over by reviewers. Surely I am not wrong in supposing him to be a clergyman? There was one exemplary lady Mr Langford spoke of, who, after reading 'Adam,' came the next day and bought a copy both of that and the 'Clerical Scenes.' I wish there may be three hundred matrons as good as she! It is a disappointment to me to find that 'Adam' has given no impulse to the 'Scenes,' for I had sordid desires for money from a second edition, and had dreamed of its coming speedily.

About my new story, which will be a novel as long as 'Adam Bede,' and a sort of companion picture of provincial life, we must talk when I have the pleasure of seeing you. It will be a work which will require time and labour.

Do write me good news as often as you can. I owe thanks to Major Blackwood for a very charming letter.

10th April. The other day I received a letter from an old friend in Warwickshire, containing some striking information about the author of 'Adam Bede.' I extract the passage for your amusement:—

"I want to ask you if you have read 'Adam Bede,' or the

'Scenes of Clerical Life,' and whether you know that the author is Mr Liggins? . . . A deputation of Dissenting parsons went over *to ask him to write for the 'Eclectic,'* and they found him washing his slop-basin at a pump. He has no servant, and does everything for himself; but one of the said parsons said that he inspired them with a reverence that would have made any impertinent question impossible. The son of a baker, of no mark at all in his town, so that it is possible you may not have heard of him. You know he calls himself 'George Eliot.' It sounds strange to hear the 'Westminster' doubting whether he is a woman, when *here he is so well known.* But I am glad it has mentioned him. *They say he gets no profit out of 'Adam Bede,' and gives it freely to Blackwood, which is a shame.* We have not read him yet, but the extracts are irresistible." Letter to John Blackwood, 10th April.

Conceive the real George Eliot's feelings, conscious of being a base worldling—not washing his own slop-basin, and *not* giving away his MS.! not even intending to do so, in spite of the reverence such a course might inspire. I hope you and Major Blackwood will enjoy the myth.

Mr Langford sent me a letter the other day from Miss Winkworth, a grave lady, who says she never reads novels—except a few of the most famous, but that she has read 'Adam' three times running. One likes to know such things: they show that the book tells on people's hearts, and may be a real instrument of culture. I sing my Magnificat in a quiet way, and have a great deal of deep, silent joy; but few authors, I suppose, who have had a real success, have known less of the flush and the sensations of triumph that are talked of as the accompaniments of success. I think I should soon begin to believe that *Liggins* wrote my books—it is so difficult to believe what the world does *not* believe, so easy to believe what the world keeps repeating.

The very day you wrote we were driving in an open carriage from Ryde to the Sandrock Hotel, taking in a month's delight in the space of five hours. Such skies—such songs of larks—such beds of primroses! *I* am quite well now—set up by iron and quinine, and polished off by the sea-breezes. I have lost my *young* dislike to the spring, and am as glad of it as the birds and plants are. Mr Lewes has read 'Adam Bede,' and is as dithyrambic about it as others appear to be, so *I* must refresh my soul with it now as well as with the spring-tide. Mr Liggins I remember as a vision of my childhood—a tall, black-coated, genteel young clergyman-in-embryo. Miss Sara Hennell, 11th April.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th April.

Mr Lewes is "making himself into four" in writing answers to advertisements and other exertions which he generously takes on himself to save me. A model husband!

We both like your literal title, 'Thoughts in aid of Faith,' very much, and hope to see a little book under that title before the year is out—a book as thorough and effective in its way as 'Christianity and Infidelity.'

*Re*writing is an excellent process, frequently both for the book and its author; and to prevent you from grudging the toil, I will tell you that so old a writer as Mr Lewes now *re*writes everything of *importance*, though in all the earlier years of his authorship he would never take that trouble.

We are so happy in the neighbourhood of Mr and Mrs Richard Congreve. She is a sweet, intelligent, gentle woman. I already love her: and his fine beaming face does me good, like a glimpse of an Olympian.

Journal.

April 17.—I have left off recording the history of 'Adam Bede,' and the pleasant letters and words that came to me —the success has been so triumphantly beyond anything I had dreamed of, that it would be tiresome to put down particulars. Four hundred of the second edition (of 750) sold in the first week, and twenty besides ordered when there was not a copy left in the London house. This morning Hachette has sent to ask my terms for the liberty of translation into French. There was a review in the 'Times' last week, which will naturally give a new stimulus to the sale; and yesterday I sent a letter to the 'Times' denying that Mr Liggins is the author, as the world and Mr Anders had settled it. But I must trust to the letters I have received and preserved for giving me the history of the book if I should live long enough to forget details.

Shall I ever write another book as true as 'Adam Bede'? The weight of the future presses on me, and makes itself felt even more than the deep satisfaction of the past and present.

Letter to John Blackwood, 20th April.

This myth about Liggins is getting serious, and must be put a stop to. We are bound not to allow sums of money to be raised on a false supposition of this kind. Don't you think it would be well for *you* to write a letter to the 'Times,' to the effect that, as you find in some stupid quarters my letter has not been received as a *bonâ-fide* denial, you declare Mr Liggins not to be the author of 'Clerical Scenes' and 'Adam Bede'; further, that any future applications to you concerning George Eliot will not be answered, since that writer is not in need of public benevolence. Such a letter might save us from future annoyance and trouble, for I am

rather doubtful about Mr Liggins's character. The last report I heard of him was that he spent his time in smoking and drinking. I don't know whether that is one of the data for the Warwickshire logicians who have decided him to be the author of my books. Letter to John Blackwood, 20th April.

April 29.—To-day Blackwood sent me a letter from Bulwer, which I copy because I have to send back the original, and I like to keep in mind the generous praise of one author for another. Journal.

"MALVERN, *April* 24, 1859. Letter from E. B. Lytton to John Blackwood.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I ought long since to have thanked you for 'Adam Bede.' But I never had a moment to look at it, till arriving here, and ordered by the doctors to abstain from all 'work.'

"I owe the author much gratitude for some very pleasing hours. The book indeed is worthy of great admiration. There are touches of beauty in the conception of human character that are exquisite, and much wit and much poetry embedded in the 'dialect,' which nevertheless the author over-uses.

"The style is remarkably good whenever it is English and not provincial—racy, original, and nervous.

"I congratulate you on having found an author of such promise, and published one of the very ablest works of fiction I have read for years.—Yours truly,

"E. B. L.

"I am better than I was, but thoroughly done up."

April 29.—Finished a story—"The Lifted Veil"—which I began one morning at Richmond as a resource when my head was too stupid for more important work. Journal.

Resumed my new novel, of which I am going to rewrite the two first chapters. I shall call it provisionally "The Tullivers," for the sake of a title *quelconque*, or perhaps "St Ogg's on the Floss."

Thank you for sending me Sir Edward Lytton's letter, which has given me real pleasure. The praise is doubly valuable to me for the sake of the generous feeling that prompted it. I think you judged rightly about writing to the 'Times.' I would abstain from the remotest appearance of a "dodge." I am anxious to know of any *positive* rumours that may get abroad; for while I would willingly, if it were possible—which it clearly is not—retain my *incognito* as long as I live, I can suffer no one to bear my arms on his shield. Letter to John Blackwood, 29th April.

Letter to John Blackwood, 29th April.

There is *one* alteration, or rather an addition—merely of a sentence—that I wish to make in the 12s. edition of 'Adam Bede.' It is a sentence in the chapter where Adam is making the coffin at night, and hears the willow wand. Some readers seem not to have understood what I meant—namely, that it was in Adam's peasant blood and nurture to believe in this, and that he narrated it with awed belief to his dying day. That is not a fancy of my own brain, but a matter of observation, and is, in my mind, an important feature in Adam's character. There is nothing else I wish to touch. I will send you the sentence some day soon, with the page where it is to be inserted.

Journal.

May 3. — I had a letter from Mrs Richard Congreve, telling me of her safe arrival, with her husband and sister,[1] at Dieppe. This new friend, whom I have gained by coming to Wandsworth, is the chief charm of the place to me. Her friendship has the same date as the success of 'Adam Bede'—two good things in my lot that ought to have made me less sad than I have been in this house.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 4th May.

Your letter came yesterday at tea-time, and made the evening happier than usual. We had thought of you not a little as we listened to the howling winds, especially as the terrible wrecks off the Irish coast had filled our imaginations disagreeably. *Now* I can make a charming picture of you all on the beach, except that I am obliged to fancy *your* face looking still too languid after all your exertion and sleeplessness. I remember the said face with peculiar vividness, which is very pleasant to me. "Rough" has been the daily companion of our walks, and wins on our affections, as other fellow mortals do, by a mixture of weaknesses and virtues—the weaknesses consisting chiefly in a tendency to become invisible every ten minutes and in a forgetfulness of reproof, which, I fear, is the usual accompaniment of meekness under it. All this is good discipline for us selfish solitaries, who have been used to stroll along, thinking of nothing but ourselves.

We walked through your garden to-day, and I gathered a bit of your sweetbrier, of which I am at this moment enjoying the scent as it stands on my desk. I am enjoying, too, another sort of sweetness, which I also owe to you—of that subtle, haunting kind which is most like the scent of my favourite plants—the belief that you do really care for me across the seas there, and will associate me continually with your home. Faith is not easy to me, nevertheless I believe everything you say and write.

[1] Miss Emily Bury, now Mrs Geddes.

Write to me as often as you can—that is, as often as you feel any prompting to do so. You were a dear presence to me, and will be a precious thought to me all through your absence. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 4th May.

May 4.—To-day came a letter from Barbara Bodichon, full of joy in my success, in the certainty that 'Adam Bede' was mine, though she had not read more than extracts in reviews. This is the first delight in the book as *mine*, over and above the fact that the book is good. Journal.

God bless you, dearest Barbara, for your love and sympathy. You are the first friend who has given any symptom of knowing me—the first heart that has recognised me in a book which has come from my heart of hearts. But keep the secret solemnly till I give you leave to tell it, and give way to no impulses of triumphant affection. You have sense enough to know how important the *incognito* has been, and we are anxious to keep it up a few months longer. Curiously enough my old Coventry friends, who have certainly read the 'Westminster' and the 'Times,' and have probably by this time read the book itself, have given no sign of recognition. But a certain Mr Liggins, whom rumour has fixed on as the author of my books, and whom *they* have believed in, has probably screened me from their vision. I am a very blessed woman, am I not, to have all this reason for being glad that I have lived? I have had no time of exultation—on the contrary, these last months have been sadder than usual to me; and I have thought more of the future and the much work that remains to be done in life than of anything that has been achieved. But I think your letter to-day gave me more joy—more heart-glow—than all the letters or reviews or other testimonies of success that have come to me since the evenings when I read aloud my manuscript to my dear, dear husband, and he laughed and cried alternately, and then rushed to me to kiss me. He is the prime blessing that has made all the rest possible to me, giving me a response to everything I have written—a response that I could confide in, as a proof that I had not mistaken my work. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 5th May.

You must not think me too soft-hearted, when I tell you that it would make me uneasy to leave Mr Anders without an assurance that his apology is accepted. "Who with repentance is not satisfied," &c.; that doctrine is bad for the sinning, but good for those sinned against. Will you oblige me by allowing a clerk to write something to this effect in the name of the firm?—"We are requested by George Eliot Major Blackwood, 6th May.

Letter to Major Blackwood, 6th May.

to state, in reply to your letter of the 16th, that he accepts your assurance that the publication of your letter to the reviewer of 'Adam Bede' in the 'Times' was unintentional on your part."

Yes, I *am* assured now that 'Adam Bede' was worth writing—worth living through long years to write. But now it seems impossible to me that I shall ever write anything so good and true again. I have arrived at faith in the past, but not at faith in the future.

A friend in Algiers[1] has found me out—"will go to the stake on the assertion that I wrote 'Adam Bede'"—simply on the evidence of a few extracts. So far as I know, this is the first case of detection on purely internal evidence. But the secret is safe in that quarter.

I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again during some visit that you will pay to town before very long. It would do me good to have you shake me by the hand as the ascertained George Eliot.

Journal.

May 9.—We had a delicious drive to Dulwich and back by Sydenham. We staid an hour in the gallery at Dulwich, and I satisfied myself that the St Sebastian is no exception to the usual "petty prettiness" of Guido's conceptions. The Cuyp glowing in the evening sun, the Spanish beggar boys of Murillo, and Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs Sheridan and her sister, are the gems of the gallery. But better than the pictures was the fresh greenth of the spring,—the chestnuts just on the verge of their flowering beauty, the bright leaves of the limes, the rich yellow-brown of the oaks, the meadows full of buttercups. We saw for the first time Clapham Common, Streatham Common, and Tooting Common,—the two last like parks rather than commons.

May 19.—A letter from Blackwood, in which he proposes to give me another £400 at the end of the year, making in all £1200, as an acknowledgment of 'Adam Bede's' success.

Miss Sara Hennell, 21st May.

Mrs Congreve is a sweet woman, and I feel that I have acquired a friend in her—after recently declaring that we would never have any *friends* again, only *acquaintances*.

We don't think of going to the festival, not for want of power to enjoy Handel,—there are few things that I care for more in the way of music than his choruses, performed by a grand orchestra,—but because we are neither of us fit to encounter the physical exertion and inconveniences. It is a cruel thing the difficulty and dearness of getting any music in England — concerted music, which is the only

[1] Madame Bodichon.

music I care for much now. At Dresden we could have thoroughly enjoyable instrumental music every evening for twopence; and I owed so many thoughts and inspirations of feeling to that stimulus. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 21st May.

Thank you: first, for acting with that fine integrity which makes part of my faith in you; secondly, for the material sign of that integrity. I don't know which of those two things I care for most—that people should act nobly towards me, or that I should get honest money. I certainly care a great deal for the money, as I suppose all anxious minds do that love independence and have been brought up to think debt and begging the two deepest dishonours short of crime. John Blackwood, 21st May.

I look forward with quite eager expectation to seeing you —we have so much to say. Pray give us the first day at your command. The excursion, as you may imagine, is not ardently longed for in this weather, but when "merry May" is quite gone, we may surely hope for some sunshine; and then I have a pet project of rambling along by the banks of a river, not without artistic as well as hygienic purposes.

Pray bring me all the Liggins Correspondence. I have an amusing letter or two to show you,—one from a gentleman who has sent me his works; happily the only instance of the kind. For as Charles Lamb complains, it is always the people whose books *don't* sell who are anxious to send them to one, with their "foolish autographs" inside.

May 27.—Blackwood came to dine with us on his arrival in London, and we had much talk. A day or two before he had sent me a letter from Professor Aytoun, saying that he had neglected his work to read the first volume of 'Adam Bede'; and he actually sent the other two volumes out of the house to save himself from temptation. Blackwood brought with him a correspondence he has had with various people about Liggins, beginning with Mr Bracebridge, who will have it that Liggins is the author of 'Adam Bede' in spite of all denials. Journal.

June 5.—Blackwood came, and we concocted two letters to send to the 'Times,' in order to put a stop to the Liggins affair.

The "Liggins business" *does* annoy me, because it subjects you and Mr John Blackwood to the reception of insulting letters, and the trouble of writing contradictions. Otherwise, the whole affair is really a subject for a Molière comedy—"The Wise Men of Warwickshire," who might supersede "The Wise Men of Gotham." Major Blackwood, 6th June.

Letter to Major Blackwood, 6th June.

The letter you sent me was a very pleasant one from Mrs Gaskell, saying that since she came up to town she has had the compliment paid her of being suspected to have written 'Adam Bede.' "I have hitherto denied it; but really, I think that, as you want to keep your real name a secret, it would be very pleasant for me to blush acquiescence. Will you give me leave?"

I hope the inaccuracy with which she writes my name is not characteristic of a genius for fiction, though I once heard a German account for the bad spelling in Goethe's early letters by saying that it was "genial"—their word for whatever is characteristic of genius.

Mrs Congreve, 8th June.

I was glad you wrote to me from Avignon of all the places you have visited, because Avignon is one of my most vivid remembrances from out the dimness of ten years ago. Lucerne would be a strange region to me but for Calame's pictures. Through them I have a vision of it, but of course when I see it 'twill be another Luzern. Mr Lewes obstinately nurses the project of carrying me thither with him, and depositing me within reach of you while he goes to Hofwyl. But at present I say "No." We have been waiting and waiting for the skies to let us take a few days' ramble by the river, but now I fear we must give it up till all the freshness of young summer is gone. July and August are the two months I care least about for leafy scenery.

However, we are kept at home this month partly by pleasures: the Handel Festival, for which we have indulged ourselves with tickets, and the sight of old friends—Mrs Bodichon among the rest, and for her we hope to use your kind loan of a bedroom. We are both of us in much better condition than when you said good-bye to us, and I have many other sources of gladness just now,—so I mean to make myself disagreeable no longer by caring about petty troubles. If one could but order cheerfulness from the druggist's! or even a few doses of coldness and distrust, to prevent one from foolish confidence in one's fellow-mortals!

I want to get rid of this house—cut cables and drift about. I dislike Wandsworth, and should think with unmitigated regret of our coming here if it were not for you. But you are worth paying a price for.

There! I have written about nothing but ourselves this time! *You* do the same, and then I think I will promise . . . not to write again, but to ask you to go on writing to me without an answer.

How cool and idle you are this morning! I am warm

and busy, but always at all temperatures — Yours affectionately.

June 20.—We went to the Crystal Palace to hear the "Messiah," and dined afterwards with the Brays and Sara Hennell. I told them I was the author of 'Adam Bede' and 'Clerical Scenes,' and they seemed overwhelmed with surprise. This experience has enlightened me a good deal as to the ignorance in which we all live of each other. Journal.

There is always an after sadness belonging to brief and interrupted intercourse between friends — the sadness of feeling that the blundering efforts we have made towards mutual understanding have only made a new veil between us —still more, the sadness of feeling that some pain may have been given which separation makes a permanent memory. We are quite unable to represent ourselves truly. Why should we complain that our friends see a false image? I say this, because I am feeling painfully this morning, that instead of helping you when you brought before me a matter so deeply interesting to you, I have only blundered, and that I have blundered, as most of us do, from too much egoism and too little sympathy. If my mind had been more open to receive impressions, instead of being in over haste to give them, I should more readily have seen what your object was in giving me that portion of your MS., and we might have gone through the necessary part of it on Tuesday. It seems no use to write this now, and yet I can't help wanting to assure you, that if I am too imperfect to do and feel the right thing at the right moment, I am not without the slower sympathy that becomes all the stronger from a sense of previous mistake. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 24th June.

I am told peremptorily that I am to go to Switzerland next month, but now I have read your letter, I can't help thinking more of your illness than of the pleasure in prospect—according to my foolish nature, which is always prone to live in past pain. Mrs Congreve, 27th June.

We shall not arrive at Lucerne till the 12th, at the earliest, I imagine, so I hope we are secured from the danger of alighting precisely on the days of your absence. That would be cruel, for I shall only be left at Lucerne for three days. You must positively have nothing more interesting to do than to talk to me and let me look at you. Tell your sister I shall be all ears and eyes and no tongue, so she will find me the most *aimable* of conversers.

I think it must be that the sunshine makes your absence more conspicuous, for this place certainly becomes drearier

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 27th June.

to me as the summer advances. The dusty roads are all longer, and the shade is further off. No more now about anything—except that Mr Lewes commands me to say he has just read the 'Roman Empire of the West' with much interest, and is going now to flesh his teeth in the "Politique" (Auguste Comte's).

The Brays, Monday evening, end of June.

Dear Friends, — All three of you — thanks for your packet of heartfelt kindness. That is the best of your kindness—there is no sham in it. It was inevitable to me to have that outburst when I saw you for a little while after the long silence, and felt that I must tell you then or be forestalled, and leave you to gather the truth amidst an inextricable mixture of falsehood. But I feel that the influence of talking about my books, even to you and Mrs Bodichon, has been so bad to me that I should like to be able to keep silence concerning them for evermore. If people were to buzz round me with their remarks, or compliments, I should lose the repose of mind and truthfulness of production, without which no good healthy books can be written. Talking about my books, I find, has much the same malign effect on me as talking of my feelings or my religion.

I should think Sara's version of my brother's words concerning 'Adam Bede' is the correct one—"*that there are things in it about my father*" (*i.e.*, being interpreted, things my father told us about his early life), not "portrait" of my father. There is not a single portrait in the book, nor will there be in any future book of mine. There are portraits in the 'Clerical Scenes'; but that was my first bit of art, and my hand was not well in. I did not know so well how to manipulate my materials. As soon as the Liggins falsehood is annihilated, of course there will be twenty new ones in its place; and one of the first will be that I was not the sole author. The only safe thing for my mind's health is to shut my ears and go on with my work.

Chas. Bray, 5th July.

Thanks for your letters. They have given me one pleasure—that of knowing that Mr Liggins has not been *greatly* culpable — though Mr Bracebridge's statement, that only "some small sums" have been collected, does not accord with what has been written to Mr Blackwood from other counties. But "Oh, I am sick!" Take no more trouble about me, and let every one believe—as they will, in spite of your kind efforts—*what they like to believe.* I can't tell you how much melancholy it causes me that people are, for the most part, so incapable of comprehending the state of

mind which cares for that which is essentially human in all forms of belief, and desires to exhibit it under all forms with loving truthfulness. Freethinkers are scarcely wider than the orthodox in this matter,—they all want to see themselves and their own opinions held up as the true and the lovely. On the same ground that an idle woman, with flirtations and flounces, likes to read a French novel, because she can imagine herself the heroine, grave people, with opinions, like the most admirable character in a novel to be their mouthpiece. If art does not enlarge men's sympathies, it does nothing morally. I have had heart-cutting experience that *opinions* are a poor cement between human souls: and the only effect I ardently long to produce by my writings is, that those who read them should be better able to *imagine* and to *feel* the pains and the joys of those who differ from themselves in everything but the broad fact of being struggling, erring, human creatures. Letter to Chas. Bray, 5th July.

We shall not start till Saturday, and shall not reach Lucerne till the *evening* of the 11th. There is a project of our returning through Holland, but the attractions of Lucerne are sure to keep us there as long as possible. We have given up Zurich in spite of Moleschott and science. The other day I said to Mr Lewes, "Every now and then it comes across me, like the recollection of some precious little store laid by, that there is Mrs Congreve in the world." That is how people talk of you in your absence. Mrs Congreve, 6th July.

July 9.—We started for Switzerland. Spent a delightful day in Paris. To the Louvre first, where we looked chiefly at the "Marriage at Cana," by Paul Veronese. This picture, the greatest I have seen of his, converted me to high admiration of him. Journal.

July 12.—Arrived at Lucerne in the evening. Glad to make a home at the charming Schweizerhof on the banks of the Lake. G. went to call on the Congreves, and in the afternoon Mrs Congreve came to chat with us. In the evening we had a boat on the Lake.

July 13.—G. set off for Hofwyl at five o'clock, and the three next days were passed by me in quiet chat with the Congreves and quiet resting on my own sofa.

July 19.—Spent the morning in Bâle, chiefly under the chestnut trees, near the Cathedral, I reading aloud Flourens's sketch of Cuvier's labours. In the afternoon to Paris.

July 21.—Holly Lodge, Wandsworth. Found a charming letter from Dickens, and pleasant letters from Blackwood: nothing to annoy us. Before we set off we had heard the

excellent news that the fourth edition of 'Adam Bede' (5000) had all been sold in a fortnight. The fifth edition appeared last week.

Letter to Mrs Bray, 23d July.

We reached here last evening, and though I was a good deal over-done in getting to Lucerne, I have borne the equally rapid journey back without headache—a proof that I am strengthened. I had three quiet days of talk with the Congreves at Lucerne, while Mr Lewes went to Hofwyl. Mrs Congreve is one of those women of whom there are few—rich in intelligence, without pretension, and quivering with sensibility, yet calm and quiet in her manners.

John Blackwood, 23d July.

I thank you for your offer about the money for 'Adam,' but I have intentions of stern thrift, and mean to want as little as possible. When "Maggie" is done, and I have a month or two of leisure, I should like to transfer our present house, into which we were driven by haste and economy, to some one who likes houses full of eyes all round him. I long for a house with some shade and grass close round it—I don't care how rough—and the sight of Swiss houses has heightened my longing. But at present I say Avaunt to all desires.

While I think of it, let me beg of you to mention to the superintendent of your printing-office, that in case of another reprint of 'Adam,' I beg the word "sperrit" (for "spirit") may be particularly attended to. Adam never said "speerit," as he is made to do in the cheaper edition, at least in one place—his speech at the birthday dinner. This is a small matter: but it is a point I care about.

Words fail me about the not impossible Pug, for some compunction at having mentioned my unreasonable wish will mingle itself paradoxically with the hope that it may be fulfilled.

I hope we shall have other interviews to remember this time next year, and that you will find me without aggravated symptoms of the "author's malady"—a determination to talk of my own books, which I was alarmingly conscious of when you and the Major were here. After all, I fear authors must submit to be something of monsters—not quite simple, healthy human beings; but I will keep my monstrosity within bounds if possible.

Mrs Bray, 26th July.

The things you tell me are just such as I need to know—I mean about the help my book is to the people who read it. The weight of my future life,—the self-questioning whether my nature will be able to meet the heavy demands upon it, both of personal duty and intellectual production,—

presses upon me almost continually in a way that prevents me even from tasting the quiet joy I might have in the *work done*. Buoyancy and exultation, I fancy, are out of the question when one has lived so long as I have. But I am the better for every word of encouragement, and am helped over many days by such a note as yours. I often think of my dreams when I was four or five and twenty. I thought then how happy fame would make me! I feel no regret that the fame, as such, brings no pleasure; but it *is* a grief to me that I do not constantly feel strong in thankfulness that my past life has vindicated its uses, and given me reason for gladness that such an unpromising woman child was born into the world. I ought not to care about small annoyances, and it is chiefly egoism that makes them annoyances. I had quite an *enthusiastic* letter from Herbert Spencer the other day about 'Adam Bede.' He says he feels the better for reading it—really words to be treasured up. I can't bear the idea of appearing further in the papers. And there is no one now except people who would not be convinced, though one rose from the dead, to whom any statement *apropos* of Liggins would be otherwise than superfluous. I daresay some "investigator" of the Bracebridge order will arise after I am dead and revive the story—and perhaps posterity will believe in Liggins. Why not? A man a little while ago wrote a pamphlet to prove that the Waverley novels were chiefly written, not by Walter Scott, but by Thomas Scott and his wife Elizabeth. The main evidence being that several people thought Thomas cleverer than Walter, and that in the list of the Canadian regiment of Scots to which Thomas belonged, many of the *names* of the Waverley novels occurred—among the rest *Monk*—and in 'Woodstock' there is a *General Monk!* The writer expected to get a great reputation by his pamphlet, and I think it might have suggested to Mr B. his style of critical and historical inference. I must tell you, *in confidence*, that Dickens has written to me the noblest, most touching words about 'Adam'—not hyperbolical compliments, but expressions of deep feeling. He says the reading made an epoch in his life.

Letter to Mrs Bray, 26th July.

Pug is come!—come to fill up the void left by false and narrow-hearted friends. I see already that he is without envy, hatred, or malice—that he will betray no secrets, and feel neither pain at my success nor pleasure in my chagrin. I hope the photograph does justice to his physiognomy. It is expressive: full of gentleness and affection, and radiant

John Blackwood, 30th July.

Letter to John Blackwood, 30th July.

with intelligence when there is a savoury morsel in question—a hopeful indication of his mental capacity. I distrust all intellectual pretension that announces itself by obtuseness of palate!

I wish you could see him in his best *pose*,—when I have arrested him in a violent career of carpet-scratching, and he looks at me with forelegs very wide apart, trying to penetrate the deep mystery of this arbitrary, not to say capricious, prohibition. He is snoring by my side at this moment, with a serene promise of remaining quiet for any length of time: he couldn't behave better if he had been expressly educated for me. I am too lazy a lover of dogs and all earthly things to like them when they give me much trouble, preferring to describe the pleasure other people have in taking trouble.

Alas! the shadow that tracks all earthly good—the possibility of loss. One may lose one's faculties, which will not always fetch a high price; how much more a *Pug* worth unmentionable sums—a Pug which some generous-hearted personage in some other corner of Great Britain than Edinburgh may even now be sending emissaries after, being bent on paying the kindest, most delicate attention to a sensitive mortal not sufficiently reticent of wishes.

All I can say of that generous-hearted personage No. 2 is, that I wish he may get—somebody else's Pug, not mine. And all I will say of the sensitive, insufficiently reticent mortal No. 2 is, that I hope he may be as pleased and as grateful as George Eliot.

Charles L. Lewes, 30th July.

I look forward to playing duets with you as one of my future pleasures; and if I am able to go on working, I hope we shall afford to have a fine grand piano. I have none of Mozart's symphonies, so that you can be guided in your choice of them entirely by your own taste. I know Beethoven's Sonata in E flat well; it is a very charming one, and I shall like to hear you play it. That is one of my luxuries—to sit still and hear some one playing my favourite music; so that you may be sure you will find willing ears to listen to the fruits of your industrious practising.

There are ladies in the world, not a few, who play the violin, and I wish I were one of them, for then we could play together sonatas for the piano and violin, which make a charming combination. The violin gives that *keen edge* of tone which the piano wants.

I like to know that you were gratified by getting a watch so much sooner than you expected; and it was the greater

satisfaction to me to send it you, because you had earned it by making good use of these precious years at Hofwyl. It is a great comfort to your father and me to think of that, for we, with our old grave heads, can't help talking very often of the need our boys will have for all sorts of good qualities and habits in making their way through this difficult life. It is a world, you perceive, in which cross-bows *will* be *launisch* sometimes, and frustrate the skill of excellent marksmen—how much more of lazy bunglers? Letter to Charles L Lewes, 30th July

The first volume of the 'Physiology of Common Life' is just published, and it is a great pleasure to see so much of your father's hard work successfully finished. He has been giving a great deal of labour to the numbers on the physiology of the nervous system, which are to appear in the course of two or three months, and he has enjoyed the labour in spite of the drawback of imperfect health, which obliges him very often to leave the desk with a hot and aching head. It is quite my worst trouble that he has so much of this discomfort to bear; and we must all try and make everything else as pleasant to him as we can, to make up for it.

Tell Thornton he shall have the book he asks for, if possible—I mean the book of moths and butterflies; and tell Bertie I expect to hear about the wonderful things he has done with his pocket-knife. Tell him he is equipped well enough to become king of a desert island with that pocket-knife of his; and if, as I think I remember, it has a cork-screw attached, he would certainly have more implements than he would need in that romantic position.

We shall hope to hear a great deal of your journey, with all its haps and mishaps. The mishaps are just as pleasant as the haps when they are past—that is one comfort for tormented travellers.

You are an excellent correspondent, so I do not fear you will flag in writing to me; and remember, you are always giving a pleasure when you write to me.

Aug. 11.—Received a letter from an American—Mr J. C. Evans—asking me to write a story for an American periodical. Answered that I could not write one for less than £1000, since, in order to do it, I must suspend my actual work. Journal

I do wish much to see more of human life—how can one see enough in the short years one has to stay in the world? But I meant that at present my mind works with the most freedom and the keenest sense of poetry in my remotest past, and there are many strata to be worked through before I Letter to Madame Bodichon, 11th Aug.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 11th Aug.

can begin to use, *artistically*, any material I may gather in the present. Curiously enough, *apropos* of your remark about 'Adam Bede,' there is much less "out of my own life" in that book—*i.e.*, the materials are much more a combination from imperfectly known and widely sundered elements than the 'Clerical Scenes.' I'm so glad you have enjoyed these—so thankful for the words you write me.

Journal.

Aug. 12.—Mr J. C. Evans wrote again, declaring his willingness to pay the £1000, and asking for an interview to arrange preliminaries.

Aug. 15.—Declined the American proposition, which was to write a story of twelve parts (weekly parts) in the 'New York Century' for £1200.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th Aug.

I have re-read your whole proof, and feel that every serious reader will be impressed with the indications of real truth-seeking and heart-experience in the tone. Beginnings are always troublesome. Even Macaulay's few pages of introduction to his Introduction in the English History are the worst bit of writing in the book. It was no trouble to me to read your proof, so don't talk as if it had been.

Journal.

Aug. 17.—Received a letter from Blackwood, with cheque for £200 for second edition of 'Clerical Scenes.'

John Blackwood, 17th Aug.

I'm glad my story cleaves to you. At present I have no hope that it will affect people as strongly as 'Adam' has done. The characters are on a lower level generally, and the environment less romantic. But my stories grow in me like plants, and this is only in the leaf-bud. I have faith that the flower will come. Not enough faith, though, to make me like the idea of beginning to print till the flower is fairly out—till I know the end as well as the beginning.

Pug develops new charms every day. I think, in the prehistoric period of his existence, before he came to me, he had led a sort of Caspar Hauser life, shut up in a kennel in Bethnal Green; and he has had to get over much astonishment at the sight of cows and other rural objects on a large scale, which he marches up to and surveys with the gravity of an "Own Correspondent," whose business it is to observe. He has absolutely no bark; but, *en revanche*, he sneezes powerfully, and has speaking eyes, so the *media* of communication are abundant. He sneezes at the world in general, and he looks affectionately at me.

I envy you the acquaintance of a genuine non-bookish man like Captain Speke. I wonder when men of that sort will take their place as heroes in our literature, instead of the inevitable "genius"?

Aug. 20.—Letter from the troublesome Mr Quirk of Attleboro, still wanting satisfaction about Liggins. I did not leave it unanswered, because he is a friend of Chrissey's, but G. wrote for me. Journal

Our great difficulty is *time*. I am little better than a sick nigger with the lash behind him at present. If we go to Penmaenmawr we shall travel all through by night, in order not to lose more than one day; and we shall pause at Lichfield on our way back. To pause at Coventry would be a real pleasure to me; but I think, even if we could do it on our way home, it would be better economy to wait until the sense of hurry is past, and make it a little reward for work done. The going to the coast seems to be a wise measure, quite apart from indulgence. We are both so feeble; but otherwise I should have kept my resolution and remained quiet here for the next six months. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Aug.

Aug. 25.—In the evening of this day we set off on our journey to Penmaenmawr. We reached Conway at half-past three in the morning; and finding that it was hopeless to get a bed anywhere, we walked about the town till the morning began to dawn, and we could see the outline of the fine old castle's battlemented walls. In the morning we went to Llandudno, thinking that might suit us better than Penmaenmawr. We found it ugly and fashionable. Then we went off to Penmaenmawr, which was beautiful to our heart's content—or rather discontent—for it would not receive us, being already filled with visitors. Back again in despair to Conway, where we got temporary lodgings at one of the numerous Joneses. This particular Jones happened to be honest and obliging, and we did well enough for a few days in our indoor life, but out of doors there were cold winds and rain. One day we went to Abergele and found a solitary house, called Beach House, which it seemed possible we might have at the end of a few days. But no! and the winds were so cold on this northerly coast, that George was not sorry, preferring rather to take flight southward. So we set out again on 31st, and reached Lichfield about half-past five. Here we meant to pass the night, that I might see my nieces—dear Chrissey's orphan children—Emily and Kate. I was much comforted by the sight of them, looking happy, and apparently under excellent care in Miss Eborall's school. We slept at the "Swan," where I remember being with my father and mother when I was a little child, and afterwards with my father alone, in our last journey into Derbyshire. The next morning we set off Journal.

Journal. again, and completed our journey to Weymouth. Many delicious walks and happy hours we had in our fortnight there. A letter from Mr Langford informed us that the subscription for the sixth edition of 'Adam Bede' was 1000. Another pleasant incident was a letter from my old friend and schoolfellow, Martha Jackson, asking if the author of 'Adam Bede' was *her* Marian Evans.

Sept. 16.—We reached home, and found letters awaiting us—one from Mr Quirk, finally renouncing Liggins!—with tracts of an ultra-evangelical kind for me, and the Parish Mag., &c., from the Rev. Erskine Clark of St Michael's, Derby, who had written to me to ask me to help him in this sort of work.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 17th Sept. I have just been reading, with deep interest and heart-stirring, the article on the Infant Seamstresses in the 'Englishwoman's Journal.' I am one among the grateful readers of that moving description—moving because the writer's own soul was moved by love and pity in the writing of it. These are the papers that will make the 'Journal' a true organ with a *function*. I am writing at the end of the day, on the brink of sleep, too tired to think of anything but that picture of the little sleeping slop-worker who had pricked her tiny finger so.

Journal. *Sept.* 18.—A volume of devotional poetry from the authoress of 'Visiting my Relations,' with an inscription admonishing me not to be beguiled by the love of money. *In much anxiety and doubt about my new novel.*

Oct. 7.—Since the last entry in my Journal various matters of interest have occurred. Certain "new" ideas have occurred to me in relation to my novel, and I am in better hope of it. At Weymouth I had written to Blackwood to ask him about terms, supposing I published in 'Maga.' His answer determined me to decline. On Monday, the 26th, we set out on a three days' journey to Lincolnshire and back—very pleasant and successful both as to weather and the object I was in search of. A less pleasant business has been a correspondence with a *crétin*,—a Warwickshire magistrate, who undertakes to declare the process by which I wrote my books—and who is the chief propagator and maintainer of the story that Liggins is at the bottom of the 'Clerical Scenes' and 'Adam Bede.' It is poor George who has had to conduct the correspondence, making his head hot by it, to the exclusion of more fructifying work. To-day, in answer to a letter from Sara, I have written her an account of my interviews with my Aunt Samuel. This evening

comes a letter from Miss Brewster, full of well-meant exhortation.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 7th Oct.

The very best bit of news I can tell you to begin with is that your father's 'Physiology of Common Life' is selling remarkably well, being much in request among medical students. You are not to be a medical student, but I hope, nevertheless, you will by-and-by read the work with interest. There is to be a new edition of the 'Sea-side Studies' at Christmas, or soon after—a proof that this book also meets with a good number of readers. I wish you could have seen to-day, as I did, the delicate spinal cord of a dragon-fly—like a tiny thread with tiny beads on it—which your father had just dissected! He is so wonderfully clever now at the dissection of these delicate things, and has attained this cleverness entirely by devoted practice during the last three years. I hope *you* have some of his resolution and persistent regularity in work. I think you have, if I may judge from your application to music, which I am always glad to read of in your letters. I was a very idle practiser, and I often regret now that when I had abundant time and opportunity for hours of piano playing, I used them so little. I have about eighteen Sonatas and Symphonies of Beethoven, I think, but I shall be delighted to find that you can play them better than I can. I am very sensitive to blunders and wrong notes, and instruments out of tune; but I have never played much from ear, though I used to play from memory a great deal. The other evening Mr Pigott, whom you remember, Mr Redford, another friend of your father's, and Mr Wilkie Collins, dined with us, and we had a charming musical evening: Mr Pigott has a delicious tenor voice, and Mr Redford a fine baritone. The latter sings "Adelaide," that exquisite song of Beethoven's, which I should like you to learn. Schubert's songs, too, I especially delight in; but, as you say, they are difficult.

Miss Sara Hennell, 10th Oct.

It is pleasant to have to tell you that Mr Bracebridge has been at last awakened to do the right thing. This morning came a letter enclosing the following to me:—

"Madam, I have much pleasure on receiving your declaration that '&c. &c.,' in replying that I frankly accept your declaration as the truth, and I shall repeat it, if the contrary is again asserted to me."

This is the first symptom we have had from him of common-sense. I am very thankful—for it ends transactions with him.

Mr Lewes is of so sensitive a temperament, and so used

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 10th Oct.

to feeling more angry and more glad on my behalf than his own, that he has been made, several mornings, quite unable to go on with his work by this irritating correspondence. It is all my fault, for if he didn't see in the first instance that I am completely upset by anything that arouses unloving emotions, he would never feel as he does about outer sayings and doings. No one is more indifferent than he is to what is said about himself. No more about my business, let us hope, for a long while to come!

The Congreves are settled at home again now—blessing us with the sight of kind faces—Mr Congreve beginning his medical course.

Delicious confusion of ideas! Mr Lewes, walking in Wandsworth, saw a good woman cross over the street to speak to a blind man. She accosted him with, "Well, *I* knew you, *though you are dark!*"

John Blackwood, 16th Oct.

I wish you had read the letter you enclosed to me; it is really curious. The writer, an educated person, asks me to perfect and extend the benefit 'Adam Bede' has "conferred on society" by writing a *sequel* to it, in which I am to tell all about Hetty after her reprieve: "Arthur's efforts to obtain the reprieve, and his desperate ride after obtaining it—Dinah on board the convict ship—Dinah's letters to Hetty—and whatever the author might choose to reveal concerning Hetty's years of banishment. Minor instances of the incompleteness which induces an unsatisfactory feeling may be alleged in the disposal of the *locket and ear-rings*—which everybody expects to reappear—and in the incident of the pink silk neckerchief, of which all would like to hear a little more"!!

I do feel more than I ought about outside sayings and doings, and I constantly rebuke myself for all that part of my susceptibility, which I know to be weak and egoistic; still what is said about one's art is not merely a personal matter—it touches the very highest things one lives for. *Truth* in art is so startling that no one can believe in it as art, and the specific forms of religious life which have made some of the grandest elements in human history are looked down upon as if they were not within the artist's sympathy and veneration and intensely dramatic reproduction. "I do well to be angry" on that ground, don't I? The simple fact is, that I never saw anything of my aunt's writing, and Dinah's words came from me "as the tears come because our heart is full, and we can't help them."

If you were living in London instead of at Edinburgh,

I should ask you to read the first volume of 'Sister Maggie' at once, for the sake of having your impression, but it is inconvenient to me to part with the MS. The great success of 'Adam' makes my writing a matter of more anxiety than ever. I suppose there is a little sense of responsibility mixed up with a great deal of pride. And I think I should worry myself still more if I began to print before the thing is essentially complete. So on all grounds it is better to wait. How clever and picturesque the "Horse-dealer in Syria" is! I read him with keen interest, only wishing that he saw the seamy side of things rather less habitually. Excellent Captain Speke can't write so well, but one follows him out of grave sympathy. That a man should live through such things as that beetle in his ear! Such papers as that make the *specialité* of 'Blackwood'—one sees them nowhere else. Letter to John Blackwood, 16th Oct.

Oct. 16.—Yesterday came a pleasant packet of letters: one from Blackwood saying that they are printing a seventh edition of 'Adam Bede' (of 2000), and that 'Clerical Scenes' will soon be exhausted. I have finished the first volume of my new novel, 'Sister Maggie'; have got my legal questions answered satisfactorily, and when my headache has cleared off, must go at it full speed. Journal.

Does it ever happen to you now to think of a certain Englishwoman, *née* Marian Evans? She seems perhaps to deserve that you should forget her, seeing that she has let years pass without any sign of her existence. But in reality she is not so blameworthy. When more than two years ago I wrote to you that we were going to the coast, I could not give you our permanent address, not knowing what it would be; and it did not occur to me to mention any other address. Having made this omission, I could not hear from you again; and I had not the courage to write myself again, not feeling that I had anything to tell you that would be worth sending over the Jura. Letter to M. D'Albert 18th Oct.

But in these last three years a great change has come over my life—a change in which I cannot help believing that both you and Madame D'Albert will rejoice. Under the influences of the intense happiness I have enjoyed from thorough moral and intellectual sympathy, I have at last found out my true vocation, after which my nature had always been feeling and striving uneasily without finding it. What do you think that vocation is? I pause for you to guess.

I have turned out to be an artist—not as you are, with

Letter to M. D'Albert, 18th Oct.

the pencil and the palette, but with words. I have written a novel which people say has stirred them very deeply; and *not* a *few* people, but almost all reading England. It was published in February last, and already 14,000 copies have been sold. The title is 'Adam Bede,' and "George Eliot," the name on the title-page, is my *nom de plume*. I had previously written another work of fiction, called 'Scenes of Clerical Life,' which had a great *literary* success, but not a great *popular* success, such as 'Adam Bede' has had. Both are now published by Tauchnitz in his series of English novels.

I think you will believe that I do not write you word of this out of any small vanity. My books are deeply serious things to me, and come out of all the painful discipline, all the most hardly-learnt lessons of my past life. I write you word of it, because I believe that both your kind heart and Madame D'Albert's too will be touched with real joy that one whom you knew when she was not very happy, and when her life seemed to serve no purpose of much worth, has been at last blessed with the sense that she has done something worth living and suffering for. And I write also because I want to give both you and her a proof that I still think of you with grateful affectionate recollection.

My books are such close and detailed pictures of English life, that I hardly know whether they will affect foreign readers as strongly. Yet I cannot help wishing that Madame D'Albert could read them, for I think the views with which they are written would excite her sympathy.

I am very much changed from the "Minie" of old days: the years have altered me as much inwardly as outwardly. In some things, however, I am just the same—in some of my failings, I fear; but it is not a failing to retain a vivid remembrance of past scenes, and to feel warmly towards friends whose kindness lies far back in the distance, and in these things I am the same as when I used to walk on La Treille with you or Madame D'Albert.

Do I deserve that you should write me some word about your lives? Everything you could tell on that subject would be interesting. Alphonse and Charles are now bearded men—are they not? I remember them with the more interest, because Mr Lewes has three boys, the youngest of whom is about the age your Charles had reached when I was at Geneva. Our boys are all three at Hofwyl under Dr Müller, who has revived Fellenberg's institute there. They went soon after I wrote to you on the subject

of a foreign school, the Hofwyl school appearing to suit Mr Lewes's views better than that of the Genevese gentleman whom you kindly mentioned to me. I almost fear to send my letter after the long lapse of time in which I have known nothing of you. What sad things may have happened! Yet I will hope that such fear is groundless, and that you and Madame D'Albert are leading the same peaceful pleasant life as ever, with excellent friends around you. How I should love to see Geneva again! But that, too, is greatly changed, is it not? Letter to M. D'Albert, 18th Oct.

We were in Switzerland in the summer, but had not time to go so far south as Geneva. Another time when we go into Italy, I hope to revisit the dear old scene, and to show it to my husband.

Farewell, dear friend. Ask Madame D'Albert to accept my affectionate regards.

Oct. 25.—The day before yesterday Herbert Spencer dined with us. We have just finished reading aloud 'Père Goriot'—a hateful book. I have been reading lately and have nearly finished Comte's 'Catechism.' Journal.

Oct. 28.—Received from Blackwood a cheque for £400, the last payment for 'Adam Bede' in the terms of the agreement. But in consequence of the great success, he proposes to pay me £800 more at the beginning of next year. Yesterday Smith, the publisher, called to make propositions to G. about writing in the 'Cornhill Magazine.'

I beg that you and Major Blackwood will accept my thanks for your proposal to give me a further share in the success of 'Adam Bede,' beyond the terms of our agreement, which are fulfilled by the second cheque for £400, received this morning. Neither you nor I ever calculated on half such a success, thinking that the book was too quiet, and too unflattering to dominant fashion, ever to be very popular. I hope that opinion of ours is a guarantee that there is nothing hollow or transient in the reception 'Adam' has met with. Sometimes when I read a book which has had a great success, and am unable to see any valid merits of an artistic kind to account for it, I am visited with a horrible alarm lest 'Adam,' too, should ultimately sink into the same class of outworn admirations. But I always fall back on the fact that no shibboleth and no vanity is flattered by it, and that there is no novelty of mere form in it which can have delighted simply by startling. Letter to John Blackwood, 28th Oct.

Nov. 10.—Dickens dined with us to-day, for the first time, and after he left I went to the Congreves', where George Journal.

joined me, and we had much chat—about George Stephenson, religion, &c.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 11th Nov.

A very beautiful letter—beautiful in feeling—that I have received from Mrs Gaskell to-day, prompts me to write to you and let you know how entirely she has freed herself from any imputation of being unwilling to accept the truth when it has once clearly presented itself as truth. Since she has known "on authority" that the two books are mine, she has re-read them, and has written to me, apparently on the prompting they gave in that second reading,—very sweet and noble words they are that she has written to me. Yesterday Dickens dined with us, on *his* return from the country. That was a great pleasure to me: he is a man one can thoroughly enjoy talking to—there is a strain of real seriousness along with his keenness and humour.

The Liggins affair is concluded so far as any *action* of ours is concerned, since Mr Quirk (the inmost citadel, I presume) has surrendered by writing an apology to Blackwood, saying he now believes he was imposed on by Mr Liggins. As to Miss Martineau, I respect her so much as an authoress, and have so pleasant a recollection of her as a hostess for three days, that I wish that distant impression from herself and her writings to be disturbed as little as possible by mere personal details. Anything she may do, or say, or feel concerning me personally, is a matter of entire indifference: I share her bitterness with a large number of far more blameless people than myself. It can be of no possible benefit to me, or any one else, that I should know more of those things, either past, present, or to come. "I do owe no man anything," except to write honestly and religiously what comes from my inward promptings; and the freer I am kept of all knowledge of that comparatively small circle who mingle personal regards or hatred with their judgment or reception of my writings, the easier it will be to keep my motives free from all indirectness and write truly.

Mrs Gaskell, 11th Nov.

Only yesterday I was wondering that artists, knowing each other's pains so well, did not help each other more, and, as usual when I have been talking complainingly or suspiciously, something has come which serves me as a reproof. That "something" is your letter, which has brought me the only sort of help I care to have, an assurance of fellow feeling, of thorough trustful recognition, from one of the minds that are capable of *judging* as well as being

moved. You know, without my telling you, how much the help is heightened by its coming to me afresh, now that I have ceased to be a mystery, and am known as a mere daylight fact. Letter to Mrs Gaskell, 11th Nov.

I shall always love to think that one woman wrote to another such sweet encouraging words, still more to think that you were the writer and I the receiver.

I had indulged the idea that if my books turned out to be worth much you would be among my willing readers; for I was conscious while the question of my power was still undecided for me that my feelings towards life and art had some affinity with the feelings which had inspired 'Cranford' and the earlier chapters of 'Mary Barton.' That idea was brought the nearer to me because I had the pleasure of reading 'Cranford' for the first time in 1857, when I was writing the 'Scenes of Clerical Life;' and going up the Rhine one dim wet day in the spring of the year, when I was writing 'Adam Bede,' I satisfied myself for the lack of a prospect by reading over again those earlier chapters of 'Mary Barton.' I like to tell you all the slight details, because they will prove to you that your letter must have a peculiar value for me, and that I am not expressing vague gratitude towards a writer whom I only remember vaguely as one who charmed me in the past; and I cannot believe such details are indifferent to you, even after you have been so long used to hear them. I fancy, as long as we live, we all need to know as much as we can of the good our life has been to others.

Nov. 18.—On Monday Dickens wrote asking me to give him, after I had finished my present novel, a story to be printed in 'All the Year Round'—to begin four months after next Easter, and assuring me of my own terms. The next day G. had an interview by appointment with Evans (of Bradbury & Evans), and Lucas, the editor of 'Once a Week,' who, after preliminary pressing of G. himself to contribute, put forward their wish that I should give them a novel for their Magazine. They were to write and make an offer, but have not yet done so. We have written to Dickens saying that *time* is an insurmountable obstacle to his proposition, as he puts it. Journal.

I am reading Thomas à Kempis.

Nov. 19.—Mr Lockhart Clarke and Mr Herbert Spencer dined with us.

Nov. 22.—We have been much annoyed lately by Newby's advertisement of a book called 'Adam Bede,

Journal. Junior,' a sequel; and to-day Dickens has written to mention a story of the tricks which are being used to push the book under the pretence of its being mine. One librarian has been forced to order the book against his will, because the public have demanded it! Dickens is going to put an article on the subject in 'Household Words,' in order to scarify the rascally bookseller.

Nov. 23.—We began Darwin's book on 'The Origin of Species' to-night. Though full of interesting matter, it is not impressive, from want of luminous and orderly presentation.

Nov. 24.—This morning I wrote the scene between Mrs Tulliver and Wakem. G. went into town and saw young Evans (of Bradbury & Evans), who agreed that it would be well to have an article in 'Punch' on this scoundrelly business of 'Adam Bede, Junior.' A divine day. I walked out, and Mrs Congreve joined me. Then music, 'Arabian Nights,' and Darwin.

Nov. 25.—I am reading old Bunyan again, after the long lapse of years, and am profoundly struck with the true genius manifested in the simple, vigorous, rhythmic style.

Letter to the Brays, 25th Nov. Thanks for 'Bentley.' Some one said the writer of the article on 'Adam Bede' was a Mr Mozley, a clergyman, and a writer in the 'Times': but these reports about authorship are as often false as true. I think it is, on the whole, the best review we have seen, unless we must except the one in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' by Émile Montégut. I don't mean to read *any* reviews of my next book; so far as they would produce any effect, they would be confusing. Everybody admires something that somebody else finds fault with; and the miller with his donkey was in a clear and decided state of mind compared with the unfortunate writer who should set himself to please all the world of review writers. I am compelled, in spite of myself, to be annoyed with this business of 'Adam Bede, Junior.' You see I am well provided with thorns in the flesh, lest I should be exalted beyond measure. To part with the copyright of a book which sells 16,000 in one year—to have a Liggins and an unknown writer of one's "Sequel" all to one's self—is excellent discipline.

We are reading Darwin's book on Species, just come out after long expectation. It is an elaborate exposition of the evidence in favour of the Development Theory, and so makes an epoch. Do you see how the publishing world is going

mad on periodicals? If I could be seduced by such offers, I might have written three poor novels, and made my fortune in one year. Happily, I have no need to exert myself when I say "Avaunt thee, Satan!" Satan, in the form of bad writing and good pay, is not seductive to me. Letter to the Brays, 25th Nov.

Nov. 26.—Letter from Lucas, editor of 'Once a Week,' anxious to come to terms about my writing for said periodical. Journal.

It was very pretty and generous of you to send me a nice long letter out of your turn, and I think I shall give you, as a reward, other opportunities of being generous in the same way for the next few months, for I am likely to be a poor correspondent, having my head and hands full. Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 26th Nov.

We have the whole of Vilmar's 'Literatur Geschichte,' but not the remainder of the 'Deutsche Humoristik.' I agree with you in liking the history of German literature, especially the earlier ages—the birth-time of the legendary poetry. Have you read the 'Nibelungenlied' yet?

Whereabouts are you in Algebra? It would be very pleasant to study it with you, if I could possibly find time to rub up my knowledge. It is now a good while since I looked into Algebra, but I was very fond of it in old days, though I daresay I never went so far as you have now gone. Tell me your latitude and longitude.

I have no memory of an autumn so disappointing as this. It is my favourite season. I delight especially in the golden and red tints under the purple clouds. But this year the trees were almost stripped of their leaves before they had changed colour—dashed off by the winds and rain. We have had *no* autumnal beauty.

I am writing at night—very tired—so you must not wonder if I have left out words, or been otherwise incoherent.

Nov. 29.—Wrote a letter to the 'Times,' and to Delane about Newby. Journal.

I took no notice of the extract you sent me from a letter of Mrs Gaskell's, being determined not to engage in any writing on the topic of my authorship, except such as was absolutely demanded of us. But since then I have had a very beautiful letter from Mrs Gaskell, and I will quote some of her words, because they do her honour, and will incline you to think more highly of her. She begins in this way: "Since I heard, on authority, that you were the author of 'Scenes of Clerical Life' and 'Adam Bede,' I have read Letter to Madame Bodichon, 5th Dec.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 5th Dec.

them again, and I must once more tell you how earnestly, fully, and *humbly* I admire them. I never read anything so complete and beautiful in fiction in my life before." Very sweet and noble of her, was it not? She went on to speak of her having held to the notion of Liggins, but she adds, "I was never such a goose as to believe that books like yours were a mosaic of real and ideal." The 'Seth Bede' and 'Adam Bede, Junior,' are speculations of those who are always ready to fasten themselves like leeches on a popular fame. Such things must be endured: they are the shadow to the bright fact of selling 16,000 in one year. As to the silly falsehoods and empty opinions afloat in some petty circles, I have quite conquered my temporary irritation about them—indeed, I feel all the more serene now for that very irritation. It has impressed on me more deeply how entirely the rewards of the artist lie apart from everything that is narrow and personal: there is no peace until that lesson is thoroughly learned. I shall go on writing from my inward promptings—writing what I love and believe, what I feel to be true and good, if I can only render it worthily—and then leave all the rest to take its chance: "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be" with those who are to produce any art that will lastingly touch the generations of men. We have been reading Darwin's book on the 'Origin of Species' just now: it makes an epoch, as the expression of his thorough adhesion, after long years of study, to the Doctrine of Development—and not the adhesion of an anonym like the author of the 'Vestiges,' but of a long-celebrated naturalist. The book is sadly wanting in illustrative facts—of which he has collected a vast number, but reserves them for a future book, of which this smaller one is the *avant coureur*. This will prevent the work from becoming popular as the 'Vestiges' did, but it will have a great effect in the scientific world, causing a thorough and open discussion of a question about which people have hitherto felt timid. So the world gets on step by step towards brave clearness and honesty! But to me the Development Theory, and all other explanations of processes by which things came to be, produce a feeble impression compared with the mystery that lies under the processes. It is nice to think of you reading our great, great favourite Molière, while, for the present, we are not taking him down from the shelves—only talking about him, as we do very often. I get a good deal of pleasure out of the sense that some one I love is reading and enjoying my best-loved writers. I think the "Misan-

thrope" the finest, most complete production *of its kind* in the world. I know you enjoy the "sonnet" scene, and the one between Arsinoé and Célimène.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 5th Dec.

In opposition to most people, who love to *read* Shakspeare, I like to see his plays acted better than any others: his great tragedies thrill me, let them be acted how they may. I think it is something like what I used to experience in old days in listening to uncultured preachers—the emotions lay hold of one too strongly for one to care about the medium. Before all other plays I find myself cold and critical, seeing nothing but actors and "properties." I like going to those little provincial theatres. One's heart streams out to the poor devils of actors who get so little clapping, and will go home to so poor a supper. One of my pleasures lately has been hearing repeatedly from my Genevese friends M. and Mme. D'Albert, who were so good to me during my residence with them. M. D'Albert had read the 'Scenes of Clerical Life' before he knew they were mine, and had been so much struck with them that he had wanted to translate them. One likes to feel old ties strengthened by fresh sympathies. The 'Cornhill Magazine' is going to lead off with great spirit, and promises to eclipse all the other new-born periodicals. Mr Lewes is writing a series of papers for it—"Studies in Animal Life"—which are to be subsequently published in a book. It is quite as well that your book should not be ready for publication just yet. February is a much better time than Christmas. I shall be one of your most eager readers—for every book that comes from the heart of hearts does me good, and I quite share your faith that what you yourself feel so deeply, and find so precious, will find a home in some other minds. Do not suspect that I impose on you the task of writing letters to answer my *dilettante* questions. "Am I on a bed of roses?" I have four children to correspond with—the three boys in Switzerland, and Emily at Lichfield.

M. D'Albert, 6th Dec.

Before your last letter came, I was thinking of writing to you again, to tell you of my real pleasure in once more knowing something of the way in which you and Madame D'Albert are passing your time, and in being assured by you that you both remember me with kind feeling. I had so vivid a recollection of poor Madame Chaponnière—of her fair face and gentle manners, and of the affectionate relation there was between her and Madame D'Albert—that I did read your account of her trial and death with keen, sad interest. And now the husband, who, I used to think, had

Letter to M. D'Albert, 6th Dec.

so many channels for the enjoyment of life, is gone too! I can enter thoroughly into the sensitive state Madame D'Albert must be thrown into, by going through so much experience of a kind to stir her deepest sympathies. I wish it might be anything like a ray of sunlight—a happy thought to her—to know how I cherish the memory of her goodness to me, and all the words, tones, and looks which were the interpreters of her character. The years deepen the value of our past to us, and of our friends who were part of that past.

I can understand that there are many pages in 'Adam Bede' in which you do not recognise the "Marian" or "Minie" of old Geneva days. We knew each other too short a time, and I was under too partial and transient a phase of my mental history, for me to pour out to you much of my earlier experience. I think I hardly ever spoke to you of the strong hold evangelical Christianity had on me from the age of fifteen to two-and-twenty, and of the abundant intercourse I had had with earnest people of various religious sects. When I was at Geneva, I had not yet lost the attitude of antagonism which belongs to the renunciation of *any* belief; also, I was very unhappy, and in a state of discord and rebellion towards my own lot. Ten years of experience have wrought great changes in that inward self. I have no longer any antagonism towards any faith in which human sorrow and human longing for purity have expressed themselves; on the contrary, I have a sympathy with it that predominates over all argumentative tendencies. I have not returned to dogmatic Christianity—to the acceptance of any set of doctrines as a creed—a superhuman revelation of the unseen—but I see in it the highest expression of the religious sentiment that has yet found its place in the history of mankind, and I have the profoundest interest in the inward life of sincere Christians in all ages. Many things that I should have argued against ten years ago, I now feel myself too ignorant, and too limited in moral sensibility, to speak of with confident disapprobation. On that question of our future existence to which you allude, I have undergone the sort of change I have just indicated, although my most rooted conviction is that the immediate object and the proper sphere of all our highest emotions are our struggling fellow-men in this earthly existence.

So much, in reply to your questions on those matters. I hope I shall not have made myself more obscure by my explanations.

We are very anxious to get an accomplished translator for 'Adam Bede,' and a little while ago Mr Lewes wrote to Émile Montégut, whose answer we are expecting on the subject. Hitherto I have rejected propositions of translation, from the dread of having one's sentences metamorphosed into an expression of somebody else's meaning instead of one's own. I particularly wish my books to be well translated into French, because the French read so little English; and if there is any healthy truth in my art, surely they need it to purify their literary air! Letter to M. D'Albert, 6th Dec.

I should love to go to Geneva again, and walk about the old spots with you, and introduce Mr Lewes to you. He is already strongly interested in you, not only through my conversation about you, but through your letters, and rejoices to present his compliments to you and Madame D'Albert. He is a person of the readiest and most facile intercourse—thoroughly acquainted with French literature, and of the most varied tastes. His great passion is now biological science, and he is publishing a work entitled 'The Physiology of Common Life,' in which he has compressed in a popular form much hard study and independent research. But he is a very airy, bright, versatile creature—not at all a formidable personage.

I am writing a new work, which will not be published till next Easter, so that just now my hands and brain are full. At Easter our eldest boy will come home from school, and that will make a new epoch in my domestic life, for hitherto we have lived alone. I hope my heart will be large enough for all the love that is required of me.

I have written to you an unconscionably long letter about myself, but it is not out of pure egoism. I feel with you under the recent trying scenes you have gone through. Perhaps these details, which carry you away for a little while from painful associations, may not be without some service to you.

At least, let them assure you and Madame D'Albert that the thought of you is one over which I instinctively linger, and that I like to find myself talking with you in imagination. I will not suppose that this assurance can be indifferent to you: it can never be indifferent to loving-hearted people to know that they are the means of creating some addition to the sum of happy thought and feeling in the world.

Dec. 15.—Blackwood proposes to give me for 'The Mill on the Floss' £2000 for 4000 copies of an edition at Journal.

31s. 6d., and after the same rate for any more that may be printed at the same price: £150 for 1000 at 12s.; and £60 for 1000 at 6s. I have accepted.

Letter to Mrs Bray, 30th Dec.

I don't like Christmas to go by without sending you a greeting, though I have really nothing to say beyond that. We spent our Christmas Day with the Congreves, shutting up our house, and taking our servant and Pug with us. And so we ate our turkey and plum-pudding in very social, joyous fashion with those charming friends. Mr Bridges was there too.

We are meditating flight to Italy when my present work is done, as our last bit of vagrancy for a long, long while. We shall only stay two months, doing nothing but absorb.

I don't think I have anything else to tell, except that we, being very happy, wish all mortals to be in like condition, and especially the mortals we know in the flesh. Human happiness is a web with many threads of pain in it—that is always *sub auditum* — "Twist ye, twine ye, even so," &c., &c.

John Blackwood, 3d Jan. 1860.

I never before had so pleasant a New Year's greeting as your letter containing a cheque for £800, for which I have to thank you to-day. On every ground—including considerations that are not at all of a monetary kind—I am deeply obliged to you and to Major Blackwood for your liberal conduct in relation to 'Adam Bede.'

As, owing to your generous concession of the copyright of 'Adam Bede,' the three books will be henceforth on the same footing, we shall be delivered from further discussion as to terms.

We are demurring about the title. Mr Lewes is beginning to prefer *The House of Tulliver; or, Life on the Floss*, to our old notion of 'Sister Maggie.' *The Tullivers; or, Life on the Floss*, has the advantage of slipping easily off the lazy English tongue, but it is after too common a fashion ('The Newcomes,' 'The Bertrams,' &c., &c.) Then there is *The Tulliver Family; or, Life on the Floss.* Pray meditate and give us your opinion.

I am very anxious that the 'Scenes of Clerical Life' should have every chance of impressing the public with its existence: first, because I think it of importance to the estimate of me as a writer that 'Adam Bede' should not be counted as my only book; and secondly, because there are ideas presented in these stories about which I care a good deal, and am not sure that I can ever embody again. This latter reason is my private affair, but the other reason, if valid,

is yours also. I must tell you that I had another cheering letter to-day besides yours: one from a person of mark in your Edinburgh University,[1] full of the very strongest words of sympathy and encouragement, hoping that my life may long be spared "to give pictures of the deeper life of this age." So I sat down to my desk with a delicious confidence that my audience is not made up of reviewers and literary clubs. If there is any truth in me that the world wants, nothing will hinder the world from drinking what it is athirst for. And if there is no needful truth in me, let me, howl as I may in the process, be hurled into the Domdaniel, where I wish all other futile writers to sink. Letter to John Blackwood, 3d Jan.

Your description of the "curling" made me envy you the sight.

The sun is shining with us too, and your pleasant letter made it seem to shine more brightly. I am not going to be expansive in this appendix to your father's chapter of love and news, for my head is tired with writing this morning—it is not so young as yours, you know, and besides, is a feminine head, supported by weaker muscles, and a weaker digestive apparatus than that of a young gentleman with a broad chest and hopeful whiskers. I don't wonder at your being more conscious of your attachment to Hofwyl now the time of leaving is so near. I fear you will miss a great many things in exchanging Hofwyl, with its snowy mountains and glorious spaces, for a very moderate home in the neighbourhood of London. You will have a less various, more arduous life: but the time of *Entbehrung* or *Entsagung* must begin, you know, for every mortal of us. And let us hope that we shall all—father and mother and sons—help one another with love. Charles L. Lewes, 4th Jan.

What jolly times you have had lately! It did us good to read of your merrymaking.

'The Mill on the Floss' be it then! The only objections are, that the mill is not *strictly* on the Floss, being on its small tributary, and that the title is of rather laborious utterance. But I think these objections do not deprive it of its advantage over 'The Tullivers; or, Life on the Floss'—the only alternative, so far as we can see. Pray give the casting-vote. John Blackwood, 6th Jan.

Easter Monday, I see, is on the 8th April, and I wish to be out by the middle or end of March. Illness apart, I intend to have finished Vol. III. by the beginning of that

[1] Professor Blackie.

month, and I hope no obstacle will impede the rapidity of the printing.

Journal. *Jan.* 11.—I have had a very delightful letter of sympathy from Professor Blackie of Edinburgh, which came to me on New Year's morning, and a proposal from Blackwood to publish a third edition of 'Clerical Scenes' at 12s. George's article in the 'Cornhill Magazine'—the first of a series of "Studies in Animal Life"—is much admired, and in other ways our New Year opens with happy omens.

Letter to John Blackwood, 12th Jan Thank you for letting me see the specimen advertisements; they have helped us to come to a decision—namely, for 'The Mill on the Floss.'

I agree with you that it will be well not to promise the book in March—not because I do not desire and hope to be ready, but because I set my face against all pledges that I am not *sure* of being able to fulfil. The third volume is, I fancy, always more rapidly written than the rest. The third volume of 'Adam Bede' was written in six weeks, even with headaching interruptions, because it was written under a stress of emotion, which first volumes cannot be. I will send you the first volume of 'The Mill' at once. The second is ready, but I would rather keep it as long as I can. Besides the advantage to the book of being out by Easter, I have another reason for wishing to have done in time for that. We want to get away for two months to Italy, if possible, to feed my mind with fresh thoughts, and to assure ourselves of that fructifying holiday before the boys are about us, making it difficult for us to leave home. But you may rely on it that no amount of horse-power would make me *hurry* over my book, so as not to do my best. If it is written fast, it will be because I can't help writing it fast.

Journal. *Jan.* 16.—Finished my second volume this morning, and am going to send off the MS. of the first volume to-morrow. We have decided that the title shall be 'The Mill on the Floss.' We have been reading 'Humphrey Clinker' in the evenings, and have been much disappointed in it, after the praise of Thackeray and Dickens.

Jan. 26.—Mr Pigott, Mr Redford, and Mr F. Chapman dined with us, and we had a musical evening,—Mrs Congreve and Miss Bury[1] joining us after dinner.

Letter to John Blackwood, 28th Jan. Thanks for your letter of yesterday, with the Genevese enclosure. No promise, alas! of smallest watch expressing largest admiration, but a desire for "permission to translate."

I have been invalided for the last week, and, of course, am

[1] Mrs Congreve's sister.

a prisoner in the castle of Giant Despair, who growls in my ear that 'The Mill on the Floss' is detestable, and that the last volume will be the climax of that general detestableness. Such is the elation attendant on what a self-elected lady correspondent of mine from Scotland calls my "exciting career"! Letter to John Blackwood, 28th Jan.

I have had a great pleasure this week. Dr Inman of Liverpool has dedicated a new book ('Foundation for a New Theory and Practice of Medicine') "to G. H. Lewes, as an acknowledgment of benefit received from noticing his close observation and clear inductive reasoning in 'Sea-side Studies' and the 'Physiology of Common Life.'"

That is really gratifying, coming from a *physician* of some scientific mark, who is *not* a personal friend.

Feb. 4.—Came this morning a letter from Blackwood announcing the despatch of the first eight sheets of proof of 'The Mill on the Floss,' and expressing his delight in it. To-night G. has read them, and says—"*Ganz famos!*" Ebenezer! Journal.

I must be satisfied to send a very brief answer to your kind letter received this morning, that I may lose no time in giving you the authorisation which I enclose. Letter to M. D'Albert 7th Feb.

I am deeply gratified by your consent to undertake the labour of translation, and I have more than a literary satisfaction in it. I have an affectionate pleasure in the thought that you and Madame D'Albert will talk over some of my pages together.

Mr Lewes shares my feeling and my gratification as an author, that I can have so much confidence in my translator. In spite of your disbelief in the veracity of my descriptions, I shall persist in thinking he will not be disappointed if ever we have the pleasure of conversing in a quartet at Geneva. Your letters have already introduced you to him, apart from my descriptions. We are quite of your opinion as to the dialect in 'Adam Bede.' As simple, *Biblical* French as possible will be the best vehicle. And I think Mrs Poyser's epigrams will wed themselves very felicitously to the most epigrammatic of languages.

Mr Lewes begs me to express the pleasure he feels in the revival of my correspondence with such valuable friends.

Feb. 23.—Sir Edward Lytton called on us. Guy Darrel *in propriâ personâ.* Journal.

Sir Edward Lytton called on us yesterday. The conversation lapsed chiefly into monologue, from the difficulty I found in making him hear, but under all disadvantages I had an agreeable impression of his kindness and sincerity. He thinks the two defects of 'Adam Bede' are the dialect Letter to John Blackwood, 23d Feb.

Letter to John Blackwood, 23d Feb.

and Adam's marriage with Dinah; but, of course, I would have my teeth drawn rather than give up either.

Jacobi told Jean Paul that unless he altered the *dénouement* of his Titan, he would withdraw his friendship from him; and I am preparing myself for your lasting enmity on the ground of the tragedy in my third volume. But an unfortunate duck can only lay blue eggs, however much white ones may be in demand.

Journal.

Feb. 29.—G. has been in town to-day, and has agreed for £300 for 'The Mill on the Floss' from Harpers of New York. This evening, too, has come a letter from Williams & Norgate, saying that Tauchnitz will give £100 for the German reprint; also, that 'Bede Adam' is translated into Hungarian.

March 5.—Yesterday Mr Lawrence, the portrait painter, lunched with us, and expressed to G. his wish to take my portrait.

March 9.—Yesterday a letter from Blackwood, expressing his strong delight in my third volume, which he had read to the beginning of "Borne along by the Tide." To-day young Blackwood called, and told us, among other things, that the last copies of 'Clerical Scenes' had gone to-day—twelve for export. Letter came from Germany, announcing a translation of G.'s 'Biographical History of Philosophy.'

March 11.—To-day the first volume of the German translation of 'Adam Bede' came. It is done by Dr Frese, the same man who translated the 'Life of Goethe.'

March 20.—Professor Owen sent me his 'Palæontology' to-day. Have missed two days of work from headache, and so have not yet finished my book.

March 21.—Finished this morning 'The Mill on the Floss,' writing from the moment when Maggie, carried out on the water, thinks of her mother and brother. We hope to start for Rome on Saturday, 24th.

Magnificat anima mea!

The manuscript of 'The Mill on the Floss' bears the following inscription:—

"To my beloved husband, George Henry Lewes, I give this MS. of my third book, written in the sixth year of our life together, at Holly Lodge, South Field, Wandsworth, and finished 21st March 1860."

Letter to John Blackwood, 22d March.

Your letter yesterday morning helped to inspire me for the last eleven pages, if they have any inspiration in them. They were written in a *furor*, but I daresay there is not a

word different from what it would have been if I had written them at the slowest pace. Letter to John Blackwood, 22d March.

We expect to start on Saturday morning, and to be in Rome by Palm Sunday, or else by the following Tuesday. Of course we shall write to you when we know what will be our address in Rome. In the meantime news will gather.

I don't mean to send 'The Mill on the Floss' to any one, except to Dickens, who has behaved with a delicate kindness in a recent matter, which I wish to acknowledge.

I am grateful and yet rather sad to have finished—sad that I shall live with my people on the banks of the Floss no longer. But it is time that I should go and absorb some new life, and gather fresh ideas.

CHAPTER X.

I had looked forward for years to the journey to Italy, rather with the hope of the new elements it would bring to my culture, than with the hope of immediate pleasure. Travelling can hardly be without a continual current of disappointment if the main object is not the enlargement of one's general life, so as to make even weariness and annoyances enter into the sum of benefit. One great deduction to me from the delight of seeing world-famous objects is the frequent double consciousness which tells me that I am not enjoying the actual vision enough, and that when higher enjoyment comes with the reproduction of the scenes in my imagination, I shall have lost some of the details, which impress me too feebly in the present because the faculties are not wrought up into energetic action. Journal, Italy, 1860.

Here follow some selected impressions of the journey:—

Perhaps the world can hardly offer a more interesting outlook than that from the tower of the Roman Capitol. The eye leaps first to the mountains that bound the Campagna—the Sabine and Alban hills and the solitary Soracte farther on to the left. Then wandering back across the Campagna, it searches for the Sister hills, hardly distinguishable now as hills. The Palatine is conspicuous enough, marked by the ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars, and rising up beyond the extremity of the Forum. And now, once resting on the

Italy, 1860. Forum, the eye will not readily quit the long area that begins with the Clivus Capitolinus and extends to the Coliseum—an area that was once the very focus of the world. The Campo Vaccino, the site probably of the Comitium, was this first morning covered with carts and animals, mingling a simple form of actual life with those signs of the highly artificial life that had been crowded here in ages gone by: the three Corinthian pillars at the extremity of the Forum, said to have belonged to the Temple of Jupiter Stator; the grand temple of Antoninus and Faustina; the white arch of Titus; the Basilica of Constantine; the temple built by Adrian, with its great broken granite columns scattered around on the green rising ground; the huge arc of the Coliseum and the arch of Constantine.

The scene of these great relics remained our favourite haunt during our stay at Rome; and one day near the end of it we entered the enclosure of the Clivus Capitolinus and the excavated space of the Forum. The ruins on the Clivus —the façade of massive columns on the right, called the temple of Vespasian; the two Corinthian columns, called the temple of Saturn, in the centre, and the arch of Septimius Severus on the left—have their rich colour set off by the luxuriant green, clothing the lower masonry, which formed the foundations of the crowded buildings on this narrow space, and as a background to them all, the rough solidity of the ancient wall forming the back of the central building on the Intermontium, and regarded as one of the few remains of Republican constructions. On either hand, at another angle from the arch, the ancient road forming the double ascent of the Clivus is seen firm and level with its great blocks of pavement. The arch of Septimius Severus is particularly rich in colour; and the poorly executed bas-reliefs of military groups still look out in grotesque completeness of attitude and expression, even on the sides exposed to the weather. From the Clivus, a passage, underneath the present road, leads into the Forum, whose immense, pinkish, granite columns lie on the weather-worn white marble pavement. The column of Phocas, with its base no longer "buried," stands at the extreme corner nearest the Clivus; and the three elegant columns of the temple (say some) of Jupiter Stator, mark the opposite extremity: between lie traces, utterly confused to all but erudite eyes, of marble steps and of pedestals stripped of their marble.

Let me see what I most delighted in, in Rome. Certainly this drive from the Clivus to the Coliseum was, from first to

last, one of the chief things; but there are many objects and many impressions of various kinds which I can reckon up as of almost equal interest: the Coliseum itself, with the view from it; the drive along the Appian Way to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and the view from thence of the Campagna bridged by the aqueduct: the baths of Titus, with the remnants of their arabesques, seen by the light of torches, in the now damp and gloomy spaces; the glimpse of the Tarpeian rock, with its growth of cactus and rough herbage; the grand bare arch brickwork of the Palace of the Cæsars rising in huge masses on the Palatine; the theatre of Marcellus bursting suddenly into view from among the crowded mean houses of the modern city, and still more the temple of Minerva and temple of Nerva, also set in the crowded city of the present; and the exterior of the Pantheon, if it were not marred by the Papal belfries,—these are the traces of ancient Rome that have left the strongest image of themselves in my mind. I ought not to leave out Trajan's column, and the forum in which it stands; though the severe cold tint of the grey granite columns, or fragments of columns, gave this forum rather a dreary effect to me. For vastness there is perhaps nothing more impressive in Rome than the Baths of Caracalla, except the Coliseum; and I remember that it was amongst them that I first noticed the lovely effect of the giant fennel, luxuriant among the crumbling brickwork. Italy, 1860.

We should have regretted entirely our efforts to get to Rome during the Holy Week, instead of making Florence our first resting-place, if we had not had the compensation for wearisome, empty ceremonies and closed museums in the wonderful spectacle of the illumination of St Peter's. That, really, is a thing so wondrous, so magically beautiful, that one can't find in one's heart to say it is not worth doing. I remember well the first glimpse we had, as we drove out towards it, of the outline of the dome like a new constellation on the black sky. I thought *that* was the final illumination, and was regretting our tardy arrival, from the *détour* we had to make, when, as our carriage stopped in front of the cathedral, the great bell sounded, and in an instant the grand illumination flashed out and turned the outline of stars into a palace of gold. Venus looked on palely.

Letter to Mrs Congreve 4th April.

A wet day for the first time since we left Paris! That assists our consciences considerably in urging us to write our letters on this fourth day at Rome, for I will not pretend that writing a letter, even to you, can be anything more

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 4th April.

alluring than a duty when there is a blue sky over the Coliseum and the Arch of Constantine, and all the other marvels of this marvellous place. Since our arrival in the middle of Sunday, I have been gradually rising from the depth of disappointment to an intoxication of delight; and that makes me wish to do for you what no one ever did for me—warn you that you must expect no grand impression on your first entrance into Rome, at least if you enter it from Civita Vecchia. My heart sank, as it would if you behaved shabbily to me, when I looked through the windows of the omnibus as it passed through street after street of ugly modern Rome, and in that mood the dome of St Peter's and the Castle of St Angelo—the only grand objects on our way—could only look disappointing to me. I believe the impression on entering from the Naples side is quite different: there, one must get a glimpse of the broken grandeur and Renaissance splendour that one associates with the word "Rome." So keep up your spirits in the omnibus when your turn comes, and believe that you will mount the Capitol the next morning, as we did, and look out on the Forum and the Coliseum, far on to the Alban mountains, with snowy Apennines behind them, and feel—what I leave you to imagine, because the rain has left off, and my husband commands me to put on my bonnet. (Two hours later.) Can you believe that I have not had a headache since we set out? But I would willingly have endured more than one to be less anxious than I am about Mr Lewes's health. Now that we are just come in from our walk to the Pantheon, he is obliged to lie down with terrible oppression of the head; and since we have been in Rome he has been nearly deaf on one side. That is the dark "crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air" just now: everything else in our circumstances here is perfect. We are glad to have been driven into apartments, instead of remaining at the hotel as we had intended; for we enjoy the abundance of room and the quiet that belong to this mode of life, and we get our cooking and all other comforts in perfection at little more than a third of the hotel prices. Most of the visitors to Rome this season seem to come only for a short stay, and as apartments can't be taken for less than a month, the hotels are full and the lodgings are empty. Extremely unpleasant for the people who have lodgings to let, but very convenient for us, since we get excellent rooms in a good situation for a moderate price. We have a good little landlady, who can speak nothing but Italian, so that she serves as a *parlatrice* for us, and

awakens our memory of Italian dialogue—a memory which consists chiefly of recollecting Italian words without knowing their meaning, and English words without knowing the Italian for them. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 4th April.

I shall tell you nothing of what we have seen. Have you not a husband who has seen it all, and can tell you much better? Except, perhaps, one sight which might have had some interest for him, namely, Count Cavour, who was waiting with other eminences at the Turin station to receive the Prince de Carignan, the new Viceroy of Tuscany. A really pleasant sight—not the Prince, who is a large stout "moustache," squeezed in at the waist with a gold belt, looking like one of those dressed-up personages who are among the chessmen that the Cavours of the world play their game with. The pleasant sight was Count Cavour, in plainest dress, with a head full of power, mingled with *bonhomie*. We had several fellow-travellers who belonged to Savoy, and were full of chagrin at the prospect of the French annexation. Our most agreeable companion was a Baron de Magliano, a Neapolitan who has married a French wife with a large fortune, and has been living in France for years, but has now left his wife and children behind for the sake of entering the Sardinian army, and, if possible, helping to turn out the Neapolitan Bourbons. I feel some stirrings of the insurrectionary spirit myself when I see the red pantaloons at every turn in the streets of Rome. I suppose Mrs Browning could explain to me that this is part of the great idea nourished in the soul of the modern saviour Louis Napoleon, and that for the French to impose a hateful government on the Romans is the only proper sequence to the story of the French Revolution.

Oh, the beautiful men and women and children here! Such wonderful babies with wise eyes!—such grand-featured mothers nursing them! As one drives along the streets sometimes, one sees a madonna and child at every third or fourth upper window; and on Monday a little crippled girl seated at the door of a church looked up at us with a face full of such pathetic sweetness and beauty, that I think it can hardly leave me again. Yesterday we went to see dear Shelley's tomb, and it was like a personal consolation to me to see that simple outward sign that he is at rest, where no hatred can ever reach him again. Poor Keats's tombstone, with that despairing bitter inscription,[1] is almost as painful to think of as Swift's.

[1] "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 4th April.

And what have you been doing, being, or suffering in these long twelve days? While we were standing with weary impatience in the custom-house at Civita Vecchia, Mr Congreve was delivering his third lecture, and you were listening. And what else? *Friday.* Since I wrote my letter we have not been able to get near the post-office. Yesterday was taken up with seeing ceremonies, or rather with waiting for them. I knelt down to receive the Pope's blessing, remembering what Pius VII. said to the soldier—that he would never be the worse for the blessing of an old man. But altogether, these ceremonies are a melancholy, hollow business, and we regret bitterly that the Holy Week has taken up our time from better things. I have a cold and headache this morning, and in other ways am not conscious of improvement from the Pope's blessing. I may comfort myself with thinking that the King of Sardinia is none the worse for the Pope's curse. It is farcical enough that the excommunication is posted up at the Church of St John Lateran, out of everybody's way, and yet there are police to guard it.

M. D'Albert, 17th April.

I think you have made rapid progress with the translation, seeing that you can only use fringes of time for it. It is a very sweet thought to me that the work may be a source of some pleasure to you and Maman (I am very glad to be assured that I may still say "Maman," for that is the name by which she has always gone in my silent memory). It will interest you, perhaps, to know that it (*i.e.*, 'Adam Bede') is translated into Hungarian, and the first volume is fairly rendered into German—possibly the second also by this time.

You see I am counting on your and Maman's interest in everything that belongs to me. I do not write about Rome: you have read much better things on that subject than I can tell you. But no one can tell you about myself, unless *I* take upon me that agreeable labour.

What a delight it would be to take the old walks in Geneva once more! But I fear there are many changes that would check the current of my memory. And the change from the old to the new is always painful to us who are getting old and living more and more in the past. Tell Maman I enter now into her conservative feelings, which I used inwardly to disapprove in my revolutionary mood—the mood I was in when you knew me.

You will forgive me for writing hastily and briefly, and will understand that temporary preoccupation with the wonder-

ful place I am in is not *indifference* to other things. With affectionate regards to Maman, I am always yours, with sincere and faithful friendship.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 5th May, from Naples.

We left Rome a week ago, almost longing, at last, to come southward in search of sunshine. Every one likes to boast of peculiar experience, and we can boast of having gone to Rome in the very worst spring that has been known for the last twenty years. Here, at Naples, we have had some brilliant days, though the wind is still cold, and rain has often fallen heavily in the night. It is the very best change for us after Rome; there is comparatively little art to see, and there is nature in transcendent beauty. We both think it the most beautiful place in the world, and are sceptical about Constantinople, which has not had the advantage of having been seen by us. That is the fashion of travellers, as you know: for you must have been bored many times in your life by people who have insisted on it that you *must* go and see the thing *they* have seen—there is nothing like it. We shall bore you in that way, I daresay —so prepare yourself. Our plan at present is to spend the next week in seeing Pæstum, Amalfi, Castellamare, and Sorrento, and drinking in as much of this Southern beauty, in a quiet way, as our souls are capable of absorbing.

The calm blue sea, and the mountains sleeping in the afternoon light, as we have seen them to-day from the height of St Elmo, make one feel very passive and contemplative, and disinclined to bustle about in search of meaner sights. Yet I confess Pompeii, and the remains of Pompeian art and life in the Museum, have been impressive enough to rival the sea and sky. It is a thing never to be forgotten—that walk through the silent city of the past, and then the sight of utensils, and eatables, and ornaments, and half-washed linen, and hundreds of other traces of life so startlingly like our own in its minutest details, suddenly arrested by the fiery deluge. All that you will see some day, and with the advantage of younger eyes than mine.

We expect to reach Florence (by steamboat, alas !) on the 17th, so that if you have the charity to write to me again, address to me there.

We thought the advance to eighteen in the number of hearers[1] was very satisfactory, and rejoiced over it. The most solid comfort one can fall back upon is the thought that the business of one's life—the work at home after the holiday is done—is to help in some small nibbling way to

[1] At the Positivist Church.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 5th May, from Naples.

reduce the sum of ignorance, degradation, and misery on the face of this beautiful earth. I am writing at night—Mr Lewes is already asleep, else he would say, "Send my kind regards to them all." We have often talked of you, and the thought of seeing you again makes the South Fields look brighter in our imagination than they could have looked from the dreariest part of the world if you had not been living in them.

John Blackwood, 18th May, from Florence.

Things really look so threatening in the Neapolitan kingdom, that we begin to think ourselves fortunate in having got our visit done. Tuscany is in the highest political spirits for the moment, and of course Victor Emanuel stares at us at every turn here, with the most loyal exaggeration of moustache and intelligent meaning. But we are selfishly careless about dynasties just now, caring more for the doings of Giotto and Brunelleschi than for those of Count Cavour. On a first journey to the greatest centres of art, one must be excused for letting one's public spirit go to sleep a little. As for me, I am thrown into a state of humiliating passivity by the sight of the great things done in the far past: it seems as if life were not long enough to learn, and as if my own activity were so completely dwarfed by comparison, that I should never have courage for more creation of my own. There is only one thing that has an opposite and stimulating effect: it is the comparative rarity, even here, of great and truthful art, and the abundance of wretched imitation and falsity. Every hand is wanted in the world that can do a little genuine sincere work.

We are at the quietest hotel in Florence, having sought it out for the sake of getting clear of the stream of English and Americans, in which one finds one's self in all the main tracks of travel, so that one seems at last to be in a perpetual noisy picnic, obliged to be civil, though with a strong inclination to be sullen. My philanthropy rises several degrees as soon as we are alone.

Major Blackwood, 27th May.

I am much obliged to you for writing at once, and so scattering some clouds which had gathered over my mind in consequence of an indication or two in Mr John Blackwood's previous letter. The 'Times' article arrived on Sunday. It is written in a generous spirit, and with so high a degree of intelligence, that I am rather alarmed lest the misapprehensions it exhibits should be due to my defective presentation, rather than to any failure on the part of the critic. I have certainly fulfilled my intention very badly if

I have made the Dodson honesty appear "mean and uninteresting," or made the payment of one's debts appear a contemptible virtue in comparison with any sort of "Bohemian" qualities. So far as my own feeling and intention are concerned, no one class of persons or form of character is held up to reprobation or to exclusive admiration. Tom is painted with as much love and pity as Maggie; and I am so far from hating the Dodsons myself, that I am rather aghast to find them ticketed with such very ugly adjectives. We intend to leave this place on Friday (3d), and in four days after that we shall be at Venice—in a few days from that time at Milan—and then, by a route at present uncertain, at Berne, where we take up Mr Lewes's eldest boy, to bring him home with us. Letter to Major Blackwood, 27th May.

We are particularly happy in our weather, which is unvaryingly fine without excessive heat. There has been a crescendo of enjoyment in our travels; for Florence, from its relation to the history of Modern Art, has roused a keener interest in us even than Rome, and has stimulated me to entertain rather an ambitious project, which I mean to be a secret from every one but you and Mr John Blackwood.

Any news of 'Clerical Scenes' in its third edition? Or has its appearance been deferred? The smallest details are acceptable to ignorant travellers. We are wondering what was the last good article in 'Blackwood,' and whether Thackeray has gathered up his slack reins in the 'Cornhill.' Literature travels slowly even to this Italian Athens. Hawthorne's book is not to be found here yet in the Tauchnitz edition.

We left Florence on the evening of the first of June, by diligence, travelling all night and until eleven the next morning to get to Bologna. I wish we could have made that journey across the Apennines by daylight, though in that case I should have missed certain grand startling effects that came to me in my occasional wakings. Wonderful heights and depths I saw on each side of us by the fading light of the evening. Then in the middle of the night, while the lightning was flashing and the sky was heavy with threatening storm-clouds, I waked to find the six horses resolutely refusing or unable to move the diligence—till at last two meek oxen were tied to the axle, and their added strength dragged us up the hill. But one of the strangest effects I ever saw was just before dawn, when we seemed to be high up on mighty mountains, which fell precipitously and showed us the awful pale horizon far, far below. Journal, June.

Journal, June.

We left Bologna in the afternoon, rested at Ferrara for the night, and passed the Euganean Mountains on our left hand as we approached Padua in the middle of the next day.

After dinner and rest from our dusty journeying, we took a carriage and went out to see the town, desiring most of all to see the Arena Chapel.

It stands apart, and is approached at present through a pretty garden. Here one is uninterruptedly with Giotto. The whole chapel was designed and painted by himself alone; and it is said that while he was at work on it, Dante lodged with him at Padua. The nave of the chapel is in tolerably good preservation, but the apsis has suffered severely from damp. It is in this apsis that the lovely Madonna, with the Infant at her breast, is painted in a niche, now quite hidden by some altar-piece or woodwork, which one has to push by in order to see the tenderest bit of Giotto's painting. This chapel must have been a blessed vision when it was fresh from Giotto's hand—the blue vaulted roof; the exquisite bands of which he was so fond, representing inlaid marble, uniting roof and walls and forming the divisions between the various frescoes which cover the upper part of the wall. The glory of Paradise at one end, and the histories of Mary and Jesus on the two sides; and the subdued effect of the series of monochromes representing the Virtues and Vices below.

From Padua to Venice.

We made the journey to Chioggia but with small pleasure, on account of my illness, which continued all day. Otherwise that long floating over the water, with the forts and mountains looking as if they were suspended in the air, would have been very enjoyable. Of all dreamy delights, that of floating in a gondola along the canals and out on the Lagoon is surely the greatest. We were out one night on the Lagoon when the sun was setting, and the wide waters were flushed with the reddened light. I should have liked it to last for hours: it is the sort of scene in which I could most readily forget my own existence, and feel melted into the general life.

Another charm of evening time was to walk up and down the Piazza of San Marco as the stars were brightening and look at the grand dim buildings, and the flocks of pigeons flitting about them; or to walk on to the Bridge of La Paglia and look along the dark canal that runs under the Bridge of Sighs—its blackness lit up by a gaslight here and

there, and the plash of the oar of blackest gondola slowly advancing. Journal, June.

From Venice to Verona and Milan.

We left Milan for Como on a fine Sunday morning, and arrived at beautiful Bellagio by steamer in the evening. Here we spent a delicious day—going to the Villa Somma Riva in the morning, and in the evening to the Serbellone Gardens, from the heights of which we saw the mountain-peaks reddened with the last rays of the sun. The next day we reached lovely Chiavenna, at the foot of the Splügen Pass, and spent the evening in company with a glorious mountain torrent, mountain peaks, huge boulders, with rippling miniature torrents and lovely young flowers among them, and grassy heights with rich Spanish chestnuts shadowing them. Then, the next morning, we set off by post and climbed the almost perpendicular heights of the Pass—chiefly in heavy rain that would hardly let us discern the patches of snow when we reached the table-land of the summit. About five o'clock we reached grassy Splügen, and felt that we had left Italy behind us. Already our driver had been German for the last long post, and now we had come to an hotel where host and waiters were German. Swiss houses of dark wood, outside staircases and broad eaves, stood on the steep, green, and flowery slope that led up to the waterfall; and the hotel and other buildings of masonry were thoroughly German in their aspect. In the evening we enjoyed a walk between the mountains, whose lower sides down to the torrent bed were set with tall dark pines. But the climax of grand—nay, terrible—scenery came the next day as we traversed the Via Mala.

After this came open green valleys, with dotted white churches and homesteads. We were in Switzerland, and the mighty wall of the Valtelline Alps shut us out from Italy on the 21st of June.

Your letter to Florence reached me duly, and I feel as if I had been rather unconscionable in asking for another before our return; but to us who have been seeing new things every day, a month seems so long a space of time that we can't help fancying there must be a great accumulation of news for us at the end of it. Letter to John Blackwood, 23d June, from Berne.

We had hoped to be at home by the 25th; but we were so enchanted with Venice, that we were seduced into staying there a whole week instead of three or four days, and now we must not rob the boys of their two days' holiday with us.

We have had a wonderful journey. From Florence we

Letter to John Blackwood, 23d June, from Berne.

went to Bologna, Ferrara, and Padua on our way to Venice; and from Venice we have come by Verona, Milan, and Como, and across the Splügen to Zurich, where we spent yesterday chiefly in the company of Moleschott the physiologist—an interview that has helped to sharpen Mr Lewes's appetite for a return to his microscope and dissecting-table. We ought to be for ever ashamed of ourselves if we don't work the better for this great holiday. We both feel immensely enriched with new ideas and new veins of interest.

I don't think I can venture to tell you what my great project is by letter, for I am anxious to keep it a secret. It will require a great deal of study and labour, and I am athirst to begin.

As for the 'Mill,' I am in repose about it, now I know it has found its way to the great public. Its comparative rank can only be decided after some years have passed, when the judgment upon it is no longer influenced by the recent enthusiasm about 'Adam,' and by the fact that it has the misfortune to be written by me instead of by Mr Liggins. I shall like to see Bulwer's criticism, if you will be kind enough to send it me; but I particularly wish *not* to see any of the newspaper articles.

CHAPTER XI.

Journal.

July 1.—We found ourselves at home again, after three months of delightful travel. From Berne we brought our eldest boy Charles, to begin a new period in his life, after four years at Hofwyl. During our absence 'The Mill on the Floss' came out (April 4), and achieved a greater success than I had ever hoped for it. The subscription was 3600 (the number originally printed was 4000); and shortly after its appearance, Mudie having demanded a second thousand, Blackwood commenced striking off 2000 more, making 6000. While we were at Florence I had the news that these 6000 were all sold, and that 500 more were being prepared. From all we can gather, the votes are rather on the side of 'The Mill' as a better book than 'Adam.'

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 1st July.

We reached home by starlight at one o'clock this morning; and I write in haste, fear, and trembling lest you should already be gone to Surrey. You know what I should like—

that you and your husband should come to us the first day possible, naming any hour and conditions. We would arrange meals and everything else as would best suit you. Of course I would willingly go to London to see *you*, if you could not come to me. But I fear lest neither plan should be practicable, and lest this letter should have to be sent after you. It is from your note only that I have learned your loss.[1] It has made me think of you with the sense that there is more than ever a common fund of experience between us. But I will write nothing more now. I am almost ill with fatigue, and have only courage to write at all, because of my anxiety not to miss you. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 1st July.

Affectionate regards from both of *us* to both of *you*.

I opened your letters and parcel a little after one o'clock on Sunday morning, for that was the unseasonable hour of our return from our long, long journey. Yesterday was almost entirely employed in feeling very weary indeed, but this morning we are attacking the heap of small duties that always lie before one after a long absence. Miss Sara Hennell, 2d July.

It is pleasant to see your book[2] fairly finished after all delays and anxieties; but I will say nothing to you about *that* until I have read it. I shall read it the first thing before plunging into a course of study which will take me into a different region of thought.

We have had an unspeakably delightful journey—one of those journeys that seem to divide one's life in two, by the new ideas they suggest and the new veins of interest they open. We went to Geneva, and spent two days with my old kind friends the D'Alberts—a real pleasure to me, especially as Mr Lewes was delighted with "Maman" as I used to call Madame D'Albert. She is as bright and upright as ever: the ten years have only whitened her hair—a change which makes her face all the softer in colouring.

Here, then, is the lock of hair which, now it is severed from its companions, may be mistaken for a lock from some youthful head, full of brightest hopes. My hopes, you know, were never very bright, even in my youthful days, and it was always my *fears* that painted my future for me. That has, at least, saved me from some disappointment and has brought me some unexpected joys in life. For instance, I had never ventured to hope that you would bear me so tenderly in your mind through long years, and gladden my Madame D'Albert, 3d July.

[1] Death of Madame Bodichon's father.

[2] 'Thoughts in Aid of Faith.'

Letter to Madame D'Albert, 3d July.

heart by such strong sympathy as your eyes and voice assured me of during our short stay with you.

Very few things have happened to me, apart from my domestic life, that have cheered me more than the feeling that you and M. D'Albert are woven into my outward practical existence, no longer as mere memories, however cherished, but as actual breathing friends, ready to share my thoughts and help me with your encouraging words. I will say nothing to you on the subject of Mr Lewes's letter to M. D'Albert, because I am sure you know all the feeling that is implied in the wish he has expressed on behalf of us both. I am rather weighed down with anxiety now, dear Maman, and find life, even in the middle of my many blessings, still a difficult and sometimes a toilsome journey. I have always to struggle against a selfish longing for repose.

You will write to me, I know, and tell me now and then how it fares with you. It is doubly pleasant to read details about a friend's life, when we know just how she looks, and where she sits through long, quiet days.

I fear I gave very feeble signs of the gratitude I felt towards you for your affectionate reception of me and mine, and all the delicate attentions you showed us. All speech was difficult to me just then, and especially on matters of feeling. Nevertheless, I have confidence that you interpreted me more kindly than any even of my unexpressed feelings deserved, and that you believe in me as your always true and grateful friend.

Miss Sara Hennell, 7th July.

I have finished my first rather rapid reading of your book, and now I thank you for it: not merely for the special gift of the volume and inscription, but for that of which many others will share the benefit with me—the "thoughts" themselves.

So far as my reading in English books of similar character extends, yours seems to me quite unparalleled in the largeness and insight with which it estimates Christianity as an "organised experience"—a grand advance in the moral development of the race.

I especially delight in the passage, p. 105, beginning, "And how can it be otherwise," and ending with, "formal rejection of it."[1] On this and other supremely interesting

[1] "And how can it be otherwise than real to us, this belief that has nourished the souls of us all, and seems to have moulded actually anew their internal constitution, as well as stored them up with its infinite variety of external interests and associations! What other than a very real thing has it been in the life of the world—sprung out of, and again causing to spring forth, such volumes of human emotion—making a cur-

matters of thought—perhaps I should rather say of experience—your book has shown me that we are much nearer to each other than I had supposed. At p. 174, again, there is a passage beginning, "These sentiments," and ending with "heroes,"[1] which, for me, expresses the one-half of true human piety. That thought is one of my favourite altars where I oftenest go to contemplate, and to seek for invigorating motive. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 7th July.

Of the work as a whole I am quite incompetent to judge on a single cursory reading. I admire — I respect — the breadth and industry of mind it exhibits; and I should be obliged to give it a more thorough study than I can afford at present before I should feel warranted to urge, in the light of a criticism, my failure to perceive the logical consistency of your language in some parts with the position you have adopted in others. In many instances your meaning is obscure to me, or at least lies wrapped up in more folds of abstract phraseology than I have the courage or the industry to open for myself. I think you told me that some one had found your treatment of great questions "cold-blooded." I am all the more delighted to find, for my own part, an unusual fulness of sympathy and heart experience breathing throughout your book. The ground for that epithet perhaps lay in a certain professorial tone which could hardly be avoided, in a work filled with criticism of other people's

rent, as it were, of feeling, that has drawn within its own sphere all the moral vitality of so many ages! In all this reality of influence there is indeed the testimony of Christianity having truly formed an integral portion of the organic life of humanity. The regarding it as a mere excrescence, the product of morbid fanatical humours, is a reaction of judgment, that, it is to be hoped, will soon be seen on all hands to be in no way implied of necessity in the formal rejection of it."—'Thoughts in Aid of Faith,' p. 105.

[1] "These sentiments, which are born within us, slumbering as it were in our nature, ready to be awakened into action immediately they are roused by hint of corresponding circumstances, are drawn out of the whole of previous human existence. They constitute our treasured inheritance out of all the life that has been lived before us, to which no age, no human being who has trod the earth and laid himself to rest, with all his mortal burden, upon her maternal bosom, has failed to add his contribution. No generation has had its engrossing conflict, sorely battling out the triumphs of mind over material force, and through forms of monstrous abortions concurrent with its birth, too hideous for us now to bear in contemplation, moulding the early intelligence by every struggle, and winning its gradual powers,—no single soul has borne itself through its personal trial,—without bequeathing to us of its fruit. There is not a religious thought that we take to ourselves for secret comfort in our time of grief, that has not been distilled out of the multiplicity of the hallowed tears of mankind; not an animating idea is there for our fainting courage that has not gathered its inspiration from the bravery of the myriad armies of the world's heroes."—'Thoughts in Aid of Faith,' p. 174.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 7th July.

theories, except by the adoption of a simply personal style of presentation, in which you would have seemed to be looking up at the oracles, and trying to reconcile their doctrines for your own behoof, instead of appearing to be seated in a chair above them. But you considered your own plan more thoroughly than any one else can have considered it for you; and I have no doubt you had good reasons for preferring the more impersonal style.

Mr Lewes sends his kind regards, and when Du Bois Reymond's book on Johannes Müller, with other preoccupations of a like thrilling kind, no longer stand in the way, he will open *his* copy of the 'Thoughts in Aid of Faith.' He has felt a new interest aroused towards it since he has learned something about it from me and the reviewer in the 'Westminster.'

Madame Bodichon, who was here the other day, told me that Miss Nightingale and Miss Julia Smith had mentioned their pleasure in your book; but you will hear further news of all that from themselves.

John Blackwood, 9th July.

I return Sir Edward Lytton's critical letter, which I have read with much interest. On two points I recognise the justice of his criticism. First, that Maggie is made to appear too passive in the scene of quarrel in the Red Deeps. If my book were still in MS. I should—now that the defect is suggested to me—alter, or rather expand, that scene. Secondly, that the tragedy is not adequately prepared. This is a defect which I felt even while writing the third volume, and have felt ever since the MS. left me. The *Epische Breite* into which I was beguiled by love of my subject in the two first volumes, caused a want of proportionate fulness in the treatment of the third, which I shall always regret.

The other chief point of criticism—Maggie's position towards Stephen—is too vital a part of my whole conception and purpose for me to be converted to the condemnation of it. If I am wrong there—if I did not really know what my heroine would feel and do under the circumstances in which I deliberately placed her—I ought not to have written this book at all, but quite a different book, if any. If the ethics of art do not admit the truthful presentation of a character essentially noble, but liable to great error—error that is anguish to its own nobleness—then, it seems to me, the ethics of art are too narrow, and must be widened to correspond with a widening psychology.

But it is good for me to know how my tendencies as a

writer clash with the conclusions of a highly accomplished mind, that I may be warned into examining well whether my discordance with those conclusions may not arise rather from an idiosyncrasy of mine, than from a conviction which is argumentatively justifiable. Letter to John Blackwood, 9th July.

I hope you will thank Sir Edward on my behalf for the trouble he has taken to put his criticism into a form specific enough to be useful. I feel his taking such trouble to be at once a tribute and a kindness. If printed criticisms were usually written with only half the same warrant of knowledge, and with an equal sincerity of intention, I should read them without fear of fruitless annoyance.

The little envelope with its address of "Marian" was very welcome, and as Mr Lewes is sending what a Malapropian friend once called a "missile" to Sara, I feel inclined to slip in a word of gratitude—less for the present than for the past goodness, which came back to me with keener remembrance than ever when we were at Genoa and at Como—the places I first saw with you. How wretched I was then—how peevish, how utterly morbid! And how kind and forbearing you were under the oppression of my company. I should like you now and then to feel happy in the thought that you were always perfectly good to me. That I was not good to you, is my own disagreeable affair: the bitter taste of that fact is mine, not yours. Mrs Bray, 10th July.

Don't you remember Bellagio? It is hardly altered much except in the hotels, which the eleven years have wondrously multiplied and bedizened for the accommodation of the English. But if I begin to recall the things we saw in Italy, I shall write as long a letter as Mr Lewes's, which, by-the-by, now I have read it, seems to be something of a "missile" in another sense than the Malapropian. But Sara is one of the few people to whom candour is acceptable as the highest tribute. And private criticism has more chance of being faithful than public. We must have mercy on critics who are obliged to make a figure in printed pages. They must by all means say striking things. Either we should not read printed criticisms at all (*I don't*), or we should read them with the constant remembrance that they are a fugitive kind of work which, in the present stage of human nature, can rarely engage a very high grade of conscience or ability. The fate of a book, which is not entirely ephemeral, is never decided by journalists or reviewers of any but an exceptional kind. Tell Sara her damnation—if it ever comes to pass—will be quite independent of Nationals and Westminsters.

Letters to Mrs Bray, 10th July.

Let half-a-dozen competent people read her book, and an opinion of it will spread quite apart from either praise or blame in reviews and newspapers.

Our big boy is a great delight to us, and makes our home doubly cheery. It is very sweet as one gets old to have some young life about one. He is quite a passionate musician, and we play Beethoven duets with increasing appetite every evening. The opportunity of hearing some inspiring music is one of the chief benefits we hope for to counterbalance our loss of the wide common and the fields.

We shall certainly read the parts you suggest in the 'Education of the Feelings,'[1] and I daresay I shall read a good deal more of it, liking to turn over the leaves of a book which I read first in our old drawing-room at Foleshill, and then lent to my sister, who, with a little air of maternal experience, pronounced it "very sensible."

14th July.

There is so much that I want to do every day—I had need cut myself into four women. We have a great extra interest and occupation just now in our big boy Charley, who is looking forward to a Government examination, and wants much help and sympathy in music and graver things. I think we are quite peculiarly blest in the fact that this eldest lad seems the most entirely lovable human animal of seventeen and a half that I ever met with or heard of: he has a sweetness of disposition which is saved from weakness by a remarkable sense of duty.

We are going to let our present house, if possible—that is, get rid of it altogether on account of its inconvenient situation: other projects are still in a floating, unfixed condition. The water did not look quite so green at Como—perhaps, as your remark suggests, because there was a less vivid green to be reflected from my personality as I looked down on it. I am eleven years nearer to the sere and yellow leaf, and my feelings are even more autumnal than my years. I have read no reviews of the 'Mill on the Floss' except that in the 'Times' which Blackwood sent me to Florence. I abstain not from superciliousness, but on a calm consideration of the probable proportion of benefit on the one hand, and waste of thought on the other. It was certain that in the notices of my first book, after the removal of my *incognito*, there would be much *ex post facto* wisdom, which could hardly profit me since *I* certainly knew who I was beforehand, and knew also that no one else knew who had not been told.

[1] 'Education of the Feelings.' By Charles Bray. Published 1839.

We are quite uncertain about our plans at present. Our second boy, Thornie, is going to leave Hofwyl, and to be placed in some more expensive position, in order to the carrying on of his education in a more complete way, so that we are thinking of avoiding for the present any final establishment of ourselves, which would necessarily be attended with additional outlay. Besides, these material cares draw rather too severely on my strength and spirits. But until Charlie's career has taken shape we frame no definite projects. Letter to the Brays, 14th July.

If Cara values the article on Strikes in the 'Westminster Review,' she will be interested to know—if she has not heard it already—that the writer is *blind*. I dined with him the other week, and could hardly keep the tears back as I sat at table with him. Yet he is cheerful and animated, accepting with graceful quietness all the minute attentions to his wants that his blindness calls forth. His name is Fawcett, and he is a Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. I am sitting for my portrait—for the last time, I hope—to Lawrence, the artist who drew that chalk-head of Thackeray, which is familiar to you. Miss Sara Hennell, 6th Aug.

I know you will rejoice with us that Charley has won his place at the Post Office, having been at the head of the list in the examination. The dear lad is fairly launched in life now. Madame Bodichon, Aug.

I am thoroughly vexed that we didn't go to Lawrence's to-day. We made an effort, but it was raining too hard at the only time that would serve us to reach the train. That comes of our inconvenient situation, so far off the railway; and alas! no one comes to take our house off our hands. We may be forced to stay here after all.

One of the things I shall count upon, if we are able to get nearer London, is to see more of your schools and other good works. That would help me to do without the fields for many months of the year.

I have been reading this morning for my spiritual good Emerson's 'Man the Reformer,' which comes to me with fresh beauty and meaning. My heart goes out with venerating gratitude to that mild face, which I daresay is smiling on some one as beneficently as it one day did on me years and years ago. Miss Sara Hennell, 27th Aug.

I think I must tell you the secret, though I am distrusting my power to make it grow into a published fact. When we were in Florence, I was rather fired with the idea of writing a historical romance—scene, Florence; period, the John Blackwood, 28th Aug.

Letter to John Blackwood, 28th Aug.

close of the fifteenth century, which was marked by Savonarola's career and martyrdom. Mr Lewes has encouraged me to persevere in the project, saying that I should probably do something in historical romance rather different in character from what has been done before. But I want first to write another English story, and the plan I should like to carry out is this: to publish my next English novel when my Italian one is advanced enough for us to begin its publication a few months afterwards in 'Maga.' It would appear without a name in the Magazine, and be subsequently reprinted with the name of "George Eliot." I need not tell you the wherefore of this plan. You know well enough the received phrases with which a writer is greeted when he does something else than what was expected of him. But just now I am quite without confidence in my future doings, and almost repent of having formed conceptions which will go on lashing me now until I have at least tried to fulfil them.

I am going to-day to give my last sitting to Lawrence, and we were counting on the Major's coming to look at the portrait and judge of it. I hope it will be satisfactory, for I am quite set against going through the same process a second time.

We are a little distracted just now with the prospect of removal from our present house, which some obliging people have at last come to take off our hands.

Madame Bodichon, 5th Sept.

My fingers have been itching to write to you for the last week or more, but I have waited and waited, hoping to be able to tell you that we had decided on our future house. This evening, however, I have been reading your description of Algiers, and the desire to thank you for it moves me too strongly to be resisted. It is admirably written, and makes me *see* the country. I am so glad to think of the deep draughts of life you get from being able to spend half your life in that fresh grand scenery. It must make London and English green fields all the more enjoyable in their turn.

As for us, we are preparing to renounce the delights of roving, and to settle down quietly, as old folks should do, for the benefit of the young ones. We have let our present house.

Is it not cheering to have the sunshine on the corn, and the prospect that the poor people will not have to endure the suffering that comes on them from a bad harvest? The fields that were so sadly beaten down a little while ago

on the way to town are now standing in fine yellow shocks. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 5th Sept.

I wish you could know how much we felt your kindness to Charley. He is such a dear good fellow that nothing is thrown away upon him.

Write me a scrap of news about yourself, and tell me how you and the doctor are enjoying the country. I shall get a breath of it in that way. I think I love the fields and shudder at the streets more and more every month.

Sept. 27.—To-day is the third day we have spent in our new home here at 10 Harewood Square. It is a furnished house, in which we do not expect to stay longer than six months at the utmost. Since our return from Italy I have written a slight tale, 'Mr David Faux, Confectioner' ('Brother Jacob')—which G. thinks worth printing. Journal

The precious cheque arrived safely to-day. I am much obliged to you for it, and also for the offer to hasten further payments. I have no present need of that accommodation, as we have given up the idea of buying the house which attracted us, dreading a step that might fetter us to town, or to a more expensive mode of living than might ultimately be desirable. I hope Mr Lewes will bring us back a good report of Major Blackwood's progress towards re-established health. In default of a visit from him, it was very agreeable to have him represented by his son,[1] who has the happy talent of making a morning call one of the easiest, pleasantest things in the world. Letter to John Blackwood, 27th Sept.

I wonder if you know who is the writer of the article in the 'North British,' in which I am reviewed along with Hawthorne. Mr Lewes brought it for me to read this morning, and it is so unmixed in its praise, that if I had any friends, I should be uneasy lest a friend should have written it.

Since there is no possibility of my turning in to see you on my walk as in the old days, I cannot feel easy without writing to tell you my regret that I missed you when you came. In changing a clearer sky for a foggy one, we have not changed our habits, and we walk after lunch as usual; but I should like very much to stay indoors any day with the expectation of seeing you, if I could know beforehand of your coming. It is rather sad not to see your face at all from week to week, and I hope you know that I feel it so. But I am always afraid of falling into a disagreeable urgency of invitation, since we have nothing Mrs Congreve, 16th Oct.

[1] Mr William Blackwood.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 16th Oct.

to offer beyond the familiar well-worn entertainment of our own society. I hope you and Mr Congreve are quite well now and free from cares. Emily, I suppose, is gone with the sunshine of her face to Coventry. There is sadly little sunshine except that of young faces just now. Still we are flourishing in spite of damp and dismalness. We were glad to hear that the well-written article in the 'Westminster' on the "Essays and Reviews" was by your friend Mr Harrison.[1] Though I don't quite agree with his view of the case, I admired the tone and style of the writing greatly.

John Blackwood, 2d Nov.

I agree with you in preferring to put simply "New Edition"; and I see, too, that the practice of advertising numbers is made vulgar and worthless by the doubtful veracity of some publishers, and the low character of the books to which they affix this supposed guarantee of popularity. *Magna est veritas*, &c. I can't tell you how much comfort I feel in having publishers who believe that.

You have read the hostile article in the 'Quarterly,' I daresay. I have not seen it; but Mr Lewes's report of it made me more cheerful than any review I have heard of since 'The Mill' came out. You remember Lord John Russell was once laughed at immensely for saying that he felt confident he was right, because all parties found fault with him. I really find myself taking nearly the same view of my position, with the Freethinkers angry with me on one side and the writer in the 'Quarterly' on the other—*not* because my representations are untruthful, but because they are impartial—because I don't *load* my dice so as to make their side win. The parenthetical hint that the classical quotations in my books might be "more correctly printed," is an amusing sample of the grievance that belongs to review-writing in general, since there happens to be only *one* classical quotation in them all—the Greek one from the Philoctetes in "Amos Barton." By-the-by, will you see that the readers have not allowed some error to creep into that solitary bit of pedantry?

Miss Sara Hennell, 13th Nov.

I understand your paradox of "expecting disappointments," for that is the only form of hope with which I am familiar. I should like, for your sake, that you should rather see us in our *own* house than in this; for I fear your carrying away a general sense of *yellow* in connection with us—and I am sure that is enough to set you against the

[1] Mr Frederic Harrison, the now well-known writer, and a member of the Positivist body.

thought of us. There are some staring yellow curtains which you will hardly help blending with your impression of our moral sentiments. In our own drawing-room I mean to have a paradise of greenness. I have lately re-read your 'Thoughts,' from the beginning of the "Psychical Essence of Christianity" to the end of the "History of Philosophy," and I feel my original impression confirmed — that the "Psychical Essence" and "General Review of the Christian System" are the most valuable portions. I think you once expressed your regret that I did not understand the analogy you traced between Feuerbach's theory and Spencer's. I don't know what gave you that impression, for *I* never said so. I see your meaning distinctly in that parallel. If you referred to something in Mr Lewes's letter, let me say, once for all, that you must not impute *my* opinions to *him* nor *vice versâ*. The intense happiness of our union is derived in a high degree from the perfect freedom with which we each follow and declare our own impressions. In this respect I know *no* man so great as he—that difference of opinion rouses no egoistic irritation in him, and that he is ready to admit that another argument is the stronger the moment his intellect recognises it. I am glad to see Mr Bray contributing his quota to the exposure of that odious trickery —spirit-rapping. It was not headache that I was suffering from when Mr Bray called, but extreme languor and unbroken fatigue from morning to night—a state which is always accompanied in me, psychically, by utter self-distrust and despair of ever being equal to the demands of life. We should be very pleased to hear some news of Mr and Mrs Call. I feel their removal from town quite a loss to us.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 13th Nov.

Nov. 28.—Since I last wrote in this Journal, I have suffered much from physical weakness, accompanied with mental depression. The loss of the country has seemed very bitter to me, and my want of health and strength has prevented me from working much—still worse, has made me despair of ever working well again. I am getting better now by the help of tonics, and shall be better still if I could gather more bravery, resignation, and simplicity of striving. In the meantime my cup is full of blessings: my home is bright and warm with love and tenderness, and in more material, vulgar matters we are very fortunate.

Journal.

Last Tuesday — the 20th — we had a pleasant evening. Anthony Trollope dined with us, and made me like him very much by his straightforward wholesome *Wesen*. Afterwards Mr Helps came in, and the talk was extremely agree-

Journal. able. He told me the Queen had been speaking to him in great admiration of my books—especially 'The Mill on the Floss.' It is interesting to know that Royalty can be touched by that sort of writing, and I was grateful to Mr Helps for his wish to tell me of the sympathy given to me in that quarter.

To-day I have had a letter from M. D'Albert, saying that at last the French edition of 'Adam Bede' is published. He pleases me very much by saying that he finds not a sentence that he can retrench in the first volume of 'The Mill.'

I am engaged now in writing a story—the idea of which came to me after our arrival in this house, and which has thrust itself between me and the other book I was meditating. It is 'Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe.' I am still only at about the 62d page, for I have written slowly and interruptedly.

Letter to M. D'Albert, 6th Dec. The two copies of *your* 'Adam Bede' reached me in all safety two or three days ago. Very pleasant they were to see in their pale white covers, which I greatly prefer to the favourite French yellow. At present I have only read the chapters containing Hetty's wanderings, which I find faithfully rendered; but Mr Lewes has read much more, and declares himself much satisfied with the translation. It will never cease to be a happy thought to me, dear friend, that you and Maman have spent pleasant hours over my books.

I think it will be wise to adopt the title you suggest—'Le Moulin de Dorlcote'—instead of our 'La Floss'; but on this point I leave you to decide according to your final impression, when the decision becomes necessary. Here in England the public is about equally divided in opinion about my two last works—some preferring 'Adam,' some 'The Mill'; but I agree with you that the French readers are likely to find the first volume of the latter too long. My delight in the pictures of childhood led me into what the Germans call an "epic breadth," which to many may perhaps seem an epic tediousness. Altogether, I should think my mind is one of the most remote from the French standard. What a detail that is which you mention, about the rejection of Maman's apt quotation, lest the book should have a religious air!

Mrs Congreve, 7th Dec. The sight of sunshine usually brings you to my mind, because you are my latest association with the country; but I think of you much oftener than I see the sunshine, for the weather in London has been more uninterruptedly dismal

than ever for the last fortnight. Nevertheless *I* am brighter; and since I believe your goodness will make that agreeable news to you, I write on purpose to tell it. Quinine and steel have at last made me brave and cheerful, and I really don't mind a journey up-stairs. If you had not repressed our hope of seeing you again until your sister's return, I should have asked you to join us for the Exeter Hall performance of the "Messiah" this evening, which I am looking forward to with delight. The Monday Popular Concerts at St James's Hall are our easiest and cheapest pleasures. I go in my bonnet; we sit in the shilling places in the body of the hall, and hear to perfection for a shilling! That is agreeable when one hears Beethoven's quartetts and sonatas. Pray bear in mind that these things are to be had when you are more at liberty. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 7th Dec.

Dec. 17.—We entered to-day our new home—16 Blandford Square—which we have taken for three years, hoping by the end of that time to have so far done our duty by the boys as to be free to live where we list. Journal.

Your vision of me as "settled" was painfully in contrast with the fact. The last virtue human beings will attain, I am inclined to think, is scrupulosity in promising and faithfulness in fulfilment. We are still far off our last stadium of development, and so it has come to pass, that though we were in the house on Monday last, our curtains are not up and our oil-cloth is not down. Such is life, seen from the furnishing point of view! I can't tell you how hateful this sort of time-frittering work is to me, who every year care less for houses and detest shops more. To crown my sorrows, I have lost my pen—my old favourite pen, with which I have written for eight years,—at least it is not forthcoming. We have been reading the proof of Mr Spencer's second part, and I am supremely gratified by it, because he brings his argument to a point which I did not anticipate from him. It is, as he says, a result of his riper thought. After all the bustle of Monday, I went to hear Sims Reeves sing "Adelaide,"—that *ne plus ultra* of passionate song,—and I wish you had been there for one quarter of an hour, that you might have heard it too. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Dec.

The bright point in your letter is, that you are in a happy state of mind yourself. For the rest we must wait and not be impatient with those who have their inward trials, though everything outward seems to smile on them. It seems to those who are differently placed that the time of freedom from strong ties and urgent claims must be very precious for Madame Bodichon, 26th Dec.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 26th Dec.

the ends of self-culture and good helpful work towards the world at large. But it hardly ever is so. As for the forms and ceremonies, I feel no regret that any should turn to them for comfort if they can find comfort in them; sympathetically I enjoy them myself. But I have faith in the working out of higher possibilities than the Catholic or any other Church has presented; and those who have strength to wait and endure are bound to accept no formula which their whole souls—their intellect as well as their emotions—do not embrace with entire reverence. The "highest calling and election" is to *do without opium*, and live through all our pain with conscious, clear-eyed endurance.

We have no sorrow just now, except my constant inward "worrit" of unbelief in any future of good work on my part. Everything I do seems poor and trivial in the doing; and when it is quite gone from me, and seems no longer my own, then I rejoice in it and think it fine. That is the history of my life.

I have been wanting to go to your school again, to refresh myself with the young voices there, but I have not been able to do it. My walks have all been taken up with shopping errands of late; but I hope to get more leisure soon.

We both beg to offer our affectionate remembrances to the doctor. Get Herbert Spencer's new work—the two first quarterly parts. It is the best thing he has done.

Journal.

Dec. 31.—This year has been marked by many blessings, and above all, by the comfort we have found in having Charles with us. Since we set out on our journey to Italy on 25th March, the time has not been fruitful in work: distractions about our change of residence have run away with many days; and since I have been in London my state of health has been depressing to all effort.

May the next year be more fruitful!

Letter to John Blackwood, 12th Jan. 1861.

I am writing a story which came *across* my other plans by a sudden inspiration. I don't know at present whether it will resolve itself into a book short enough for me to complete before Easter, or whether it will expand beyond that possibility. It seems to me that nobody will take any interest in it but myself, for it is extremely unlike the popular stories going; but Mr Lewes declares that I am wrong, and says it is as good as anything I have done. It is a story of old-fashioned village life, which has unfolded itself from the merest millet-seed of thought. I think I get slower and more timid in my writing, but perhaps worry about houses and servants and boys, with want of bodily

strength, may have had something to do with that. I hope to be quiet now.

I was delighted to have your letter this morning, bringing me good news not only of a literary but of a personal kind. It is pleasant to know that your labours on 'Adam' have been so far appreciated; but I think it is pleasanter still to know that Maman has had the comfort of seeing her son Charles this Christmas, and that your prospects concerning him are hopeful. I begin, you know, to consider myself an experienced matron, knowing a great deal about parental joys and anxieties. Indeed I have rather too ready a talent for entering into anxieties of all sorts. Letter to M. D'Albert, 22d Jan.

I can well imagine that you find 'The Mill' more difficult to render than 'Adam.' But would it be inadmissible to represent in French, at least in some degree, those "intermédiaires entre le style commun et le style élégant" to which you refer? It seems to me that I have discerned such shades very strikingly rendered in Balzac, and occasionally in George Sand. Balzac, I think, dares to be thoroughly colloquial, in spite of French strait-lacing. Even in English this daring is far from being general. The writers who dare to be thoroughly familiar are Shakspeare, Fielding, Scott (where he is expressing the popular life with which he is familiar), and indeed every other writer of fiction of the first class. Even in his loftiest tragedies—in Hamlet, for example—Shakspeare is intensely colloquial. One hears the very accent of living men. I am not vindicating the practice: I know that is not necessary to *you*, who have so quick a sensibility for the real and the humorous. You, of course, have knowledge as to what is or can be done in French literature beyond any that my reading can have furnished me with.

I see that you think there are many readers who will prefer 'The Mill' to 'Adam.' To my feeling, there is more thought and a profounder veracity in 'The Mill' than in 'Adam'; but Adam is more complete, and better balanced. My love of the childhood scenes made me linger over them; so that I could not develop as fully as I wished the concluding "Book" in which the tragedy occurs, and which I had looked forward to with much attention and premeditation from the beginning. My books don't seem to belong to me after I have once written them; and I find myself delivering opinions about them as if I had nothing to do with them. I am not afraid that you will be unable to distinguish that frankness from self-conceit.

Feb. 1.—The first month of the New Year has been passed Journal.

Journal. in much bodily discomfort—making both work and leisure heavy. I have reached page 209 of my story, which is to be in one volume, and I want to get it ready for Easter, but I dare promise myself nothing with this feeble body.

The other day I had charming letters from M. and Mme. D'Albert, saying that the French 'Adam' goes on very well, and showing an appreciation of 'The Mill' which pleases me.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 6th Feb. I was feeling so ill on Friday and Saturday, that I had not spirit to write and thank you for the basket of eggs—an invaluable present. I was particularly grateful this morning at breakfast, when a fine large one fell to my share.

On Saturday afternoon we were both so utterly incapable, that Mr Lewes insisted on our setting off forthwith into the country. But we only got as far as Dorking, and came back yesterday. I felt a new creature as soon as I was in the country; and we had two brilliant days for rambling and driving about that lovely Surrey. I suppose we must keep soul and body together by occasional flights of this sort; and don't you think an occasional flight to town will be good for you?

Miss Sara Hennell, 8th Feb. I have destroyed almost all my friends' letters to me, because they were only intended for my eyes, and could only fall into the hands of persons who knew little of the writers, if I allowed them to remain till after my death. In proportion as I love every form of piety—which is venerating love—I hate hard curiosity; and, unhappily, my experience has impressed me with the sense that hard curiosity is the more common temper of mind. But enough of that. The reminders I am getting from time to time of Coventry distress have made me think very often yearningly and painfully of the friends who are more immediately affected by it, and I often wonder if more definite information would increase or lessen my anxiety for them. Send me what word you can from time to time, that there may be some reality in my image of things round your hearth.

John Blackwood, 15th Feb. I send you by post to-day about 230 pages of MS. I send it because in my experience printing and its preliminaries have always been rather a slow business; and as the story —if published at Easter at all—should be ready by Easter week, there is no time to lose. We are reading 'Carlyle's Memoirs' with much interest; but so far as we have gone, he certainly does seem to me something of a "Sadducee"—a very handsome one, judging from the portrait. What a memory and what an experience for a novelist! But somehow experience and finished faculty rarely go together.

Dearly beloved Scott had the greatest combination of experience and faculty—yet even he never made the most of his treasures, at least in his *mode* of presentation. Send us better news of Major Blackwood if you can. We feel so old and rickety ourselves, that we have a peculiar interest in invalids. Mr Lewes is going to lecture for the Post Office this evening, by Mr Trollope's request. I am rather uneasy about it, and wish he were well through the unusual excitement. Letter to John Blackwood, 15th Feb.

I have been much relieved by Mr Lewes having got through his lecture at the Post Office[1] with perfect ease and success, for I had feared the unusual excitement for him. *I* am better. I have not been working much lately —indeed this year has been a comparatively idle one. I think my *malaise* is chiefly owing to the depressing influence of town air and town scenes. The Zoological Gardens are my one outdoor pleasure now, and we can take it several times a-week, for Mr Lewes has become a fellow. Mrs Congreve, 16th Feb.

My love is often visiting you. Entertain it well.

I am glad to hear that Mr Maurice impressed you agreeably. If I had strength to be adventurous on Sunday, I should go to hear him preach as well as others. But I am unequal to the least exertion or irregularity. My only pleasure away from our own hearth is going to the Zoological Gardens; and I find the birds and beasts there most congenial to my spirit. There is a Shoebill, a great bird of grotesque ugliness, whose top-knot looks brushed up to a point with an exemplary deference to the demands of society, but who, I am sure, has no idea that he looks the handsomer for it. I cherish an unrequited attachment to him. Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Feb.

If you are in London this morning, in this fine dun-coloured fog, you know how to pity me. But I feel myself wicked for implying that I have any grievances. Only last week we had a circular from the clergyman at Attleboro, where there is a considerable population entirely dependent on the ribbon trade, telling us how the poor weavers are suffering from the effects of the Coventry strike. And these less known undramatic tales of want win no wide help, such as has been given in the case of the Hartley colliery accident. Mrs Congreve, 23d Feb.

Your letter was a contribution towards a more cheerful view of things, for whatever may be the minor evils you hint at, I know that Mr Congreve's better health and the satisfaction you have in his doing effective work will out-

[1] Lecture on Cell Forms.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 23d Feb.

weigh them. We have had a Dr Wyatt here lately—an Oxford physician—who was much interested in hearing of Mr Congreve again—not only on the ground of Oxford remembrances, but from having read his writings.

I was much pleased with the affectionate respect that was expressed in all the notices of Mr Clough[1] that I happened to see in the newspapers. They were an indication that there must be a great deal of private sympathy to soothe poor Mrs Clough, if any soothing is possible in such cases. That little poem of his which was quoted in the 'Spectator' about parted friendships touched me deeply.

You may be sure we are ailing, but I am ashamed of dwelling on a subject that offers so little variety.

John Blackwood, 24th Feb.

I don't wonder at your finding my story, as far as you have read it, rather sombre: indeed, I should not have believed that any one would have been interested in it but myself (since Wordsworth is dead) if Mr Lewes had not been strongly arrested by it. But I hope you will not find it at all a sad story, as a whole, since it sets—or is intended to set—in a strong light the remedial influences of pure, natural human relations. The Nemesis is a very mild one. I have felt all through as if the story would have lent itself best to metrical rather than to prose fiction, especially in all that relates to the psychology of Silas; except that, under that treatment, there could not be an equal play of humour. It came to me first of all quite suddenly, as a sort of legendary tale, suggested by my recollection of having once, in early childhood, seen a linen weaver with a bag on his back; but as my mind dwelt on the subject, I became inclined to a more realistic treatment.

My chief reason for wishing to publish the story now is, that I like my writings to appear in the order in which they are written, because they belong to successive mental phases, and when they are a year behind me, I can no longer feel that thorough identification with them which gives zest to the sense of authorship. I generally like them better at that distance, but then I feel as if they might just as well have been written by somebody else. It would have been a great pleasure to me if Major Blackwood could have read my story. I am very glad to have the first part tested by the reading of your nephew and Mr Simpson, and to find that it can interest them at all.

Journal.

March 10.—Finished 'Silas Marner,' and sent off the last thirty pages to Edinburgh.

[1] Arthur Hugh Clough—the Poet.

Letter to the Brays, 19th March, from Hastings.

Your letter came to me just as we were preparing to start in search of fresh air and the fresh thoughts that come with it. I hope you never doubt that I feel a deep interest in knowing all facts that touch you nearly. I should like to think that it was some small comfort to Cara and you to know that wherever I am there is one among that number of your friends—necessarily decreasing with increasing years —who enter into your present experience with the light of memories; for kind feeling can never replace fully the sympathy that comes from memory. My disposition is so faultily anxious and foreboding, that I am not likely to forget anything of a saddening sort.

Tell Sara we saw Mr William Smith, author of 'Thorndale,' a short time ago, and he spoke of her and her book with interest: he thought her book "suggestive." He called on us during a visit to London, made for the sake of getting married. The lady is, or rather was, a Miss Cumming, daughter of a blind physician of Edinburgh. He said they had talked to each other for some time of the "impossibility" of marrying, because they were both too poor. "But," he said, "it is dangerous, Lewes, to talk even of the impossibility." The difficulties gradually dwindled, and the advantages magnified themselves. I was particularly pleased with *him*,—he is modest to diffidence, yet bright and keenly awake.

I am just come in from our first good blow on the beach, and have that delicious sort of numbness in arms and legs that comes from walking hard in a fresh wind.

'Silas Marner' is in one volume. It was quite a sudden inspiration that came across me, in the midst of altogether different meditations.

John Blackwood, 30th March.

The latest number I had heard of was 3300, so that your letter brought me agreeable information. I am particularly gratified, because this spirited subscription must rest on my character as a writer generally, and not simply on the popularity of 'Adam Bede.' There is an article on 'The Mill' in 'Macmillan's Magazine' which is worth reading. I cannot, of course, agree with the writer in all his regrets: if I could have done so, I should not have written the book I did write, but quite another. Still it is a comfort to me to read any criticism which recognises the high responsibilities of literature that undertakes to represent life. The ordinary tone about art is that the artist may do what he will, provided he pleases the public.

I am very glad to be told—whenever you can tell me—

Letter to John Blackwood, 30th March.

that the Major is not suffering heavily. I know so well the preciousness of those smiles that tell one the mind is not held out of all reach of soothing.

We are wavering whether we shall go to Florence this spring, or wait till the year and other things are more advanced.

Mrs Peter Taylor, 1st April.

It gave me pleasure to have your letter, not only because of the kind expressions of sympathy it contains, but also because it gives me an opportunity of telling you, after the lapse of years, that I remember gratefully how you wrote to me with generous consideration and belief at a time when most persons who knew anything of me were disposed (naturally enough) to judge me rather severely. Only a woman of rare qualities would have written to me as you did on the strength of the brief intercourse that had passed between us.

It was never a trial to me to have been cut off from what is called the world, and I think I love none of my fellow-creatures the less for it: still I must always retain a peculiar regard for those who showed me any kindness in word or deed at that time, when there was the least evidence in my favour. The list of those who did so is a short one, so that I can often and easily recall it.

For the last six years I have ceased to be "Miss Evans" for any one who has personal relations with me—having held myself under all the responsibilities of a married woman. I wish this to be distinctly understood; and when I tell you that we have a great boy of eighteen at home who calls me "mother," as well as two other boys, almost as tall, who write to me under the same name, you will understand that the point is not one of mere egoism or personal dignity, when I request that any one who has a regard for me will cease to speak of me by my maiden name.

John Blackwood, 4th April.

I am much obliged to you for your punctuality in sending me my precious cheque. I prize the money fruit of my labour very highly as the means of saving us from dependence, or the degradation of writing when we are no longer able to write well, or to write what we have not written before.

Mr Langford brought us word that he thought the total subscription (including Scotland and Ireland) would mount to 5500. That is really very great. And letters drop in from time to time giving me words of strong encouragement —especially about 'The Mill'; so that I have reason to be cheerful, and to believe that where one has a large public,

one's words must hit their mark. If it were not for that, special cases of misinterpretation might paralyse me. For example, pray notice how one critic attributes to me a disdain for Tom; as if it were not *my* respect for Tom which infused itself into my reader,—as if he could have respected Tom if I had not painted him with respect; the exhibition of the right on both sides being the very soul of my intention in the story. However, I ought to be satisfied if I have roused the feeling that does justice to both sides. Letter to John Blackwood, 4th April.

I feel more at ease in omitting formalities with you than I should with most persons, because I know you are yourself accustomed to have other reasons for your conduct than mere fashion, and I believe you will understand me without many words when I tell you what Mr Lewes felt unable to explain on the instant when you kindly expressed the wish to see us at your house—namely, that I have found it a necessity of my London life to make the rule of *never* paying visits. Without a carriage, and with my easily perturbed health, London distances would make any other rule quite irreconcilable for me with any efficient use of my days; and I am obliged to give up the *few* visits which would be really attractive and fruitful in order to avoid the *many* visits which would be the reverse. It is only by saying, "I never pay visits," that I can escape being ungracious or unkind—only by renouncing all social intercourse but such as comes to our own fireside, that I can escape sacrificing the chief objects of life. Mrs Peter Taylor, 6th April.

I think it very good of those with whom I have much fellow-feeling, if they will let me have the pleasure of seeing them without their expecting the usual reciprocity of visits; and I hope I need hardly say that you are among the visitors who would be giving me pleasure in this way. I think your imagination will supply all I have left unsaid —all the details that run away with our hours when our life extends at all beyond our own homes, and I am not afraid of your misinterpreting my stay-at-home rule into churlishness.

We went to hear Beethoven's "Mass in D" last night, and on Wednesday to hear Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Nacht," and Beethoven's "Symphony in B," so that we have had two musical treats this week; but the enjoyment of such things is much diminished by the gas and bad air. Indeed our long addiction to a quiet life, in which our daily walk amongst the still grass and trees was a *fête* to us, has unfitted us for the sacrifices that London demands. Don't Miss Sara Hennell, 13th April.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 13th April.

think about reading 'Silas Marner' just because it is come out. I hate *obligato* reading and *obligato* talk about my books. *I never send them to any one*, and never wish to be spoken to about them, except by an unpremeditated spontaneous prompting. They are written out of my deepest belief, and as well as I can, for the great public—and every sincere strong word will find its mark in that public. Perhaps the annoyance I suffered [referring to the Liggins affair] has made me rather morbid on such points; but apart from my own weaknesses, I think the less an author hears about himself the better. Don't mistake me: I am writing a general explanation, *not* anything applicable to you.

Journal.

April 19.—We set off on our second journey to Florence, through France and by the Cornice Road. Our weather was delicious, a little rain, and we suffered neither from heat nor from dust.

Letter to John Blackwood, 19th May, from Florence.

We have been industriously foraging in old streets and old books. I feel very brave just now, and enjoy the thought of work—but don't set your mind on my doing just what I have dreamed. It may turn out that I can't work freely and fully enough in the medium I have chosen, and in that case I must give it up: for I will never write anything to which my whole heart, mind, and conscience don't consent, so that I may feel that it was something—however small—which wanted to be done in this world, and that I am just the organ for that small bit of work.

I am very much cheered by the way in which 'Silas' is received. I hope it has made some slight pleasure for you too, in the midst of incomparably deeper feelings of sadness.[1] Your quiet tour among the lakes was the best possible thing for you. What place is not better "out of the season"?—although I feel I am almost wicked in my hatred of being where there are many other people enjoying themselves. I am very far behind Mr Buckle's millennial prospect, which is, that men will be more and more congregated in cities and occupied with human affairs, so as to be less and less under the influence of Nature—*i.e.*, the sky, the hills, and the plains; whereby superstition will vanish, and statistics will reign for ever and ever.

Mr Lewes is kept in continual distraction by having to attend to my wants—going with me to the Magliabecchian Library, and poking about everywhere on my behalf—I having very little self-help about me of the pushing and inquiring kind.

[1] The death of Major Blackwood.

I look forward with keen anxiety to the next outbreak of war—longing for some turn of affairs that will save poor Venice from being bombarded by those terrible Austrian forts. Letter to John Blackwood, 19th May, from Florence.

Thanks for your letters: we both say, "More—give us more."

Florence is getting hot, and I am the less sorry to leave it. This evening we have been mounting to the top of Giotto's tower—a very sublime getting up-stairs indeed—and our muscles are much astonished at the unusual exercise; so you must not be shocked if my letter seems to be written with dim faculties as well as with a dim light. Charles L. Lewes, 27th May, from Florence.

We have seen no one but Mrs Trollope and her pretty little girl Beatrice, who is a musical genius. She is a delicate fairy, about ten years old, but sings with a grace and expression that make it a thrilling delight to hear her.

We have had glorious sunsets, shedding crimson and golden lights under the dark bridges across the Arno. All Florence turns out at eventide; but we avoid the slow crowds on the Lung' Arno, and take our way "up all manner of streets."

May and June.—At the end of May Mr T. Trollope came back and persuaded us to stay long enough to make the expedition to Camaldoli and La Vernia in his company. We arrived at Florence on the 4th May, and left it on the 7th June—thirty-four days of precious time spent there. Will it be all in vain? Our morning hours were spent in looking at streets, buildings, and pictures, in hunting up old books, at shops or stalls, or in reading at the Magliabecchian Library. Alas! I could have done much more if I had been well; but that regret applies to most years of my life. Returned by Lago Maggiore and the St Gothard; reached home June 14. Blackwood having waited in town to see us, came to lunch with us, and asked me if I would go to dine at Greenwich on the following Monday, to which I said "yes," by way of exception to my resolve that I will go nowhere for the rest of this year. He drove us there with Colonel Stewart, and we had a pleasant evening—the sight of a game at golf in the Park, and a hazy view of the distant shipping, with the Hospital finely broken by trees in the foreground. At dinner Colonel Hamley and Mr Skene joined us: Delane, who had been invited, was unable to come. The chat was agreeable enough, but the sight of the gliding ships darkening against the dying sunlight made me feel chat rather importunate. Journal

Journal.

June 16.—This morning, for the first time, I feel myself quietly settled at home. I am in excellent health, and long to work steadily and effectively. If it were possible that I should produce *better* work than I have yet done! At least there is a possibility that I may make greater efforts against indolence and the despondency that comes from too egoistic a dread of failure.

June 19.—This is the last entry I mean to make in my old book in which I wrote for the first time at Geneva in 1849. What moments of despair I passed through after that—despair that life would ever be made precious to me by the consciousness that I lived to some good purpose! It was that sort of despair that sucked away the sap of half the hours which might have been filled by energetic youthful activity; and the same demon tries to get hold of me again whenever an old work is dismissed, and a new one is being meditated.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 19th June

Some of one's first thoughts on coming home after an absence of much length are about the friends one had left behind — what has happened to them in the meantime, and how are they now? And yet, though we came home last Friday evening, I have not had the quiet moment for writing these thoughts until this morning. I know I need put no questions to you, who always divine what I want to be told. We have had a perfect journey except as regards health—a large, large exception. The cold winds alternating with the hot sun, or some other cause, laid very unkind hold on Mr Lewes early after our arrival at Florence, and he was ailing with sore throat and cough continually, so that he has come back looking thin and delicate, though the ailments seem to be nearly passed away.

I wish you could have shared the pleasures of our last expedition from Florence—to the Monasteries of Camaldoli and La Vernia: I think it was just the sort of thing you would have entered into with thorough zest. Imagine the Franciscans of La Vernia, which is perched upon an abrupt rock rising sheer on the summit of a mountain, turning out at midnight (and when there is deep snow for their feet to plunge in), and chanting their slow way up to the little chapel perched at a lofty distance above their already lofty monastery! This they do every night throughout the year in all weathers.

Give my loving greeting to Cara and Mr Bray, and then sit down and write me one of your charming letters, making a little picture of everybody and everything about you. God

bless you—is the old-fashioned summing up of sincere affection, without the least smirk of studied civility. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 12th July.

Your letter gave me a pleasant vision of Sunday sunshine on the flowers, and you among them, with your eyes brightened by busy and enjoyable thoughts.

Yes; I hope we are well out of that phase in which the most philosophic view of the past was held to be a smiling survey of human folly, and when the wisest man was supposed to be one who could sympathise with no age but the age to come.

When I received your Monday packet, I was fresh from six quarto volumes on the history of the monastic orders, and had just begun a less formidable modern book on the same subject—Montalembert's 'Monks of the West.' Our reading, you see, lay in very different quarters, but I fancy our thoughts sometimes touched the same ground. I am rather puzzled and shocked, however, by your high admiration of the Articles on the Study of History in the 'Cornhill.' I should speak with the reserve due to the fact that I have only read the second article; and this, I confess, did not impress me as exhibiting any mastery of the question, while its tone towards much abler thinkers than the writer himself is to me extremely repulsive. Such writing as, "We should not be called upon to believe that every crotchet which tickled the insane vanity of a conceited Frenchman was an eternal and self-evident truth," is to me simply disgusting, though it were directed against the Father of lies. It represents no fact except the writer's own desire to be bitter, and is worthily finished by the dull and irreverent antithesis of "the eternal truth and infernal lie."

I quite agree with you—so far as I am able to form a judgment—in regarding Positivism as one-sided; but Comte was a great thinker, nevertheless, and ought to be treated with reverence by all smaller fry.

I have just been reading the Survey of the Middle Ages contained in the fifth volume of the 'Philosophie Positive,' and to my apprehension few chapters can be fuller of luminous ideas. I am thankful to learn from it. There may be more profundity in the 'Cornhill's' exposition than I am able to penetrate, or possibly the first article may contain weightier matter than the second.

Mrs Bodichon is near us now, and one always gets good from contact with her healthy practical life. Mr Lewes is gone to see Mrs Congreve and carry his net to the Wimbledon ponds. I hope he will get a little strength as well as grist for his microscope.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 18th July.

The English 'Imitation' I told you of, which is used by the Catholics, is Challoner's. I have looked into it again since I saw you, and I think if you want to give the book away, this translation is as good as any you are likely to get among current editions. If it were for yourself, an old bookstall would be more likely to furnish what you want. Don't ever think of me as valuing either you or Mr Congreve less instead of more. You naughtily implied something of that kind just when you were running away from me. How could any goodness become less precious to me unless my life had ceased to be a growth, and had become mere shrinking and degeneracy? I always imagine that if I were near you now, I should profit more by the gift of your presence—just as one feels about all past sunlight.

Diary.

July 26.—In the evening went to see Fechter as Hamlet, and sat next to Mrs Carlyle.

July 30.—Read little this morning—my mind dwelling with much depression on the probability or improbability of my achieving the work I wish to do. I struck out two or three thoughts towards an English novel. I am much afflicted with hopelessness and melancholy just now, and yet I feel the value of my blessings.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 30th July.

We had a treat the other night which I wished you could have shared with us. We saw Fechter in "Hamlet." His conception of the part is very nearly that indicated by the critical observations in 'Wilhelm Meister,' and the result is deeply interesting—the naturalness and sensibility of the *Wesen* overcoming in most cases the defective intonation. And even the intonation is occasionally admirable—for example, "And for my soul, what can he do to that?" &c., is given by Fechter with perfect simplicity, whereas the herd of English actors imagine themselves in a pulpit when they are saying it. *Apropos* of the pulpit I had another failure in my search for edification last Sunday. Mme. Bodichon and I went to Little Portland Street Chapel, and lo! instead of James Martineau there was a respectable old Unitarian gentleman preaching about the dangers of ignorance and the satisfaction of a good conscience, in a tone of amiable propriety which seemed to belong to a period when brains were untroubled by difficulties, and the lacteals of all good Christians were in perfect order. I enjoyed the fine selection of Collects he read from the Liturgy. What an age of earnest faith, grasping a noble conception of life and determined to bring all things into harmony with it, has recorded itself in the simple, pregnant, rhythmical English of those

Collects and of the Bible! The contrast when the good man got into the pulpit and began to pray in a borrowed, washy lingo—extempore in more senses than one!

Aug. 1.—Struggling constantly with depression. Diary.

Aug. 2.—Read Boccaccio's capital story of Fra Cipolla—one of his few good stories—and the little Hunchback in the 'Arabian Nights,' which is still better.

Aug. 10.—Walked with G. We talked of my Italian novel. In the evening, Mr Pigott and Mr Redford.

Aug. 12.—Got into a state of so much wretchedness in attempting to concentrate my thoughts on the construction of my story, that I became desperate, and suddenly burst my bonds, saying, I will not think of writing!

That doctrine which we accept rather loftily as a commonplace when we are quite young—namely, that our happiness lies entirely within, in our own mental and bodily state which determines for us the influence of everything outward—becomes a daily lesson to be learned, and learned with much stumbling as we get older. And until we know our friends' private thoughts and emotions, we hardly know what to grieve or rejoice over for them. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 12th Aug.

Aug. 17.—Mr Pigott and Mr Redford came, who gave us some music. Diary.

Aug. 20.—This morning I conceived the plot of my novel with new distinctness.

Aug. 24.—Mr Pigott and Mr Redford came, and we had music. These have been placid, ineffective days—my mind being clouded and depressed.

Aug. 26.—Went with Barbara to her school, and spent the afternoon there.

Your letter was a great delight to us, as usual; and the cheque, too, was welcome to people under hydropathic treatment, which appears to stimulate waste of coin as well as of tissue. Altogether we are figures in keeping with the landscape when it is well damped or "packed" under the early mist. Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 11th Sept., from Malvern.

We thought rather contemptuously of the hills on our arrival; like travelled people, we hinted at the Alps and Apennines, and smiled with pity at our long-past selves that had felt quite a thrill at the first sight of them. But now we have tired our limbs by walking round their huge shoulders, we begin to think of them with more respect. We simply looked at them at first; we feel their presence now, and creep about them with due humility—whereby, you perceive, there hangs a moral. I do wish you could

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 11th Sept., from Malvern.

have shared for a little while with us the sight of this place. I fear you have never seen England under so loveable an aspect. On the south-eastern side, where the great green hills have their longest slope, Malvern stands well nestled in fine trees—chiefly "sounding sycamores,"—and beyond there stretches to the horizon, which is marked by a low, faint line of hill, a vast level expanse of grass and corn fields, with hedgerows everywhere plumed with trees, and here and there a rolling mass of wood: it is one of the happiest scenes the eyes can look on—*freundlich*, according to the pretty German phrase. On the opposite side of this main range of hills, there is a more undulated and more thickly wooded country which has the sunset all to itself, and is bright with departing lights when our Malvern side is in cold evening shadow. We are so fortunate as to look out over the wide south-eastern valley from our sitting-room window.

Our landlady is a quaint old personage, with a strong Cheshire accent. She is, as she tells us, a sharp old woman, and "can see most things pretty quick;" and she is kind enough to communicate her wisdom very freely to us less crisply-baked mortals.

Diary.

Sept. 15.—Yesterday we returned from Malvern (having gone there on 4th). During our stay I read Mrs Jameson's book on the 'Legends of the Monastic Orders,' corrected the 1st vol. of 'Adam Bede' for the new edition, and began Marchese's 'Storia di San Marco.'

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 18th Sept.

I enter into your and Cara's furniture adjusting labours and your enjoyment of church and chapel afterwards. One wants a temple besides the out-door temple—a place where human beings do not ramble apart, but *meet* with a common impulse. I hope you have some agreeable lens through which you can look at circumstances—good health, at least. And really I begin to think people who are robust are in a position to pity all the rest of the world—except, indeed, that there are certain secrets taught only by pain, which are, perhaps, worth the purchase.

Diary.

Sept. 23.—I have been unwell ever since we returned from Malvern, and have been disturbed from various causes in my work, so that I have scarcely done anything except correct my own books for a new edition. To-day I am much better, and hope to begin a more effective life to-morrow.

Sept. 28.—In the evening Mr Spencer, Mr Pigott, and Mr Redford came. We talked with Mr Spencer about his chapter on the Direction of Force—*i.e.*, line of least resistance.

Sept. 29 (Sunday).—Finished correcting 'Silas Marner.'

I have thus corrected all my books for a new and cheaper edition, and feel my mind free for other work. Walked to the Zoo with the boys.

We are enjoying a great pleasure—a new grand piano,— and last evening we had a Beethoven night. We are looking out for a violinist: we have our violoncello, who is full of sensibility, but with no negative in him—*i.e.*, no obstinate sense of time—a man who is all assent and perpetual *rallentando*. We can enjoy the pleasure the more, because Mr Lewes's health is promising. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 6th Oct.

Oct. 7.—Began the first chapter of my novel ('Romola'). Diary.

I am rather jealous of the friends who get so much of you —especially when they are so unmeritorious as to be evangelical and spoil your rest. But I will not grumble. I am in the happiest, most contented mood, and have only good news to tell you. I have hardly any trouble nearer to me than the American War and the prospects of poor cotton weavers. While you were shivering at Boulogne, we were walking fast to avoid shivering at Malvern, and looking slightly blue after our sitz baths. Nevertheless that discipline answered admirably, and Mr Lewes's health has been steadily improving since our Malvern expedition. As for me, imagine what I must be to have walked for five hours the other day! Or, better still, imagine me always cheerful, and infer the altered condition of my mucous membrane. The difference must be there; for it is not in my moral sentiments or in my circumstances,—unless, indeed, a new grand piano, which tempts me to play more than I have done for years before, may be reckoned an item important enough to have contributed to the change. We talk of you very often, and the image of you is awakened in my mind still oftener. You are associated by many subtle, indescribable ties with some of my most precious and most silent thoughts. I am so glad you have the comfort of feeling that Mr Congreve is prepared for his work again. I am hoping to hear, when we see you, that the work will be less and less fagging, now the introductory years are past. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 23d Oct.

Charley is going to Switzerland for his holiday next month. We shall enjoy our dual solitude; yet the dear boy is more and more precious to us from the singular rectitude and tenderness of his nature. Make signs to us as often as you can. You know how entirely Mr Lewes shares my delight in seeing you and hearing from you.

Oct. 28 *and* 30.—Not very well. Utterly desponding about my book. Diary.

Diary.

Oct. 31.—Still with an incapable head—trying to write, trying to construct, and unable.

Nov. 6.—So utterly dejected, that in walking with G. in the park, I almost resolved to give up my Italian novel.

Nov. 10 (Sunday).—New sense of things to be done in my novel, and more brightness in my thoughts. Yesterday I was occupied with ideas about my next English novel; but this morning the Italian scenes returned upon me with fresh attraction. In the evening read 'Monteil.' A marvellous book; crammed with erudition, yet not dull or tiresome.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov.

Your loving words of remembrance find a very full answer in my heart—fuller than I can write. The years seem to *rush* by now, and I think of death as a fast approaching end of a journey—double and treble reason for loving as well as working while it is day. We went to see Fechter's Othello the other night. It is lamentably bad. He has not weight and passion enough for deep tragedy; and, to my feeling, the play is so degraded by his representation, that it is positively demoralising—as, indeed, all tragedy must be when it fails to move pity and terror. In this case it seems to move only titters among the smart and vulgar people who always make the bulk of a theatre audience. We had a visit from our dear friend Mrs Congreve on Wednesday—a very infrequent pleasure now; for between our own absences from home and hers, and the fatigue of London journeying, it is difficult for us to manage meetings. Mr Congreve is, as usual, working hard in his medical studies—toiling backward and forward daily. What courage and patience are wanted for every life that aims to produce anything!

Journal.

Nov. 30.—In the evening we had Wilkie Collins, Mr Pigott, and Mr Spencer, and talked without any music.

Dec. 3-7.—I continued very unwell until Saturday, when I felt a little better. In the evening Dr Baetcke, Mr Pigott, and Mr Redford.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 6th Dec.

Mr Lewes has been mending ever since we went to Malvern, and is enjoying life and work more than he has done before for nearly a year. He has long had it in his mind to write a history of science—a great, great undertaking, which it is happiness to both of us to contemplate as possible for him. And now he is busy with Aristotle, and works with all the zest that belongs to fresh ideas. Strangely enough, after all the ages of writing about Aristotle, there exists no fair appreciation of his position in natural science.

I am particularly grumbling and disagreeable to myself

just now, and I think no one bears physical pain so ill as I do, or is so thoroughly upset by it mentally. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 6th Dec.

Bulwer has behaved very nicely to me, and I have a great respect for the energetic industry with which he has made the most of his powers. He has been writing diligently in very various departments for more than thirty years, constantly improving his position, and profiting by the lessons of public opinion and of other writers.

I'm sorry you feel any degeneracy in Mr George Dawson. There was something very winning about him in old days, and even what was not winning, but the reverse, affected me with a sort of kindly pity. With such a gift of tongue as he had, it was inevitable that speech should outrun feeling and experience, and I could well imagine that his present self might look back on that self of 21-27 with a sort of disgust. It so often happens that others are measuring us by our past self while we are looking back on that self with a mixture of disgust and sorrow. It would interest me a good deal to know just how Mr Dawson preaches now.

I am writing on my knees with my feet on the fender, and in that attitude I always write very small,—but I hope your sight is not teazed by small writing.

Give my best love to Cara, and sympathy with her in the pleasure of grasping an old friend by the hand, and having long talks after the distance of years. I know Mr Bray will enjoy this too—and the new house will seem more like the old one for this warming.

Dec. 8 (Sunday).—G. had a headache, so we walked out in the morning sunshine. I told him my conception of my story, and he expressed great delight. Shall I ever be able to carry out my ideas? Flashes of hope are succeeded by long intervals of dim distrust. Finished the 8th vol. of Lastri, and began the 9th chapter of Varchi, in which he gives an accurate account of Florence. Journal.

Dec. 12.—Finished writing my plot, of which I must make several other draughts before I begin to write my book.

Dec. 13.—Read Poggiana. In the afternoon walked to Molini's and brought back Savonarola's 'Dialogus de Veritate Prophetica,' and 'Compendium Revelationum,' for £4!

Dec. 14.—In the evening came Mr Huxley, Mr Pigott, and Mr Redford.

Dec. 17.—Studied the topography of Florence.

It was pleasant to have a greeting from you at this season when all signs of human kindness have a double emphasis. As one gets older, epochs have necessarily some sadness, even Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 31st Dec.

Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 31st Dec.

for those who have, as I have, much family joy. The past, that one would like to mend, spreads behind one so lengthily, and the years of retrieval keep shrinking—the terrible *peau de chagrin* whose outline narrows and narrows with our ebbing life.

I hardly know whether it would be agreeable to you, or worth your while, ever to come to us on a Saturday evening, when we are always at home to any friend who may be kind enough to come to us. It would be very pleasant to us if it were pleasant to you.

During the latter half of 1861, I find the following amongst the books read: 'Histoire des Ordres Religieux,' Sacchetti's 'Novelle,' Sismondi's 'History of the Italian Republics,' 'Osservatore Fiorentino,' Tennemann's 'History of Philosophy,' T. A. Trollope's 'Beata,' Sismondi's 'Le Moyen Age Illustré,' 'The Monks of the West,' 'Introduction to Savonarola's Poems,' by Audin de Réans, Renan's 'Études d'Histoire Religieuse,' Virgil's 'Eclogues,' Buhle's 'History of Modern Philosophy,' Hallam on the Study of Roman Law in the Middle Ages, Gibbon on the Revival of Greek Learning, Nardi, Bulwer's 'Rienzi,' Burlamacchi's 'Life of Savonarola,' Pulci, Villari's 'Life of Savonarola,' Mrs Jameson's 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' 'Hymni and Epigrammati' of Marullus, Politian's 'Epistles,' Marchese's Works, Tiraboschi, Rock's 'Hierurgia,' Pettigrew 'On Medical Superstition,' Manni's 'Life of Burchiello,' Machiavelli's Works, Ginguené, Muratori 'On Proper Names,' Cicero 'De Officiis,' Petrarch's Letters, Craik's 'History of English Literature,' 'Canti Carnivaleschi,' Letters of Filelfo, Lastri and Varchi, Heeren on the Fifteenth Century.

CHAPTER XII.

Journal, 1862.

January 1.—Mr Blackwood sent me a note enclosing a letter from Montalembert about 'Silas Marner.' *I began again my novel of 'Romola.'*

Letter to M. D'Albert, 2d Jan.

I find to my surprise that I have admirers in France, and, in some cases, where I least expected them. Montalembert, for example, and—Alexandre Dumas (the elder)! Count Arrivabene, on his return from Naples, told us that Dumas

went off into rhapsodies about 'Adam Bede,' and pronounced it the first novel of the age. After this, I will never guess who will admire or dislike me.

As for the brain being useless after fifty, that is no general rule: witness the good and hard work that has been done in plenty after that age. I wish I could be inspired with just the knowledge that would enable me to be of some good to you. I feel so ignorant and helpless. The year *is* opening happily for us, except—alas! the exception is a great one—in the way of health. Mr Lewes is constantly ailing, like a delicate headachy woman. But we have abundant blessings. Letter to Mrs Bray, 13th Jan.

I hope you are able to enjoy Max Müller's great and delightful book during your imprisonment. It tempts me away from other things. I have read most of the numbers of 'Orley Farm,' and admire it very much, with the exception of such parts as I have read about Moulder & Co. Anthony Trollope is admirable in the presentation of even average life and character, and he is so thoroughly wholesome-minded that one delights in seeing his books lie about to be read. Have you read 'Beata' yet—the first novel written by his brother at Florence, who is our especial favourite? Do read it when you can, if the opportunity has not already come. I am going to be taken to a pantomime in the daytime, like a good child, for a Christmas treat, not having had my fair share of pantomime in the world. Miss Sara Hennell, 14th Jan.

Jan. 18 (Saturday).—We had an agreeable evening. Mr Burton[1] and Mr Clark[2] of Cambridge made an acceptable variety in our party. Journal.

Jan. 23.—Wrote again, feeling in brighter spirits. Mr Smith the publisher called, and had an interview with G. He asked if I were open to "a magnificent offer." This made me think about money—but it is better for me not to be rich.

Jan. 26 (Sunday).—Detained from writing by the necessity of gathering particulars: 1st, about Lorenzo de Medici's death; 2d, about the possible retardation of Easter; 3d, about Corpus Christi day; 4th, about Savonarola's preaching in the Quaresima of 1492. Finished 'La Mandragola'—

[1] Now Sir Frederic Burton, Director of the National Gallery, to whom we are indebted for the drawing of George Eliot now in the National Portrait Gallery, South Kensington, and who was a very intimate and valued friend of Mr and Mrs Lewes.

[2] Mr W. G. Clark, late Public Orator at Cambridge, well known as a scholar, and for his edition of Shakespeare in conjunction with Mr Aldis Wright.

Journal. second time reading for the sake of Florentine expressions—and began 'La Calandra.'

Jan. 31.—Have been reading some entries in my note-book of past times in which I recorded my *malaise* and despair. But it is impossible to me to believe that I have ever been in so unpromising and despairing a state as I now feel. After writing these words I read to G. the Proem and opening scene of my novel, and he expressed great delight in them.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 3d Feb. I was taken to see my pantomime. How pretty it is to see the theatre full of children! Ah, what I should have felt in my real child days to have been let into the further history of Mother Hubbard and her Dog!

George Stephenson is one of my great heroes: has he not a dear old face?

Mrs Peter Taylor, 3d Feb. I think yours is the instinct of all delicate natures—not to speak to authors about their writings. It is better for us all to hear as little about ourselves as possible; to do our work faithfully, and be satisfied with the certainty that if it touches many minds, it cannot touch them in a way quite aloof from our intention and hope.

Journal. *Feb.* 7.—A week of February already gone! I have been obliged to be very moderate in work from feebleness of head and body; but I have re-written, with additions, the first chapter of my book.

Letter to Mrs Bray, 8th Feb. I am wondering whether you could spare me, *for a few weeks*, the "Tempest" music, and any other vocal music of that or of a kindred species? I don't want to buy it until our singers have experimented upon it. Don't think of sending me anything that you are using at all, but if said music be lying idle, I should be grateful for the loan. We have several operas—"Don Giovanni," "Figaro," the "Barbiere," "Flauto Magico," and also the music of "Macbeth"; but I think that is all our stock of concerted vocal music.

Journal. *Feb.* 11.—We set off to Dorking. The day was lovely, and we walked through Mr Hope's park to Betchworth. In the evening I read aloud Sybel's 'Lectures on the Crusades.'

Feb. 12.—The day was grey, but the air was fresh and pleasant. We walked to Wootton Park—Evelyn's Wootton,—lunched at a little roadside inn there, and returned to Dorking to dine. During stay at Dorking finished the first twelve cantos of Pulci.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 15th Feb. I think it is a reasonable law that the one who takes wing should be the first to write—not the bird that stays in the old cage, and may be supposed to be eating the usual seed

and groundsel, and looking at the same slice of the world through the same wires. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 15th Feb.

I think the highest and best thing is rather to suffer with real suffering than to be happy in the imagination of an unreal good. I would rather know that the beings I love are in some trouble, and suffer because of it, even though I can't help them, than be fancying them happy when they are not so, and making myself comfortable on the strength of that false belief. And so I am impatient of all ignorance and concealment. I don't say "that is wise," but simply "that is my nature." I can enter into what you have felt, for serious illness, such as seems to bring death near, makes one feel the simple human brother- and sister-hood so strongly, that those we were apt to think almost indifferent to us before, touch the very quick of our hearts. I suppose if we happened only to hold the hand of a hospital patient when she was dying, her face, and all the memories along with it, would seem to lie deeper in our experience than all we knew of many old friends and blood relations.

We have had no troubles but the public troubles—anxiety about the war with America, and sympathy with the poor Queen. My best consolation is that an example on so tremendous a scale (as the war) of the need for the education of mankind through the affections and sentiments, as a basis for true development, will have a strong influence on all thinkers, and be a check to the arid narrow antagonism which, in some quarters, is held to be the only form of liberal thought.

George has fairly begun what we have long contemplated as a happiness for him—a History of Science, and has written so thorough an analysis and investigation of Aristotle's Natural Science, that he feels it will make an epoch for the men who are interested at once in the progress of modern science and in the question how far Aristotle went both in the observation of facts and in their theoretic combination—a question never yet cleared up after all these ages. This work makes him "very jolly," but his dear face looks very pale and narrow. Those only can thoroughly feel the meaning of death who know what is perfect love.

God bless you—that is not a false word, however many false ideas may have been hidden under it. No,—not false ideas, but temporary ones — caterpillars and chrysalids of future ideas.

Feb. 17.—I have written only the two first chapters of my novel besides the Proem, and I have an oppressive sense of Journal.

Journal. the far-stretching task before me, health being feeble just now. I have lately read again with great delight Mrs Browning's "Casa Guidi Windows." It contains, amongst other admirable things, a very noble expression of what I believe to be the true relation of the religious mind to the past.

Feb. 26.—I have been very ailing all this last week, and have worked under impeding discouragement. I have a distrust in myself, in my work, in others' loving acceptance of it, which robs my otherwise happy life of all joy. I ask myself, without being able to answer, whether I have ever before felt so chilled and oppressed. I have written now about sixty pages of my romance. Will it ever be finished? Ever be worth anything?

Feb. 27.—George Smith, the publisher, brought the proof of G.'s book, 'Animal Studies,' and laid before him a proposition to give me £10,000 for my new novel—*i.e.*, for its appearance in the 'Cornhill,' and the entire copyright at home and abroad.

March 1.—The idea of my novel appearing in the 'Cornhill' is given up, as G. Smith wishes to have it commenced in May, and I cannot consent to begin publication until I have seen nearly to the end of the work.

March 11.—On Wednesday last, the 5th, G. and I set off to Englefield Green, where we have spent a delightful week at the Barley Mow Inn. I have finished Pulci there, and read aloud the 'Château d'If.'

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 12th March. We returned from our flight into the country yesterday, not without a sigh at parting with the pure air and the notes of the blackbirds for the usual canopy of smoke and the sound of cab wheels. I am not going out again, and our life will have its old routine—lunch at half-past one, walk till four, dinner at five.

Journal. *March* 24.—After enjoying our week at Egham, I returned to protracted headache. Last Saturday we received as usual, and our party was joined by Mr and Mrs Noel. I have begun the fourth chapter of my novel, but have been working under a weight.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 27th March. I congratulate you on being out of London, which is more like a pandemonium than usual. The fog and rain have been the more oppressive because I have seen them through Mr Lewes's almost constant discomfort. I think he has had at least five days of sick headache since you saw him. But then he is better tempered and more cheerful *with* headache than most people are without it; and in that way he lightens his burthen. Have you noticed in the 'Times' Mr

Peabody's magnificent deed?—the gift of £150,000 for the amelioration (body and soul, I suppose) of the poorer classes in London. That is a pleasant association to have with an American name.

April 2.—Writing with enjoyment. At the seventy-seventh page. Read Juvenal this morning and Nisard. Journal.

The two volumes of 'La Famille Tulliver' have duly arrived, and some day, when I can afford to give myself that idle pleasure, I shall glance at the pages, that I may imagine the translator more vividly by reading phrases which have been in his mind—a little too often for his patience, perhaps, in the long business of revision and proof-correcting. Yet I hardly need any help in bringing you and Maman before me, and hearing the tone of the two voices. I have the happiness of being able to recall beloved faces and accents with great clearness, and in this way my friends are continually with me. Letter to M. D'Albert, 5th April.

Tell Maman that she never ceases to make one among those dearest human beings who have given me the blessedness of feeling perfect respect as well as love. I fancy I am kissing her soft cheek now, while you, dear friend, are saying something to make us smile. I wonder whether you are now as you used to be—at once brightly cheerful and deeply sad.

Mr Lewes shares all things with me, except my failings, of which he only shares the inconveniences. And so, though I have no express message to deliver, I am quite truthful in saying that he shares my affectionate wishes towards you both.

April 16.—As I had been ailing for a fortnight or more, we resolved to go to Dorking, and set off to-day. Journal.

May 6.—We returned from Dorking after a stay of three weeks, during which we have had delicious weather.

Our life is the old accustomed duet this month. We enjoy an interval of our double solitude. Doesn't the spring look lovelier every year to eyes that want more and more light? It was rather saddening to leave the larks and all the fresh leaves to come back to the rolling of cabs and "the blacks"; but in compensation we have all our conveniences about us. Letter to Mrs Bray, May.

May 23.—Since I wrote last, very important decisions have been made. I am to publish my novel of 'Romola' in the 'Cornhill Magazine' for £7000, paid in twelve monthly payments. There has been the regret of leaving Blackwood, who has written me a letter in the most perfect spirit of gentlemanliness and good feeling. Journal.

Journal. *May* 27.—Mr Helps, Mr Burton, and Mr T. A. Trollope dined with us.

May 31.—Finished the second part, extending to page 183.

June 30.—I have at present written only the scene between Romola and her brother in San Marco towards Part IV. This morning I had a delightful generous letter from Mr Anthony Trollope about 'Romola.'

July 6.—The past week has been unfruitful from various causes. The consequence is, that I am no further on in my MS., and have lost the excellent start my early completion of the third part had given me.

July 10.—A dreadful palsy has beset me for the last few days. I have scarcely made any progress. Yet I have been very well in body. I have been reading a book often referred to by Hallam—Meiners's 'Lives of Mirandola and Politian.' They are excellent. They have German industry, and are succinctly and clearly written.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 12th Sept., from Littlehampton. Imagine me—not fuming in imperfect resignation under London smoke, but—with the wide sky of the coast above me, and every comfort positive and negative around me, even to the absence of staring eyes and crinolines. Worthing was so full that it rejected us, and, to our great good fortune, sent us here. We were pleased to hear that you had seen Mr Spencer. We always feel him particularly welcome when he comes back to town; there is no one like him for talking to about certain things.

You will come and dine or walk with us whenever you have nothing better to do in your visit to town. I take that for granted. We lie, you know, on the way *between* the Exhibition and Mr Noel's.

Journal. *Sept.* 23.—Returned from our stay in the country, first at the Beach Hotel, Littlehampton, and for the last three days at Dorking.

Letter to M. D'Albert, 23d Sept. 'The Small House at Allington' is by our excellent friend Mr Anthony Trollope—one of the heartiest, most genuine, moral and generous men we know. His brother, too, Mr Thomas Adolphus Trollope, who has resided at Florence for twenty years, is very much valued by us. They are sons, you know, of the Mrs Trollope whose name must be familiar to you as an authoress, even if you have known nothing of her personally.

I have not read 'Les Misérables,' having been for a long while exclusively occupied with old Florentine literature; but Mr Lewes told me enough of the earlier volumes to

make me understand your feeling about it. If any writer of less name than Hugo had made such a mistake in art as to give that long descriptive account of a character (the bishop) who has so short a *rôle* dramatically, the critics would have surely complained. Yet as it is, Mr Lewes tells me that even Émile Montégut found the art of the first two volumes altogether admirable. Letter to M. D'Albert, 23d Sept.

Sept. 26.—At page 62, Part VI. Yesterday a letter came from Mr T. A. Trollope, full of encouragement for me. *Ebenezer.* Journal.

Oct. 2.—At page 85. Scene between Tito and Romola.

Welcome to your letter, and welcome to the hope of seeing you again! I have an engagement on Monday from lunch till dinner. Apart from that, I know of nothing that will take us farther than for our daily walk, which, you know, begins at two. But we will alter the order of any day for the sake of seeing you. Mr Lewes's absence of a fortnight at Spa was a great success. He has been quite brilliant ever since. Ten days ago we returned from a stay of three weeks in the country—chiefly at Littlehampton—and we are both very well. Everything is prosperous with us; and we are so far from griefs, that if we had a wonderful emerald ring, we should perhaps be wise to throw it away as a propitiation of the envious gods. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 2d Oct.

So much in immediate reply to your kind anxiety. Everything else when we meet.

Oct. 31.—Finished Part VII., having determined to end at the point where Romola has left Florence. Journal.

Nov. 14.—Finished reading 'Boccaccio' through for the second time.

Nov. 17.—Read the 'Orfeo' and 'Stanze' of Poliziano. The latter are wonderfully fine for a youth of sixteen. They contain a description of a Palace of Venus, which seems the suggestion of Tennyson's Palace of Art in many points.

I wish I knew that this birthday has found you happier than any that went before. There are so many things—best things—that only come when youth is past, that it may well happen to many of us to find ourselves happier and happier to the last. We have been to a Monday Pop. this week to hear Beethoven's Septett, and an amazing thing of Bach's, played by the amazing Joachim. But there is too much "Pop." for the thorough enjoyment of the chamber music they give. You will be interested to know that there is a new muster of scientific and philosophic men lately established, for the sake of bringing people who care to know Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 26th Nov.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 26th Nov.

and speak the truth, as well as they can, into regular communication. Mr Lewes was at the first meeting at Clunn's Hotel on Friday last. The plan is to meet and dine moderately and cheaply, and no one is to be admitted who is not "thorough" in the sense of being free from the suspicion of temporising and professing opinions on official grounds. The plan was started at Cambridge. Mr Huxley is president, and Charles Kingsley is vice. If they are sufficiently rigid about admissions, the club may come to good—bringing together men who think variously, but have more hearty feelings in common than they give each other credit for. Mr Robert Chambers (who lives in London now) is very warm about the matter. Mr Spencer, too, is a member.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 26th Nov.

Pray don't ever ask me again not to rob a man of his religious belief, as if you thought my mind tended to such robbery. I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith, and the spiritual blight that comes with no-faith, to have any negative propagandism in me. In fact, I have very little sympathy with Freethinkers as a class, and have lost all interest in mere antagonism to religious doctrines. I care only to know, if possible, the lasting meaning that lies in all religious doctrine from the beginning till now. That speech of Carlyle's,[1] which sounds so odious, must, I think, have been provoked by something in the *manner* of the statement to which it came as an answer—else it would hurt me very much that he should have uttered it.

You left a handkerchief at our house. I will take care of it till next summer. I look forward with some longing to that time when I shall have lightened my soul of one chief thing I wanted to do, and be freer to think and feel about other people's work. We shall see you oftener, I hope, and have a great deal more talk than ever we have had before to make amends for our stinted enjoyment of you this summer.

God bless you, dear Barbara. You are very precious to us.

M. D'Albert, 28th Nov.

I have to thank you for the two copies of 'Silas Marner,' which arrived the other day. I looked through the scene in the village tavern, and thought, so far as I am a judge of a French rendering, that you had given the spirit of the scene very charmingly. Here and there it was inevitable that, for want of the knowledge which only a native of England can have, you should mistake the meaning of a phrase.

[1] Some general remark of Carlyle's—Madame Bodichon cannot remember exactly what it was.

I hope Maman and you are expecting Christmas and the New Year with a sense of family joys about you, as well as with tolerable health. With us at present the weather is mild, and we are hoping, for the sake of Lancashire weavers out of work, that the winter will not be severe. Letter to M. D'Albert, 28th Nov.

Our life has been quite without incidents lately, and we have been absorbed in our work and our fireside affections. In this world of struggles and endurance, we seem to have more than our share of happiness and prosperity, and I think this year's end finds me enjoying existence more than I ever did before, in spite of the loss of youth. Study is a keener delight to me than ever, and I think the affections, instead of being dulled by age, have acquired a stronger activity—or at least their activity seems stronger from being less perturbed by the egoism of young cravings. I should like to know that your experience is the same.

My constant love to Maman.

Nov. 30 (Sunday).—Finished Part VIII. Mr Burton came. Journal.

Dec. 16.—In the evening Browning paid us a visit for the first time.

Dec. 17.—At p. 22 only. I am extremely spiritless, dead, and hopeless about my writing. The long state of headache has left me in depression and incapacity. The constantly heavy-clouded, and often wet, weather tends to increase the depression. I am inwardly irritable, and unvisited by good thoughts. Reading the 'Purgatorio' again, and the 'Compendium Revelationum' of Savonarola. After this record, I read aloud what I had written of Part IX. to George, and he, to my surprise, entirely approved of it.

Dec. 24.—Mrs F. Malleson brought me a beautiful plant as a Christmas offering. In the evening we went to hear the "Messiah" at Her Majesty's Theatre.

I am very sensitive to words and looks and all signs of sympathy, so you may be sure that your kind wishes are not lost upon me. Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 24th Dec.

As you will have your house full, the wish for a "Merry Christmas" may be literally fulfilled for you. We shall be quieter, with none but our family trio, but that is always a happy one. We are going to usher in the day by hearing the "Messiah" to-night at Her Majesty's.

Evening will be a pleasanter time for a little genial talk than "calling hours"; and if you will come to us without ceremony, you will hardly run the risk of not finding us. We go nowhere except to concerts.

Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 24th Dec.

We are longing to run away from London, but I daresay we shall not do so before March. Winter is probably yet to come, and one would not like to be caught by frost and snow away from one's own hearth.

Always believe, without my saying it, that it gladdens me to know when anything I do has value for you.

Miss Sara Hennell, 26th Dec.

It is very sweet to me to have any proof of loving remembrance. That would have made the book-marker precious even if it had been ugly. But it is perfectly beautiful—in colour, words, and symbols. Hitherto I have been discontented with the Coventry book-marks; for at the shop where we habitually see them they have all got—"Let the people praise Thee, O God," on them, and nothing else. But I can think of no motto better than those three words. I suppose no wisdom the world will ever find out will make Paul's word's obsolete—"Now abide," &c., "but the greatest of these is Charity." Our Christmas, too, has been quiet. Mr Lewes, who talks much less about goodness than I do, but is always readier to do the right thing, thinks it rather wicked for us to eat our turkey and plum-pudding without asking some forlorn person to eat it with us. But I'm afraid we were glad, after all, to find ourselves alone with "the boy." On Christmas Eve a sweet woman, remembering me as you have done, left a beautiful plant at the door, and after that we went to hear the "Messiah" at Her Majesty's. We felt a considerable *minus* from the absence of the organ, contrary to advertisement: nevertheless it was good to be there. What pitiable people those are who feel no poetry in Christianity! Surely the acme of poetry hitherto is the conception of the suffering Messiah, and the final triumph, "He shall reign for ever and for ever." The Prometheus is a very imperfect foreshadowing of that symbol wrought out in the long history of the Jewish and Christian ages.

Mr Lewes and I have both been in miserable health during all this month. I have had a fortnight's incessant *malaise* and feebleness; but as I had had many months of tolerable health, it was my turn to be uncomfortable. If my book-marker were just a little longer, I should keep it in my beautiful Bible in large print, which Mr Lewes bought for me in prevision for my old age. He is not fond of reading the Bible himself, but "sees no harm" in my reading it.

The Brays, 29th Dec.

I am not quite sure what you mean by "charity" when you call it humbug. If you mean that attitude of mind which says, "I forgive my fellow-men for not being as good as I am," I agree with you in hoping that it will vanish, as

also the circumstantial form of almsgiving. But if you are alluding to anything in my letter, I meant what charity meant in the elder English, and what the translators of the Bible meant in their rendering of the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians—*Caritas*, the highest love or fellowship, which I am happy to believe that no philosophy will expel from the world. Letter to the Brays, 29th Dec.

Dec. 31 (last day of the kind old year).—Clear and pleasantly mild. Yesterday a pleasant message from Mr Hannay about 'Romola.' We have had many blessings this year. Opportunities which have enabled us to acquire an abundant independence; the satisfactory progress of our two eldest boys; various grounds of happiness in our work; and ever-growing happiness in each other. I hope with trembling that the coming year may be as comforting a retrospect,—with trembling because my work is not yet done. Besides the finishing of 'Romola,' we have to think of Thornie's passing his final examination, and, in case of success, his going out to India; of Bertie's leaving Hofwyl; and of our finding a new residence. I have had more than my average amount of comfortable health until this last month, in which I have been constantly ailing, and my work has suffered proportionately. Journal.

The letter with the one word in it, like a whisper of sympathy, lay on my plate when I went down to lunch this morning. The generous movement that made you send it has gladdened me all day. I have had a great deal of pretty encouragement from immense big-wigs — some of them saying 'Romola' is the finest book they ever read; but the opinion of big-wigs has one sort of value, and the fellow-feeling of a long-known friend has another. One can't do quite well without both. *En revanche*, I am a feeble wretch, with eyes that threaten to get bloodshot on the slightest provocation. We made a rush to Dorking for a day or two, and the quiet and fresh air seemed to make a new creature of me; but when we get back to town, town-sensations return. Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 2d Feb. 1863.

That scheme of a sort of Philosophical Club that I told you of went to pieces before it was finished, like a house of cards. So it will be to the end, I fancy, with all attempts at combinations that are not based either on material interests or on opinions that are not merely opinions but *religion*. Doubtless you have been interested in the Colenso correspondence, and perhaps in Miss Cobbe's rejoinder to Mrs Stowe's remonstrating answer to the women of Eng- 9th March.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 9th March.

land. I was glad to see how free the answer was from all tartness or conceit. Miss Cobbe's introduction to the new edition of Theodore Parker is also very honourable to her—a little too metaphorical here and there, but with real thought and good feeling.

Mrs Congreve, 18th April.

It is a comfort to hear of you again, and to know that there is no serious trouble to mar the spring weather for you. I must carry that thought as my consolation for not seeing you on Tuesday,—not quite a sufficient consolation, for my eyes desire you very much after these long months of almost total separation. The reason I cannot have that pleasure on Tuesday is that, according to a long-arranged plan, I am going on Monday to Dorking again for a fortnight. I should be still more vexed to miss you if I were in better condition, but at present I am rather like a shell-less lobster, and inclined to creep out of sight. I shall write to you, or try to see you, as soon as I can after my return. I wish you could have told me of a more decided return to ordinary health in Mr Congreve, but I am inclined to hope that the lecturing may rather benefit than injure him, by being a moral tonic. How much there is for us to talk about! But only to look at dear faces that one has seen so little of for a long while, seems reason enough for wanting to meet. Mr Lewes is better than usual just now, and you must not suppose that there is anything worse the matter with me than you have been used to seeing in me. Please give my highest regards to Mr Congreve, and love to Emily, who, I hope, has quite got back the roses which had somewhat paled. My pen straggles as if it had a stronger will than I.

Charles L. Lewes, 28th April, from Dorking.

Glad you enjoyed 'Esmond.' It is a fine book. Since you have been interested in the historical suggestions, I recommend you to read Thackeray's 'Lectures on the English Humourists,' which are all about the men of the same period. There is a more exaggerated estimate of Swift and Addison than is implied in 'Esmond'; and the excessive laudation of men who are considerably below the tip-top of human nature, both in their lives and genius, rather vitiates the Lectures, which are otherwise admirable, and are delightful reading.

The wind is high and cold, making the sunshine seem hard and unsympathetic.

Journal.

May 6.—We have just returned from Dorking, whither I went a fortnight ago to have solitude, while George took his journey to Hofwyl to see Bertie. The weather was

severely cold for several days of my stay, and I was often ailing. That has been the way with me for a month and more, and in consequence I am backward with my July number of 'Romola'—the last part but one. Journal.

I remember my wife telling me, at Witley, how cruelly she had suffered at Dorking from working under a leaden weight at this time. The writing of 'Romola' ploughed into her more than any of her other books. She told me she could put her finger on it as marking a well-defined transition in her life. In her own words, "I began it a young woman,—I finished it an old woman."

Yes! we shall be in town in June. Your coming would be reason good enough, but we have others—chiefly, that we are up to the ears in boydom and imperious parental duties. All is as happy and prosperous with us as heart can lawfully desire, except my health. I have been a mere wretch for several months past. You will come to me like the morning sunlight, and make me a little less of a flaccid cabbage-plant. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 12th May.

It is a very pretty life you are leading at Hastings, with your painting all morning, and fair mothers and children to look at the rest of the day.

I am terribly frightened about Mrs ——. She wrote to me telling me that we were sure to suit each other, neither of us holding the opinions of the *Moutons de Panurge*. Nothing could have been more decisive of the opposite prospect to me. If there is one attitude more odious to me than any other of the many attitudes of "knowingness," it is that air of lofty superiority to the vulgar. However, she will soon find out that I am a very commonplace woman.

May 16.—Finished Part XIII. Killed Tito in great excitement. Journal.

May 18.—Began Part XIV.—the last! Yesterday George saw Count Arrivabene, who wishes to translate 'Romola,' and says the Italians are indebted to me.

Health seems, to those who want it, enough to make daylight a gladness. But the explanation of evils is never consoling except to the explainer. We are just as we were, thinking about the questionable house (The Priory), and wondering what would be the right thing to do; hardly liking to lock up any money in land and bricks, and yet frightened lest we should not get a quiet place just when we want it. But I daresay we shall have it after all. Letter to Mrs Bray, 1st June.

June 6.—We had a little evening party with music, intended to celebrate the completion of 'Romola,' which, how- Journal.

Journal. ever, is not absolutely completed, for I have still to alter the epilogue.

June 9.—Put the last stroke to 'Romola.' *Ebenezer!* Went in the evening to hear "La Gazza Ladra."

The manuscript of 'Romola' bears the following inscription:—

"To the Husband whose perfect love has been the best source of her insight and strength, this manuscript is given by his devoted wife, the writer."

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 10th June How impossible it is for strong healthy people to understand the way in which bodily *malaise* and suffering eats at the root of one's life! The philosophy that is true—the religion that is strength to the healthy—is constantly emptiness to one when the head is distracted and every sensation is oppressive.

Journal. *June* 16.—George and I set off to-day to the Isle of Wight, where we had a delightful holiday. On Friday, the 19th, we settled for a week at Niton, which, I think, is the prettiest place in all the island. On the following Friday we went on to Freshwater, and failed, from threatening rain, in an attempt to walk to Alum Bay, so that we rather repented of our choice. The consolation was that we shall know better than to go to Freshwater another time. On the Saturday morning we drove to Ryde, and remained there until Monday the 29th.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 21st June, from Niton Your letter was a welcome addition to our sunshine this Sabbath morning. For in this particular we seem to have been more fortunate than you, having had almost constant sunshine since we arrived at Sandown, on Tuesday evening.

This place is perfect, reminding me of Jersey, in its combination of luxuriant greenth with the delights of a sandy beach. At the *end* of our week, if the weather is warmer, we shall go on to Freshwater for our remaining few days. But the wind at present is a little colder than one desires it, when the object is to get rid of a cough, and unless it gets milder, we shall go back to Shanklin. I am enjoying the hedgerow grasses and flowers with something like a released prisoner's feeling—it is so long since I had a bit of real English country.

Charles L. Lewes, 21st June, from Niton. I am very happy in my holiday, finding quite a fresh charm in the hedgerow grasses and flowers after my long banishment from them. We have a flower-garden just round us, and then a sheltered grassy walk, on which the sun shines through the best part of the day; and then a wide meadow, and beyond that trees and the sea. Moreover, our landlady has cows, and

we get the quintessence of cream—excellent bread and butter also, and a young lady, with a large crinoline, to wait upon us, —all for 25s. per week; or rather, we get the apartment in which we enjoy those primitive and modern blessings for that moderate sum. Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 21st June, from Niton.

July 4.—Went to see Ristori in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and did not like it. I have had hemicrania for several days, and have been almost idle since my return home. Journal.

Constant languor from the new heat has made me shirk all exertion not imperative. And just now there are not only those excitements of the season, which even we quiet people get our share of, but there is an additional boy to be cared for—Thornie, who is this week passing his momentous examination. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 11th July.

A pretty thing has happened to an acquaintance of mine, which is quite a tonic to one's hope. She has all her life been working hard in various ways, as housekeeper, governess, and several et ceteras that I can't think of at this moment—a dear little dot, about four feet eleven in height; pleasant to look at, and clever; a working woman, without any of those epicene queernesses that belong to the class. Her life has been a history of family troubles, and she has that susceptible nature which makes such troubles hard to bear. More than once she has told me that courage quite forsook her. She felt as if there were no good in living and striving: it was difficult to discern or believe in any results for others, and there seemed none worth having for herself. Well! a man of fortune and accomplishments has just fallen in love with her, now she is thirty-three. It is the prettiest story of a swift decided passion, and made me cry for joy. Mme. Bodichon and I went with her to buy her wedding clothes. The future husband is also thirty-three—old enough to make his selection an honour. Fond of travelling and science and other good things, such as a man deserves to be fond of who chooses a poor woman in the teeth of grand relatives: brought up a Unitarian just turned Catholic. If you will only imagine everything I have not said, you will think this a very charming fairy tale.

We are going this evening to see the French actress in "Juliet" (Stella Colas) who is astonishing the town. Last week we saw Ristori, the other night heard the "Faust," and next week we are going to hear the "Elisir d'Amore," and "Faust" again! So you see we are trying to get some compensation for the necessity of living among bricks in this sweet summer time. I can bear the opera better than any

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 11th July.

other evening entertainment, because the house is airy and the stalls are comfortable. The opera is a great, great product—pity we can't always have fine *Weltgeschichtliche* dramatic motives wedded with fine music, instead of trivialities or hideousnesses. Perhaps this last is too strong a word for anything except the "Traviata." Rigoletto is unpleasant, but it is a superlatively fine tragedy in the Nemesis. I think I don't know a finer.

We are really going to buy The Priory after all. You would think it very pretty if you saw it now, with the roses blooming about it.

Journal.

July 12.—I am now in the middle of G.'s 'Aristotle,' which gives me great delight.

Letter to M. D'Albert, 18th July.

I am rather deaf and stupid this morning, for last night we went to hear Gounod's "Faust" for the second time. It is being performed at both our opera-houses, and last night we heard it with the advantage, not only of some preparation by a first hearing, but also of a superior, well-conducted orchestra. My first impressions were not favourable, but last night I was converted to considerable admiration,—converted by an intense enjoyment of certain moments. Faure, who is the Mephistopheles, acts and sings the part with a striking effect. Nevertheless, I still feel that the composer is wanting in the great power of wedding passion with melody; he seems to me to be comparatively feeble in the pathetic and tragic moments. But we have an accomplished critic, who says the garden duet is finer than the divine duet between Valentine and Raoul in the "Huguenots." That may be, but I have not yet felt it.

I have not seen Renan's book. He is a favourite writer of mine, but I care less about this 'Vie de Jésus' than I should have cared years ago. It consists, as I gather from the notices I have seen, of conclusions, without any statement of the process by which they have been arrived at; and the conclusions, I imagine, have nothing novel in them for people who have been long acquainted with the results of modern criticism. But I am surprised to hear that there is anything "cavalier" in Renan's treatment of religious belief: he has always seemed to me remarkable as a French mind that is at once "scientific" (in the German sense) and eminently tender and reverent towards the forms in which the religious sentiment has incarnated itself.

I fear you would hardly be likely to get adequate compensation for the labour it would cost you to translate the 'Physiology of Common Life.' In money certainly not.

And even the French now are becoming accomplished in foreign languages, so that the demand for translations from the English into French is probably lessening for works which address themselves to the cultured. Letter to M. D'Albert, 18th July

July 23.—Reading Mommsen, and Story's 'Roba di Roma'; also Liddell's 'Rome,' for a narrative to accompany Mommsen's analysis. Journal.

July 29.—In the evening we went to Covent Garden to hear "Faust" for the third time. On our return we found a letter from Frederick Maurice—the greatest, most generous tribute ever given to me in my life.[1]

I have wanted for several days to make some feeble sign in writing that I think of your trouble. But one claim after another has arisen as a hindrance. Conceive us, please, with three boys at home, all bigger than their father! It is a congestion of youthfulness on our mature brains that disturbs the course of our lives a little, and makes us think of most things as good to be deferred till the boys are settled again. I tell you so much to make you understand that "omission" is not with me equivalent to "neglect," and that I *do* care for what happens to you. Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 30th July

Renan is a favourite with me. I feel more kinship with his mind than with that of any other living French author. But I think I shall not do more than look through the Introduction to his 'Vie de Jésus,'—unless I happen to be more fascinated by the constructive part than I expect to be from the specimens I have seen. For minds acquainted with the European culture of this last half-century, Renan's book can furnish no new result; and they are likely to set little store by the too facile construction of a life from materials of which the biographical significance becomes more dubious as they are more closely examined. It seems to me the soul of Christianity lies not at all in the facts of an individual life, but in the ideas of which that life was the meeting-point and the new starting-point. We can never have a satisfactory basis for the history of the man Jesus, but that negation does not affect the Idea of the Christ either in its historical influence or its great symbolic meanings. Still such books as Renan's have their value in helping the popular imagination to feel that the sacred past is of one woof with that human present, which ought to be sacred too.

You mention Renan in your note, and the mention has sent me off into rather gratuitous remarks, you perceive.

[1] I regret that I have not been able to find this letter.

But such scrappy talk about great subjects may have a better excuse than usual, if it just serves to divert your mind from the sad things that must be importuning you now.

Letter to R. H. Hutton, 8th Aug.

After reading your article on 'Romola,' with careful reference to the questions you put to me in your letter, I can answer sincerely that I find nothing fanciful in your interpretation. On the contrary, I am confirmed in the satisfaction I felt when I first listened to the article, at finding that certain chief elements of my intention have impressed themselves so strongly on your mind, notwithstanding the imperfect degree in which I have been able to give form to my ideas. Of course if I had been called on to expound my own book, there are other things that I should want to say, or things that I should say somewhat otherwise; but I can point to nothing in your exposition of which my consciousness tells me that it is erroneous, in the sense of saying something which I neither thought nor felt. You have seized with a fulness which I had hardly hoped that my book could suggest, what it was my effort to express in the presentation of Bardo and Baldassarre; and also the relation of the Florentine political life to the development of Tito's nature. Perhaps even a judge so discerning as yourself could not infer from the imperfect result how strict a self-control and selection were exercised in the presentation of details. I believe there is scarcely a phrase, an incident, an allusion, that did not gather its value to me from its supposed subservience to my main artistic objects. But it is likely enough that my mental constitution would always render the issue of my labour something excessive—wanting due proportion. It is the habit of my imagination to strive after as full a vision of the medium in which a character moves as of the character itself. The psychological causes which prompted me to give such details of Florentine life and history as I have given, are precisely the same as those which determined me in giving the details of English village life in 'Silas Marner,' or the "Dodson" life, out of which were developed the destinies of poor Tom and Maggie. But you have correctly pointed out the reason why my tendency to excess in this effort after artistic vision makes the impression of a fault in 'Romola' much more perceptibly than in my previous books. And I am not surprised at your dissatisfaction with Romola herself. I can well believe that the many difficulties belonging to the treatment of such a character have not been overcome, and that I have failed to bring out my conception with adequate fulness. I am sorry she has

attracted you so little; for the great problem of her life, which essentially coincides with a chief problem in Savonarola's, is one that readers need helping to understand. But with regard to that and to my whole book, my predominant feeling is,—not that I have achieved anything, but—that great, great facts have struggled to find a voice through me, and have only been able to speak brokenly. That consciousness makes me cherish the more any proof that my work has been seen to have some true significance by minds prepared not simply by instruction, but by that religious and moral sympathy with the historical life of man which is the larger half of culture. Letter to R. H. Hutton, 8th Aug.

Aug. 10.—Went to Worthing. A sweet letter from Mrs Hare, wife of Julius Hare, and Maurice's sister. Journal.

Aug. 18.—Returned home much invigorated by the week of change; but my spirits seem to droop as usual, now I am in London again.

I was at Worthing when your letter came, spending all my daylight hours out of doors, and trying with all my might to get health and cheerfulness. I will tell you the true reason why I did not go to Hastings. I thought you would be all the better for not having that solicitation of your kindness that the fact of my presence there might have caused. What you needed was precisely to get away from people to whom you would inevitably want to be doing something friendly, instead of giving yourself up to passive enjoyment. Else, of course, I should have liked everything you write about and invite me to. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 19th Aug.

We only got home last night, and I suppose we shall hardly be able to leave town again till after the two younger boys have left us, and after we have moved into the new house.

Since I saw you I have had some sweet woman's tenderness shown me by Mrs Hare, the widow of Archdeacon Hare, and the sister of Frederick Maurice.

I *know* how you are enjoying the country. I have just been having the joy myself. The wide sky, the *not* London, makes a new creature of me in half an hour. I wonder then why I am ever depressed—why I am so shaken by agitations. I come back to London, and again the air is full of demons.

I think I get a little freshness from the breeze that blows on you—a little lifting of heart from your wide sky and Welsh mountains. And the edge of autumn on the morning air makes even London a place in which one can believe in Mrs Bray and Miss Sara Hennell, 1st Sept.

Letter to Mrs Bray and Miss Sara Hennell, 1st Sept.

beauty and delight. Delicate scent of dried rose-leaves and the coming on of the autumnal airs are two things that make me feel happy before I know why.

The Priory is all scaffolding and paint; and we are still in a nightmare of uncertainty about our boys. But then I have by my side a dear companion, who is a perpetual fountain of courage and cheerfulness, and of considerate tenderness for my lack of those virtues. And besides that, I have Roman history! Perhaps that sounds like a bitter joke to you, who are looking at the sea and sky, and not thinking of Roman history at all. But this too, read aright, has its gospel and revelation. I read it much as I used to read a chapter in the Acts or Epistles. Mommsen's 'History of Rome' is so fine, that I count all minds graceless who read it without the deepest stirrings.

Mrs Congreve, Oct.

I cannot be quite easy without sending this little sign of love and good wishes on the eve of your journey. I shall think of you with all the more delight, because I shall imagine you winding along the Riviera, and then settling in sight of beautiful things not quite unknown to me. I hope your life will be enriched very much by these coming months; but above all, I hope that Mr Congreve will come back strong. Tell him I have been greatly moved by the 'Discours Préliminaire.'[1]

Miss Sara Hennell, 16th Oct.

If I wait to write until I have anything very profitable to say, you will have time to think that I have forgotten you or else to forget me—and both consequences would be unpleasant to me.

Well, our poor boy Thornie parted from us to-day, and set out on his voyage to Natal. I say "poor," as one does about all beings that are gone away from us for a long while. But he went away in excellent spirits, with a large packet of recommendatory letters to all sorts of people, and with what he cares much more for—a first-rate rifle and revolver,—and already with a smattering of Dutch Zulu, picked up from his grammars and dictionaries.

What are you working at, I wonder? Cara says you are writing; and, though I desire not to ask prying questions, I should feel much joy in your being able to tell me that you are at work on something which gives you a life apart from circumstantial things.

I am taking a deep bath of other people's thoughts, and all doings of my own seem a long way off me. But my bath will be sorely interrupted soon by the miserable details

[1] Auguste Comte's.

of removal from one house to another. Happily Mr Owen Jones has undertaken the ornamentation of the drawing-room, and will prescribe all about chairs, &c. I think, after all, I like a clean kitchen better than any other room. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 16th Oct.

We are far on in correcting the proofs of the new edition of 'Goethe,' and are about to begin the printing of the 'Aristotle,' which is to appear at Christmas or Easter.

Nov. 5.—We moved into our new house—The Priory, 21 North Bank, Regents' Park. Journal.

Nov. 14.—We are now nearly in order, only wanting a few details of furniture to finish our equipment for a new stage in our life's journey. I long very much to have done thinking of upholstery, and to get again a consciousness that there are better things than that to reconcile one with life.

At last we are in our new home, with only a few details still left to arrange. Such fringing away of precious life, in thinking of carpets and tables, is an affliction to me, and seems like a nightmare from which I shall find it bliss to awake into my old world of care for things quite apart from upholstery. Letter to Mrs Bray, 14th Nov.

I have kissed your letter in sign of my joy at getting it. But the cold draughts of your Florentine room came across my joy rather harshly. I know you have good reasons for what you do, yet I cannot help saying, Why do you stay at Florence, the city of draughts rather than of flowers? Mrs Congreve, 28th Nov.

Mr Congreve's suffering during the journey, and your suffering in watching him, saddens me as I think of it. For a long while to come I suppose human energy will be greatly taken up with resignation rather than action. I wish my feeling for you could travel by some helpful vibrations good for pains.

For ourselves, we have enough ease now to be able to give some of it away. But our removal into our new home on the 5th of November was not so easy as it might have been, seeing that I was only half recovered from a severe attack of influenza, which had caused me more terrible pains in the head and throat than I have known for years. However, the crisis is past now, and we think our little home altogether charming and comfortable. Mr Owen Jones has been unwearied in taking trouble that everything about us may be pretty. He stayed two nights till after twelve o'clock, that he might see every engraving hung in the right place; and as you know I care even more about the fact of kindness than its effects, you will understand that I enjoy being grateful for all this friendliness on our behalf. But

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 28th Nov.

so tardy a business is furnishing, that it was not until Monday last that we had got everything in its place in preparation for the next day—Charlie's twenty-first birthday, which made our house-warming a doubly interesting epoch. I wish your sweet presence could have adorned our drawing-room, and made it look still more agreeable in the eyes of all beholders. You would have liked to hear Jansa play on his violin; and you would perhaps have been amused to see an affectionate but dowdy friend of yours, splendid in a grey moire antique—the consequence of a severe lecture from Owen Jones on her general neglect of personal adornment. I am glad to have got over this crisis of maternal and housekeeping duty. My soul never flourishes on attention to details which others can manage quite gracefully without any conscious loss of power for wider thoughts and cares. Before we began to move, I was swimming in Comte and Euripides and Latin Christianity: *now* I am sitting among puddles, and can get sight of no deep water. *Now* I have a mind made up of old carpets fitted in new places, and new carpets suffering from accidents; chairs, tables, and prices; muslin curtains and down-draughts in cold chimneys. I have made a vow never to think of my own furniture again, but only of other people's.

Mrs Bray, 4th Dec.

The book[1] is come, with its precious inscription, and I have read a great piece of it already (11 A.M.), besides looking through it to get an idea of its general plan. See how fascination shifts its quarter as our life goes on! I cannot be induced to lay aside my regular books for half an hour to read 'Mrs Lirriper's Lodgings,' but I pounce on a book like yours, which tries to tell me as much as it can in brief space of the "natural order," and am seduced into making it my after-breakfast reading instead of the work I had prescribed for myself in that pleasant quiet time. I read so slowly and read so few books, that this small fact among my small habits seems a great matter to me. I thank you, dear Cara, not simply for giving me the book, but for having put so much faithful labour in a worthy direction, and created a lasting benefit which I can share with others. Whether the circulation of a book be large or small, there is always this supreme satisfaction about solid honest work, that as far as it goes its effect must be good; and as all effects spread immeasurably, what we have to care for is *kind*, and not quantity. I am a shabby correspondent, being in ardent practice of the piano just now, which makes my days shorter than usual.

[1] 'Physiology for Schools.' By Mrs Bray.

I am rather ashamed to hear of any one trying to be useful just now, for I am doing nothing but indulging myself—enjoying being petted very much, enjoying great books, enjoying our new pretty quiet home, and the study of Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin, with the mild-faced old Jansa, and not being at all unhappy as you imagine me. I sit taking deep draughts of reading—'Politique Positive,' Euripides, Latin Christianity, and so forth, and remaining in glorious ignorance of "the current literature." Such is our life: and you perceive that instead of being miserable, I am rather following a wicked example, and saying to my soul, "Soul, take thine ease." I am sorry to think of you without any artistic society to help you and feed your faith. It is hard to believe long together that anything is "worth while," unless there is some eye to kindle in common with our own, some brief word uttered now and then to imply that what is infinitely precious to us is precious alike to another mind. I fancy that to do without that guarantee, one must be rather insane—one must be a bad poet, or a spinner of impossible theories, or an inventor of impossible machinery. However, it is but brief space either of time or distance that divides you from those who thoroughly share your cares and joys—always excepting that portion which is the hidden private lot of every human being. In the most entire confidence even of husband and wife there is always the unspoken residue—the *undivined* residue—perhaps of what is most sinful, perhaps of what is most exalted and unselfish. Letter to Madame Bodichon 4th Dec.

I get less and less inclined to write any but the briefest letters. My books seem to get so far off me when once I have written them, that I should be afraid of looking into 'The Mill'; but it was written faithfully and with intense feeling when it was written, so I will hope that it will do no mortal any harm. I am indulging myself frightfully: reading everything except the "current literature," and getting more and more out of *rapport* with the public taste. I have read Renan's book, however, which has proved to be eminently *in* the public taste. It will have a good influence on the whole, I imagine; but this 'Vie de Jésus,' and still more, Renan's "Letter to Berthelot" in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' have compelled me to give up the high estimate I had formed of his mind. Judging from the indications in some other writings of his, I had reckoned him amongst the finest thinkers of the time. Still his 'Life of Jesus' has so much artistic merit, that it will do a great deal towards the Miss Sara Hennell, 26th Dec.

culture of ordinary minds, by giving them a sense of unity between that far-off past and our present.

Letter to Mrs Bray, 26th Dec.

We are enjoying our new house—enjoying its quiet and freedom from perpetual stair-mounting—enjoying also the prettiness of colouring and arrangement, all of which we owe to our dear good friend, Mr Owen Jones. He has determined every detail, so that we can have the pleasure of admiring what is our own without vanity. And another magnificent friend has given me the most splendid reclining chair conceivable, so that I am in danger of being envied by the gods, especially as my health is thoroughly good withal. I should like to be sure that you are just as comfortable externally and internally. I daresay you are, being less of a cormorant in your demands on life than I am; and it is *that* difference which chiefly distinguishes human lots when once the absolute needs are satisfied.

Mrs Peter Taylor, 28th Dec.

Your affectionate greeting comes as one of the many blessings that are brightening this happy Christmas.

We have been giving our evenings up to parental duties—*i.e.*, to games and music for the amusement of the youngsters. I am wonderfully well in body, but rather in a self-indulgent state mentally, saying, "Soul, take thine ease," after a dangerous example.

Of course, I shall be glad to see your fair face whenever it can shine upon me; but I can well imagine, with your multitudinous connections, Christmas and the New Year are times when all *unappointed* visits must be impossible to you.

All good to you and yours through the coming year! and amongst the good, may you continue to feel some love for me; for love is one of the conditions in which it is even better to give than to receive.

Mrs Congreve, 19th Jan., 1864.

According to your plans, you must be in Rome. I have been in good spirits about you ever since I last heard from you; and the foggy twilight which, for the last week, has followed the severe frost, has made me rejoice the more that you are in a better climate and amongst lovelier scenes than we are groping in. I please myself with thinking that you will all come back with stores of strength and delightful memories. Only, if this were the best of all possible worlds, Mr Lewes and I should be able to meet you in some beautiful place before you turn your backs on Italy. As it is, there is no hope of such a meeting. March is Charlie's holiday month, and when he goes out we like to stay at home for the sake of recovering for that short time our unbroken *tête-à-tête*. We have every reason to be cheerful if the fog

would let us. Last night I finished reading the last proofs of the 'Aristotle,' which makes an octavo volume of rather less than 400 pages. I think it is a book which will be interesting and valuable to the few, but perhaps *only* to the few. However, George's happiness in writing his books makes him less dependent than most authors on the audience they find. He felt that a thorough account of Aristotle's science was a bit of work which needed doing, and he has given his utmost pains to do it worthily. These are the two most important conditions of authorship; all the rest belong to the "less modifiable" order of things. I have been playing energetically on the piano lately, and taking lessons in accompanying the violin from Herr Jansa, one of the old Beethoven Quartette players. It has given me a fresh kind of muscular exercise, as well as nervous stimulus, and, I think, has done its part towards making my health better. In fact, I am very well physically. I wish I could be as clever and active as you about our garden, which might be made much prettier this spring if I had judgment and industry enough to do the right thing. But it is a native vice of mine to like all such matters attended to by some one else, and to fold my arms and enjoy the result. Some people are born to make life pretty, and others to grumble that it is not pretty enough. But pray make a point of liking me in spite of my deficiencies. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 19th Jan.

I comfort myself with the belief that your nature is less rebellious under trouble than mine—less craving and discontented. Mrs Peter Taylor, 21st Jan.

Resignation to trial, which can never have a *personal* compensation, is a part of our life task which has been too much obscured for us by unveracious attempts at universal consolation. I think we should be more tender to each other while we live, if that wretched falsity which makes men quite comfortable about their fellows' troubles were thoroughly got rid of.

I often imagine you, not without a little longing, turning out into the fields whenever you list, as we used to do in the old days at Rosehill. That power of turning out into the fields is a great possession in life—worth many luxuries. Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Jan.

Here is a bit of news not, I think, too insignificant for you to tell Cara. The other day Mr Spencer, senior (Herbert Spencer's father), called on us, and knowing that he has been engaged in education all his life, that he is a man of extensive and accurate knowledge, and that, on his son's showing, he is a very able teacher, I showed him Cara's

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Jan.

'British Empire.' Yesterday Herbert Spencer came, and on my inquiring told me that his father was pleased with Cara's book, and thought highly of it. Such testimonies as this, given apart from personal influence and by a practised judge, are, I should think, more gratifying than any other sort of praise to all faithful writers.

Journal.

Jan. 30.—We had Browning, Dallas, and Burton to dine with us, and in the evening a gentlemen's party.

Feb. 14.—Mr Burton dined with us, and asked me to let him take my portrait.

Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 3d March.

It was pleasant to have news of you through the fog, which reduces my faith in all good and lovely things to its lowest ebb.

I hope you are less abjectly under the control of the skiey influences than I am. The soul's calm sunshine in me is half made up of the outer sunshine. However, we are going on Friday to hear the "Judas Maccabæus," and Handel's music always brings me a revival.

I have had a great personal loss lately in the death of a sweet woman,[1] to whom I have sometimes gone, and hoped to go again, for a little moral strength. She had long been confined to her room by consumption, which has now taken her quite out of reach except to memory, which makes all dear human beings undying to us as long as we ourselves live.

I am glad to know that you have been interested in "David Gray."[2] It is good for us all that these true stories should be well told. Even those to whom the power of helping rarely comes, have their imaginations instructed so as to be more just and tender in their thoughts about the lot of their fellows.

Miss Sara Hennell, 7th March.

I felt it long since I had had news from you, but my days go by, each seeming too short for what I must do, and I don't like to molest you with mere questions.

I have been spoiled for correspondence by Mr Lewes's goodness in always writing letters for me where a proxy is admissible. And so it has come to be a great affair with me to write even a note, while people who keep up a large correspondence, and set apart their hour for it, find it easy to cover reams of paper with talk from the end of the pen.

You say nothing of yourself, which is rather unkind. We are enjoying a perfect *tête-à-tête*. On Friday we are going to

[1] Mrs Julius Hare, who gave her Maurice's book on the Lord's Prayer.
[2] A story by Mr Robert Buchanan in the 'Cornhill,' Feb. 1864.

hear the "Judas Maccabæus," and try if possible to be stirred to something heroic by "Sound an alarm." Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 7th March.

I was more sorry than it is usually possible to be about the death of a person utterly unknown to me, when I read of Maria Martineau's death. She was a person whose office in life seemed so thoroughly defined and so valuable. For an invalid like Harriet Martineau to be deprived of a beloved nurse and companion, is a sorrow that makes one ashamed of one's small grumblings. But, oh dear, oh dear! when *will* people leave off their foolish talk about all human lots being equal; as if anybody with a sound stomach ever knew misery comparable to the misery of a dyspeptic.

Farewell, dear Sara: be generous, and don't always wait an age in silence because I don't write.

If you were anybody but yourself I should dislike you, because I have to write letters to you. As it is, your qualities triumph even over the vice of being in Italy (too far off for a note of three lines), and expecting to hear from me, though I fear I should be graceless enough to let you expect in vain if I did not care very much to hear from *you*, and did not find myself getting uneasy when many weeks have been passed in ignorance about you. I do hope to hear that you got your fortnight of sight-seeing before leaving Rome—at least, you would surely go well over the great galleries. If not, I shall be vexed with you, and I shall only be consoled for your not going to Venice by the chance of the Austrians being driven or bought out of it—on no slighter grounds. For I suppose you will not go to Italy again for a long, long while, so as to leave any prospect of the omission being made up for by-and-by. Mrs Congreve, 8th March.

We run off to Scotland for the Easter week, setting out on Sunday evening; so if the spring runs away again, I hope it will run northward. We shall return on Monday the 4th April. Some news of your inwards and outwards would be acceptable; but don't write unless you really *like* to write. You see Strauss has come out with a *popular* 'Life of Jesus.' Miss Sara Hennell, 20th March.

Fog, east wind, and headache: there is my week's history. But this morning, when your letter came to me, I had got up well, and was reading the sorrows of the aged Hecuba with great enjoyment. I wish an immortal drama could be got out of *my* sorrows, that people might be the better for them two thousand years hence. But fog, east wind, and headache are not great dramatic motives. Mrs Peter Taylor, 25th March.

Your letter was a reinforcement of the delicious sense of

Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 25th March.

bien être that comes with the departure of bodily pain; and I am glad, retrospectively, that beyond our fog lay your moonlight and your view of the glorious sea. It is not difficult to me to believe that you look a new creature already. Mr Lewes tells me the country air has always a magical effect on me, even in the first hour; but it is not the air alone, is it? It is the wide sky and the hills and the wild flowers which are linked with all calming thoughts, just as every object in town has its perturbing associations.

I share your joy in the Federal successes—with that check that attends all joy in a war not absolutely ended. But you have worked and earned more joy than those who have been merely passives.

Journal.

April 6.—Mr Spencer called for the first time after a long correspondence on the subject of his relation to Comte.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 9th April.

Yes! I am come back from Scotland—came back last Saturday night.

I was much pleased to see Cara so wonderfully well and cheerful. She seems to me ten times more cheerful than in the old days. I am interested to know more about your work which is filling your life now, but I suppose I shall know nothing until it is in print—and perhaps that is the only form in which one can do any one's work full justice. It is very disappointing to me to hear that Cara has at present so little promise of monetary results from her conscientious labour. I fear the fatal system of half profits is working against her as against others. We are going to the opera to-night to hear the "Favorita." It was the first opera I ever *saw* (with you I saw it!), and I have never seen it since—that is the reason I was anxious to go to-night.

This afternoon we go to see Mulready's pictures—so the day will be a full one.

Journal.

April 18.—We went to the Crystal Palace to see Garibaldi.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 30th April.

Only think! next Wednesday morning we start for Italy. The move is quite a sudden one. We need a good shake for our bodies and minds, and must take the spring-time before the weather becomes too hot. We shall not be away more than a month or six weeks at the utmost. Our friend Mr Burton, the artist, will be our companion for at least part of the time. He has just painted a divine picture which is now to be seen at the old Water-Colour Exhibition. The subject is from a Norse legend; but that is no matter—the picture tells its story. A knight in mailed armour and surcoat has met the fair tall woman he (secretly) loves, on a

turret stair. By an uncontrollable movement he has seized her arm and is kissing it. She, amazed, has dropped the flowers she held in her other hand. The subject might have been made the most vulgar thing in the world—the artist has raised it to the highest pitch of refined emotion. The kiss is on the fur-lined *sleeve* that covers the arm, and the face of the knight is the face of a man to whom the kiss is a sacrament. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 30th April.

How I should like a good long talk with you! From what you say of your book that is to come, I expect to be very much interested in it. I think I hardly ever read a book of the kind you describe without getting some help from it. It is to this strong influence that is felt in all personal statements of inward experience, that we must perhaps refer the excessive publication of religious journals.

May 4.—We started for Italy with Mr Burton. Journal.

June 20.—Arrived at our pretty home again after an absence of seven weeks.

Your letter has affected me deeply. Thank you very much for writing it. It seems as if a close view of almost every human lot would disclose some suffering that makes life a doubtful good—except perhaps at certain epochs of fresh love, fresh creative activity, or unusual power of helping others. One such epoch we are witnessing in a young life that is very near to us. Our "boy," Charles, has just become engaged, and it is very pretty to see the happiness of a pure first love, full at present of nothing but promise. It will interest you to know that the young lady who has won his heart, and seems to have given him her own with equal ardour and entireness, is the grand-daughter of Dr Southwood Smith, whom he adopted when she was three years old, and brought up under his own eye. She is very handsome, and has a splendid contralto voice. Altogether Pater and I rejoice; for though the engagement has taken place earlier than we expected, or should perhaps have chosen, there are counterbalancing advantages. I always hoped Charlie would be able to choose, or rather find, the other half of himself by the time he was twenty-three—the event has only come a year and a half sooner. This is the news that greeted us on our return! We had seen before we went that the acquaintance, which was first made eighteen months or more ago, had become supremely interesting to Charlie. Altogether we rejoice. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 25th June.

Our journey was delightful in spite of Mr Lewes's frequent *malaise;* for his cheerful nature is rarely subdued even by

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 25th June.

bodily discomfort. We saw only one place that we had not seen before—namely, Brescia; but all the rest seemed more glorious to us than they had seemed four years ago. Our course was to Venice, where we stayed a fortnight, pausing only at Paris, Turin, and Milan on our way thither, and taking Padua, Verona, Brescia, and again Milan, as points of rest on our way back. Our friend Mr Burton's company was very stimulating from his great knowledge, not of pictures only, but of almost all other subjects. He has had the advantage of living in Germany for five or six years, and has gained those large serious views of history which are a special product of German culture, and this was his first visit to Italy, so you may imagine his eager enjoyment in finding it beautiful beyond his hopes. We crossed the Alps by the St Gothard, and stayed a day or two at Lucerne; and this, again, was a first sight of Switzerland to him.

Journal.

July 17.—Horrible scepticism about all things paralysing my mind. Shall I ever be good for anything again? Ever do anything again?

July 19.—Reading Gibbon, vol. i., in connection with Mosheim; also Gieseler on the condition of the world at the appearance of Christianity.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 28th Aug.

I am distressed to find that I have let a week pass without writing in answer to your letter, which made me very glad when I got it. Remembering you just a minute ago, I started up from Max Müller's new volume, with which I was consoling myself under a sore throat, and rushed to the desk that I might not risk any further delay.

It was just what I wanted to hear about you, that you were having some change, and I think the freshness of the companionship must help other good influences, not to speak of the 'Apologia,' which breathed much life into me when I read it. Pray mark that beautiful passage in which he thanks his friend Ambrose St John. I know hardly anything that delights me more than such evidences of sweet brotherly love being a reality in the world. I envy you your opportunity of seeing and hearing Newman, and should like to make an expedition to Birmingham for that sole end.

My trouble now is George's delicate health. He gets thinner and thinner. He is going to try what horseback will do, and I am looking forward to that with some hope.

Our boy's love-story runs smoothly, and seems to promise nothing but good. His attraction to Hampstead gives

George and me more of our dear old *tête-à-tête*, which we can't help being glad to recover. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 28th Aug

Dear Cara and Mr Bray! I wish they too had joy instead of sadness from the young life they have been caring for these many years. When you write to Cara, or see her, assure her that she is remembered in my most affectionate thoughts, and that I often bring her present experience before my mind—more or less truly—for we can but blunder about each other, we poor mortals.

Write to me whenever you can, dear Sara. I should have answered immediately but for sickness, visitors, business, &c.

Sept. 6.—*I am reading about Spain, and trying a drama on a subject that has fascinated me—have written the prologue, and am beginning the First Act. But I have little hope of making anything satisfactory.* Journal.

Sept. 13 *to* 30. — Went to Harrogate and Scarborough, seeing York Minster and Peterborough.

We journeyed hither on Tuesday, and found the place quite as pretty as we expected. The great merit of Harrogate is that one is everywhere close to lovely open walks. Your "plan" has been a delightful reference for Mr Lewes, who takes it out of his pocket every time we walk. At present, of course, there is not much improvement in health to be boasted of, but we hope that the delicious bracing air —and also the chalybeate waters, which have not yet been tried—will not be without good effect. The journey was long. How hideous those towns of Holbeck and Wakefield are! It is difficult to keep up one's faith in a millennium within sight of this modern civilisation which consists in "development of industries." Egypt and her big calm gods seems quite as good. Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th Sept., from Harrogate.

We migrated on Friday last from delightful Harrogate, pausing at York to see the glorious Cathedral. The weather is perfect, the sea blue as a sapphire, so that we see to utmost advantage the fine line of coast here, and the magnificent breadth of sand. Even the Tenby sands are not so fine as these. Better than all, Mr Lewes, in spite of a sad check of a few days, is strengthened beyond our most hopeful expectations by this brief trial of fresh conditions. He is wonderful for the rapidity with which he "picks up" after looking alarmingly feeble, and even wasted. We paid a visit to Knaresborough the very last day of our stay at Harrogate, and were rejoiced that we had not missed the sight of that pretty characteristic northern town. There is a ruined castle 26th Sept., from Scarborough.

Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 26th Sept., from Scarborough.

here too, standing just where one's eyes would desire it on a grand line of cliff; but perhaps you know the place. Its only defect is that it is too large, and therefore a little too smoky; but except in Wales or Devonshire, I have seen no sea place on our English coast that has greater natural advantages. I don't know quite why I should write you this note all about ourselves—except that your goodness having helped us to the benefit we have got, I like you to know of the said benefit.

2d Oct.

I have had a fit of Spanish history lately, and have been learning Spanish grammar—the easiest of all the Romance grammars—since we have been away. Mr Lewes has been rubbing up his Spanish by reading 'Don Quixote' in these weeks of *idlesse;* and I have read aloud and translated to him, like a good child. I find it so much easier to learn anything than to feel that I have anything worth teaching.

All is perfectly well with us, now the "little Pater" is stronger, and we are especially thankful for Charlie's prospect of marriage. We could not have desired anything more suited to his character and more likely to make his life a good one. But this blessing which has befallen us, only makes me feel the more acutely the cutting off of a like satisfaction from the friends I chiefly love.

Journal.

Oct. 5.—Finished the first draught of the First Act of my drama, and read it to George.

Oct. 15.—Went to the Maestro (Burton) for a sitting.

Nov. 4.—Read my Second Act to George. It is written in verse—my first serious attempt at blank verse. G. praises, and encourages me.

Nov. 10.—I have been at a very low ebb, body and mind, for the last few days, sticking in the mud continually in the construction of my 3d, 4th, and 5th Acts. Yesterday Browning came to tell us of a bust of Savonarola in terra-cotta, just discovered at Florence.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 23d Nov.

I believe I have thought of you every day for the last fortnight, and I remembered the birthday—and "everything." But I was a little cross, because I had heard nothing of you since Mr Bray's visit. And I said to myself, "If she wanted to write she *would* write." I confess I was a little ashamed when I saw the outside of your letter ten minutes ago, feeling that I should read within it the proof that you were as thoughtful and mindful as ever.

Yes, I do heartily give my greeting—*had* given it already. And I desire very much that the work which is absorbing

you, may give you some happiness besides that which belongs to the activity of production. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 23d Nov.

It is very kind of you to remember Charlie's date too. He is as happy as the day is long—and very good: one of those creatures to whom goodness comes naturally,—not any exalted goodness, but everyday serviceable goodness, such as wears through life. Whereas exalted goodness comes in brief inspirations, and requires a man to die lest he should spoil his work.

I have been ill, but now am pretty well, with much to occupy and interest me, and with no trouble except those bodily ailments.

I could chat a long while with you—but I restrain myself, because I must not carry on my letter-writing into the "solid day."

Your precious letter *did* come last night, and crowned the day's enjoyment. Our family party went off very well, entirely by dint of George's exertions. I wish you had seen him acting charades, and heard him make an after-supper speech. You would have understood all the self-forgetful goodness that lay under the assumption of boyish animal spirits. A horrible German whom I have been obliged to see, has been talking for two hours, with the hardest eyes, blind to all possibilities that he was boring us, and so I have been robbed of all the time I wanted for writing to you. I can only say now that I bore you on my heart—you and all yours known to me—even before I had had your letter yesterday. Indeed, you are not apart from any delight I have in life: I long always that you should share it—if not otherwise, at least by knowing of it, which to you is a sort of sharing. Our double loves and best wishes for all of you—Rough being included, as I trust you include Ben. Are they not idlers with us? Also a title to regard as well as being *collaborateurs*. Mrs Congreve, Christmas Day.

Dec. 25.—I read the Third Act of my drama to George, who praised it highly. We spent a perfectly quiet evening, intending to have our Christmas Day's jollity on Tuesday, when the boys are at home. Journal.

Jan. 1.—The last year has been unmarked by any trouble except bad health. The bright spots in the year have been the publication of 'Aristotle,' and our journey to Venice. With me the year has not been fruitful. I have written three Acts of my drama, and am now in a condition of body and mind to make me hope for better things in the coming year. The last quarter has made an epoch for me, by the Journal, 1865.

Journal. fact that, for the first time in my serious authorship, I have written verse. In each other we are happier than ever. I am more grateful to my dear husband for his perfect love, which helps me in all good and checks me in all evil—more conscious that in him I have the greatest of blessings.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 3d Jan. I hope the wish that this New Year may be a happy one to you does not seem to be made a mockery by any troubles or anxieties pressing on you.

I enclose a cheque, which I shall be obliged if you will offer to Mr Congreve, as I know he prefers that payments should be made at the beginning of the year.

I shall think of you on the nineteenth. I wonder how many there really were in that "small upper room" 1866 years ago.

Journal. *Jan.* 8.—Mrs Congreve staying with us for a couple of nights. Yesterday we went to Mr Burton's to see my portrait, with which she was much pleased. Since last Monday I have been writing a poem, the matter of which was written in prose three or four years ago—"My Vegetarian Friend."

Jan. 15 *to* 25.—Visit to Paris.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 27th Jan. Are we not happy to have reached home on Wednesday, before this real winter came? We enjoyed our visit to Paris greatly, in spite of bad weather, going to the theatre or opera nearly every night, and seeing sights all day long. I think the most interesting sight we saw was Comte's dwelling. Such places, that knew the great dead, always move me deeply; and I had an unexpected sight of interest in the photograph taken at the very last. M. Thomas was very friendly, and pleasant to talk to because of his simple manners. We gave your remembrances to him, and promised to assure you of his pleasure in hearing of you. I wish some truer representation of Mr Congreve hung up in the Salon instead of that (to me) exasperating photograph.

We thought the apartment very *freundlich*, and I flattered myself that I could have written better in the little study there than in my own. Such self-flattery is usually the most amiable phase of discontent with one's own inferiority.

I am really stronger for the change.

Journal. *Jan.* 28.—Finished my poem on "Utopias."

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 6th Feb. I suspect you have come to dislike letters, but until you say so, I must write now and then to gratify myself. I want to send my love, lest all the old messages shall have lost their scent, like old lavender bags.

Since I wrote to you last we have actually been to Paris!

A little business was an excuse for getting a great deal of pleasure; and I, for whom change of air and scene is always the best tonic, am much brightened by our wintry expedition, which ended just in time for us to escape the heavy fall of snow. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 6th Feb.

We are very happy, having almost recovered our old *tête-à-tête*, of which I am so selfishly fond, that I am beginning to feel it an heroic effort when I make up my mind to invite half-a-dozen visitors. But it is necessary to strive against this unsocial disposition, so we are going to have some open evenings.

There is great talk of a new periodical—a fortnightly apparition, partly on the plan of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.' Mr Lewes has consented to become its editor, if the preliminaries are settled so as to satisfy him.

Ecco! I have told you a little of our news, not daring to ask you anything about yourself, since you evidently don't want to tell me anything.

Feb. 21.—Ill and very miserable. George has taken my drama away from me. Journal.

The sun shone through my window on your letter as I read it, adding to its cheeriness. It was good of you to write it. I was ill last week, and had mental troubles besides—happily such as are unconnected with any one's experience except my own. I am still ailing, but striving hard "not to mind," and not to diffuse my inward trouble, according to Madame de Vaux's excellent maxim. I shall not, I fear, be able to get to you till near the end of next week—towards the 11th. I think of you very often, and especially when my own *malaise* reminds me how much of your time is spent in the same sort of endurance. Mr Spencer told us yesterday that Dr Ransom said he had cured himself of dyspepsia by leaving off stimulants—the full benefit manifesting itself after two or three months of abstinence. I am going to try. All best regards to Mr Congreve and tenderest sisterly love to yourself. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 27th Feb.

March 1.—I wrote an article for the 'Pall Mall Gazette' —"A Word for the Germans." Journal.

March 12.—Went to Wandsworth, to spend the Sunday and Monday with Mr and Mrs Congreve. Feeling very ailing; in constant dull pain, which makes all effort burthensome.

I did not promise, like Mr Collins, that you should receive a letter of thanks for your kind entertainment of me; but I feel the need of writing a word or two to break the change Letter to Mrs Congreve, 16th March.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 16th March.

from your presence to my complete absence from you. It was really an enjoyment to be with you, in spite of the bodily uneasiness which robbed me of half my mind. One thing only I regret—that in my talk with you I think I was rather merciless to other people. Whatever vices I have, seem to be exaggerated by my *malaise*—such "chastening" not answering the purpose of purification in my case. Pray set down any unpleasant notions I have suggested about others to my account—*i.e.*, as being *my* unpleasantness, and not theirs. When one is bilious, other people's complexions look yellow, and one of their eyes higher than the other—all the fault of one's own evil interior. I long to hear from you that you are better, and if you are not better, still to hear from you before too long an interval. Mr Congreve's condition is really cheering, and he goes about with me as a pleasant picture—like that Raffaelle the Tuscan duke chose always to carry with him.

I got worse after I left you; but to-day I am better, and begin to think there is nothing serious the matter with me except the "weather," which every one else is alleging as the cause of their symptoms.

Mrs Bray, 18th March.

I believe you are one of the few who can understand that in certain crises direct expression of sympathy is the least possible to those who most feel sympathy. If I could have been with you in bodily presence, I should have sat silent, thinking silence a sign of feeling that speech, trying to be wise, must always spoil. The truest things one can say about great Death are the oldest, simplest things that everybody knows by rote, but that no one knows really till death has come very close. And when that inward teaching is going on, it seems pitiful presumption for those who are outside to be saying anything. There is no such thing as consolation when we have made the lot of another our own. I don't know whether you strongly share, as I do, the old belief that made men say the gods loved those who died young. It seems to me truer than ever, now life has become more complex, and more and more difficult problems have to be worked out. Life, though a good to men on the whole, is a doubtful good to many, and to some not a good at all. To my thought, it is a source of constant mental distortion to make the denial of this a part of religion—to go on pretending things are better than they are. To me early death takes the aspect of salvation; though I feel, too, that those who live and suffer may sometimes have the greater blessedness of *being* a salvation. But I will not write of judgments and opinions.

What I want my letter to tell you is that I love you truly, gratefully, unchangeably.

March 25.—I am in deep depression, feeling powerless. I have written nothing but beginnings since I finished a little article for the 'Pall Mall,' on the "Logic of Servants." Dear George is all activity, yet is in very frail health. How I worship his good humour, his good sense, his affectionate care for every one who has claims on him! That worship is my best life. Journal.

March 29.—Sent a letter on "Futile Lying," from Saccharissa, to the 'Pall Mall.'

I have begun a novel ('Felix Holt').

May 4.—Sent an article on Lecky's 'History of Rationalism' for the 'Fortnightly.' For nearly a fortnight I have been ill, one way or other.

May 10.—Finished a letter of Saccharissa for the 'Pall Mall.' Reading Æschylus, 'Theatre of the Greeks,' Klein's 'History of the Drama,' &c.

This note will greet you on your return, and tell you that we were glad to hear of you in your absence, even though the news was not of the brightest. Next week we are going away—I don't yet know exactly where; but it is firmly settled that we start on Monday. It will be good for the carpets, and it will be still better for us, who need a wholesome shaking, even more than the carpets do. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 11th May.

The first number of the 'Review' was done with last Monday, and will be out on the 15th. You will be glad to hear that Mr Harrison's article is excellent, but the "mull" which George declares to be the fatality with all first numbers is so far incurred with regard to this very article, that from overwhelming alarm at its length George put it (perhaps too hastily) into the smaller type. I hope the importance of the subject and the excellence of the treatment will overcome that disadvantage.

Nurse all pleasant thoughts in your solitude, and count our affection among them.

We have just returned from a five days' holiday at the coast, and are much invigorated by the tonic breezes. Miss Sara Hennell, 18th May.

We have nothing to do with the 'Fortnightly' as a money speculation. Mr Lewes has simply accepted the post of editor, and it was seemly that I should write a little in it. But do not suppose that I am going into periodical writing. And your friendship is not required to read one syllable for our sakes. On the contrary, you have my full sympathy in abstaining. Rest in peace, dear Sara, and finish your work,

that you may have the sense of having spoken out what was within you. That is really a good—I mean when it is done in all seriousness and sincerity.

Journal. *May* 28.—Finished Bamford's 'Passages from the Life of a Radical.' Have just begun again Mill's 'Political Economy,' and Comte's 'Social Science,' in Miss Martineau's edition.

June 7.—Finished 'Annual Register' for 1832. Reading Blackstone. Mill's second article on "Comte," to appear in the 'Westminster,' lent me by Mr Spencer. My health has been better of late.

June 15.—Read again Aristotle's "Poetics" with fresh admiration.

June 20.—Read the opening of my novel to G. Yesterday we drove to Wandsworth. Walked together on Wimbledon Common, in outer and inner sunshine, as of old; then dined with Mr and Mrs Congreve, and had much pleasant talk.

June 25.—Reading English History, reign of George III.; Shakespeare's "King John." Yesterday G. dined at Greenwich with the multitude of so-called writers for the 'Saturday.' He heard much commendation of the 'Fortnightly,' especially of Bagehot's articles, which last is reassuring after Mr Trollope's strong objections.

July 3.—Went to hear the "Faust" at Covent Garden: Mario, Lucca, and Graziani. I was much thrilled by the great symbolical situations, and by the music—more, I think, than I had ever been before.

July 9.—We had Browning, Huxley, Mr Warren, Mr Bagehot, and Mr Crompton, and talk was pleasant.

Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 10th July Success to the canvassing! It is "very meet and right and your bounden duty" to be with Mr Taylor in this time of hard work, and I am glad that your health has made no impediment. I should have liked to be present when you were cheered. The expression of a common feeling by a large mass of men, when the feeling is one of goodwill, moves me like music. A public tribute to any man who has done the world a service with brain or hand, has on me the effect of a great religious rite, with pealing organ and full-voiced choir.

I agree with you in your feeling about Mill. Some of his works have been frequently my companions of late, and I have been going through many *actions de grâce* towards him. I am not anxious that he should be in Parliament: thinkers can do more outside than inside the House. But it would have been a fine precedent, and would have made an epoch,

for such a man to have been asked for and elected solely on the ground of his mental eminence. As it is, I suppose it is pretty certain that he will *not* be elected. Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 10th July.

I am glad you have been interested in Mr Lewes's article. His great anxiety about the 'Fortnightly' is to make it the vehicle for sincere writing—real contributions of opinion on important topics. But it is more difficult than the inexperienced could imagine to get the sort of writing which will correspond to that desire of his.

July 16. — Mdlle. Bohn, niece of Professor Scherer, called. She said certain things about 'Romola' which showed that she had felt what I meant my readers to feel. She said she knew the book had produced the same effect on many others. I wish I could be encouraged by this. Journal.

July 22.—Sat for my portrait—I suppose for the last time.

July 23.—I am going doggedly to work at my novel, seeing what determination can do in the face of despair. Reading Neale's 'History of the Puritans.'

I received yesterday the circular about the Mazzini Fund. Mr Lewes and I would have liked to subscribe to a tribute to Mazzini, or to a fund for his use, of which the application was defined and guaranteed by his own word. As it is, the application of the desired fund is only intimated in the vaguest manner by the Florentine Committee. The reflection is inevitable, that the application may ultimately be the promotion of conspiracy, the precise character of which is necessarily unknown to subscribers. Now, though I believe there are cases in which conspiracy may be a sacred, necessary struggle against organised wrong, there are also cases in which it is hopeless, and can produce nothing but misery; or needless, because it is not the best means attainable of reaching the desired end; or unjustifiable, because it resorts to acts which are more unsocial in their character than the very wrong they are directed to extinguish: and in these three supposable cases it seems to me that it would be a social crime to further conspiracy even by the impulse of a little finger, to which one may well compare a small money subscription. Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 1st Aug.

I think many persons to whom the circular might be sent would take something like this view, and would grieve, as we do, that a proposition intended to honour Mazzini should come in a form to which they cannot conscientiously subscribe.

I trouble you and Mr Taylor with this explanation, because both Mr Lewes and I have a real reverence for Mazzini, and could not therefore be content to give a silent negative.

Journal. *Sept.* 7.—We returned home after an expedition into Brittany. Our course was from Boulogne to St Valéry, Dieppe, Rouen, Caen, Bayeux, St Lô, Vire, Avranches, Dol, St Malo, Rennes, Avray, and Carnac, — back by Nantes, Tours, Le Mans, Chartres, Paris, Rouen, Dieppe, Abbeville, and so again to Boulogne.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 14th Sept. We came home again on Thursday night—this day week —after a month's absence in Normandy and Brittany. I have been thinking of you very often since, but believed that you did not care to have the interruption of letters just now, and would rather defer correspondence till your mind was freer. If I had *suspected* that you would feel any want satisfied by a letter, I should certainly have written. I had not heard of Miss Bonham Carter's death, else I should have conceived something of your state of mind. I think you and I are alike in this, that we can get no good out of pretended comforts, which are the devices of self-love, but would rather, in spite of pain, grow into the endurance of all "naked truths." So I say no word about your great loss, except that I love you, and sorrow with you.

The circumstances of life—the changes that take place in ourselves—hem in the expression of affections and memories that live within us, and enter almost into every day, and long separations often make intercourse difficult when the opportunity comes. But the delight I had in you, and in the hours we spent together, and in all your acts of friendship to me, is really part of my life, and can never die out of me. I see distinctly how much poorer I should have been if I had never known you. If you had seen more of me in late years, you would not have such almost cruel thoughts as that the book into which you have faithfully put your experience and best convictions could make you "repugnant" to me. Whatever else my growth may have been, it has not been towards irreverence and ready rejection of what other minds can give me. You once unhappily mistook my feeling and point of view in something I wrote *apropos* of an argument in your 'Aids to Faith,' and *that* made me think it better that we should not write on large and difficult subjects in hasty letters. But it has often been painful to me—I should say, it has constantly been painful to me—that you have ever since inferred me to be in a hard

and unsympathetic state about your views and your writing. But I am habitually disposed myself to the same unbelief in the sympathy that is given me, and am the last person who should be allowed to complain of such unbelief in another. And it is very likely that I may have been faulty and disagreeable in my expressions. Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 14th Sept.

Excuse all my many mistakes, dear Sara, and never believe otherwise than that I have a glow of joy when you write to me, as if my existence were some good to you. I know that I am, and can be, very little practically; but to have the least value for your thought is what I care much to be assured of.

Perhaps, in the cooler part of the autumn, when your book is out of your hands, you will like to move from home a little and see your London friends?

Our travelling in Brittany was a good deal marred and obstructed by the Emperor's *fête*, which sent all the world on our track towards Cherbourg and Brest. But the Norman churches, the great cathedrals at Le Mans, Tours, and Chartres, with their marvellous painted glass, were worth much scrambling to see.

I have read Mr Masson's book on 'Recent Philosophy.' The earlier part is a useful and creditable survey, and the classification ingenious. The later part I thought poor. If, by what he says of Positivism, you mean what he says at p. 246, I should answer it is simply "stuff"—he might as well have written a dozen lines of jargon. There are a few observations about Comte, scattered here and there, which are true and just enough. But it seems to me much better to read a man's own writing than to read what others say about him, especially when the man is first-rate and the "others" are third-rate. As Goethe said long ago about Spinoza, "Ich zog immer vor von dem Menschen zu erfahren *wie er dachte* als von einem anderen zu hören *wie er hätte denken sollen*."[1] However, I am not fond of expressing criticism or disapprobation. The difficulty is to digest and live upon any valuable truth one's self. 28th Oct.

Nov. 15.—During the last three weeks George has been very poorly, but now he is better. I have been reading Fawcett's 'Economic Condition of the Working Classes,' Mill's 'Liberty,' looking into Strauss's second 'Life of Jesus,' and reading Neale's 'History of the Puritans,' of which I have reached the fourth volume. Yesterday the news came Journal.

[1] "I always preferred to learn from the man himself what *he* thought, rather than to hear from some one else what *he ought to have thought*."

Journal. of Mrs Gaskell's death. She died suddenly while reading aloud to her daughter.

Nov. 16.—Writing Mr Lyon's story, which I have determined to insert as a narrative. Reading the Bible.

Nov. 24.—Finished Neale's 'History of the Puritans.' Began Hallam's 'Middle Ages.'

Dec. 4.—Finished second volume of Hallam. The other day read to the end of chapter ix. of my novel to George, who was much pleased, and found no fault.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 4th Dec. We send to-day 'Orley Farm,' 'The Small House at Allington,' and 'The Story of Elizabeth.' 'The Small House' is rather lighter than 'Orley Farm.' 'The Story of Elizabeth' is by Miss Thackeray. It is not so cheerful as Trollope, but is charmingly written. You can taste it and reject it if it is too melancholy. I think more of you than you are likely to imagine, and I believe we talk of you all more than of any other mortals.

Miss Sara Hennell, 7th Dec. It is worth your while to send for the last 'Fortnightly' to read an article of Professor Tyndall's "On the Constitution of the Universe." It is a splendid piece of writing on the higher physics, which I know will interest you. *Apropos* of the feminine intellect, I had a bit of experience with a superior woman the other day, which reminded me of Sydney Smith's story about his sermon on the Being of a God. He says, that after he had delivered his painstaking argument, an old parishioner said to him, "I don't agree wi' you, Mr Smith; *I think there be a God.*"

Journal. *Dec.* 11.—For the last three days I have been foundering from a miserable state of head. I have written chapter x. This evening read again Macaulay's Introduction.

Dec. 15.—To-day is the first for nearly a week on which I have been able to write anything fresh. I am reading Macaulay and Blackstone. This evening we went to hear the "Messiah" at Exeter Hall.

Letter to M. D'Albert, 17th Dec. Your kind letter came to me yesterday. I wish there had been no family trouble to disturb the happiness of which your previous letter had given me an idea, and which I allowed myself to trust in as still continuing, notwithstanding your long silence. I sympathise with the indisposition to write letters: time becomes more precious as one gets older and in need of economising all strength for the sake of not falling short towards immediate duties.

'The Fortnightly' is a great *succès d'estime*. The principle of signature, never before thoroughly carried out in England, has given it an exceptional dignity, and drawn valuable

writers. It is a thoroughly serious periodical, intended for the few who will pay a high price, and is supported by proprietors unconnected with the publishing trade. It is still a question whether it will succeed commercially. I think I told you that Mr Lewes accepted the editorship on urgent request, after having previously refused it, and has nothing to do with it as a speculation. He likes the work very well, now he has entered into it, finding that superior contributors present themselves and brave the supposed perils of signature. Letter to M. D'Albert, 17th Dec.

I am occupied, in a leisurely way, with my own writing, and, as you know, am not in the habit of contributing to periodicals.

It grieves me that you have had your trouble in vain in translating 'Romola.' I have had at least four applications from France for permission to translate it. But in fact the permission always belonged to Smith & Elder; and now no permission is needed. A short time ago we had a visit from Mdlle. Bohn, the niece of Professor Scherer, residing with him at Versailles. She says that by herself and in her circle 'Romola' is valued more than any of my previous books. It is rather a cruel thing that she, like so many others, inquired whether my books had been translated into French. I mean it is cruel for you that, after your conscientious labours, your publishers have not been able to make better arrangements for you with Parisian houses. I have received numerous letters asking me to give my authorisation to translations of the 'Clerical Scenes,' or 'Silas Marner,' or 'The Mill.' I only tell you this, as so much information that you might perhaps use in your relations with your publishers.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" is a sort of hieroglyph for I love you and wish you well all the year round. Christmas to me is like a great many other pleasures, which I am glad to imagine as enjoyed by others, but have no delight in myself. Berried holly, and smiling faces, and snapdragon, grandmamma and the children, turkey and plum-pudding,—they are all precious things, and I would not have the world without them; but they tire me a little. I enjoy the common days of the year more. But for the sake of those who are stronger, I rejoice in Christmas. Miss Sara Hennell, 21st Dec.

Dec. 31.—The last day of 1865. I will say nothing but that I trust—I will strive—to add more ardent effort towards a good result from all the outward good that is given to me. My health is at a lower ebb than usual, and so is George's. Journal.

Journal. Bertie is spending his holidays with us, and shows hopeful characteristics. Charles is happy.

CHAPTER XIII.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 5th Jan. 1866. I have had it in my mind to write to you for many days, wanting to tell you, yet feeling there might be some impertinence in doing so, of the delight and gratitude I felt in reading your article on Industrial Co-operation. Certain points admirably brought out in that article would, I think, be worth the labour of a life if one could help in winning them thorough recognition. I don't mean that my thinking so is of any consequence, but simply that it is of consequence to me when I find your energetic writing confirm my own faith.

It would be fortunate for us if you had nothing better to do than look in on us on Tuesday evening. Professor Huxley will be with us, and one or two others whom you know, and your presence would make us all the brighter.

Journal. *Jan.* 9.—Professors Huxley and Beesly, Mr Burton and Mr Spencer, dined with us. Mr Harrison in the evening.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 12th Jan. The ample and clear statement you have sent me with kind promptness has put me in high spirits—as high spirits as can belong to an unhopeful author. Your hypothetical case of a settlement suits my needs surprisingly well. I shall be thankful to let Sugden alone, and throw myself entirely on your goodness, especially as what I want is simply a basis of legal possibilities, and not any command of details. I want to be sure that my chords will not offend a critic accomplished in thorough-bass — not at all to present an exercise in thorough-bass.

I was going to write you a long story, but on consideration it seems to me that I should tax your time less, and arrive more readily at a resolution of my doubts on various points not yet mentioned to you, if you could let me speak instead of writing to you.

On Wednesday afternoons I am always at home; but on any day when I could be sure of your coming, I would set everything aside for the sake of a consultation so valuable to me.

Journal. *Jan.* 20.—For the last fortnight I have been unusually dis-

abled by ill health. I have been consulting Mr Harrison about the law in my book with satisfactory result.

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 22d Jan.

I had not any opportunity, or not enough presence of mind, to tell you yesterday how much I felt your kindness in writing me that last little note of sympathy.

In proportion as compliments (always beside the mark) are discouraging and nauseating, at least to a writer who has any serious aims, genuine words from one capable of understanding one's conceptions are precious and strengthening.

Yet I have no confidence that the book will ever be worthily written. And now I have something else to ask. It is, that if anything strikes you as untrue in cases where my drama has a bearing on momentous questions, especially of a public nature, you will do me the great kindness to tell me of your doubts.

On a few moral points, which have been made clear to me by my experience, I feel sufficiently confident,—without such confidence I could not write at all. But in every other direction I am so much in need of fuller instruction, as to be constantly under the sense that I am more likely to be wrong than right.

Hitherto I have read my MS. (I mean of my previous books) to Mr Lewes, by forty or fifty pages at a time, and he has told me if he felt an objection to anything. No one else has had any knowledge of my writings before their publication. (I except, of course, the publishers.)

But now that you are good enough to incur the trouble of reading my MS., I am anxious to get the full benefit of your participation.

Mrs Congreve, 28th Jan., from Tunbridge Wells.

We arrived here on Tuesday, and have been walking about four hours each day, and the walks are so various that each time we have turned out we have found a new one. George is already much the better for the perfect rest, quiet, and fresh air. Will you give my thanks to Mr Congreve for the 'Synthèse,' which I have brought with me and am reading? I expect to understand three chapters well enough to get some edification.

Frederic Harrison, 31st Jan., from Tunbridge Wells.

I have received both your precious letters—the second edition of the case, and the subsequent note. The story is sufficiently in the track of ordinary probability; and the careful trouble you have so generously given to it, has enabled me to feel a satisfaction in my plot which beforehand I had sighed for as unattainable.

There is still a question or two which I shall want to ask

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 31st Jan., from Tunbridge Wells

you, but I am afraid of taxing your time and patience in an unconscionable manner. So, since we expect to return to town at the end of next week, I think I will reserve my questions until I have the pleasure and advantage of an interview with you, in which *pros* and *cons* can be more rapidly determined than by letter. It seems to me that you have fitted my phenomena with a *rationale* quite beautifully. If there is any one who could have done it better, I am sure I know of no man who *would*. Please to put your help of me among your good deeds for this year of 1866.

To-day we have resolute rain, for the first time since we came down. You don't yet know what it is to be a sickly wretch, dependent on these skiey influences. But Heine says illness "spiritualises the members." It had need do some good in return for one's misery.

Journal.

March 7.—I am reading Mill's 'Logic' again. Theocritus still, and English History and Law.

March 17.—To St James's Hall hearing Joachim, Piatti, and Hallé in glorious Beethoven music.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 9th April.

Don't think any evil of me for not writing. Just now the days are short, and art is long to artists with feeble bodies. If people don't say expressly that they want anything from me, I easily conclude that they will do better without me, and have a good weight of idleness, or rather bodily fatigue, which puts itself into the scale of modesty. I torment myself less with fruitless regrets that my particular life has not been more perfect. The young things are growing, and to me it is not melancholy but joyous that the world will be brighter after I am gone than it has been in the brief time of my existence. You see my pen runs into very old reflections. The fact is, I have no details to tell that would much interest you. It is true that I am going to bring out another book, but just *when* is not certain.

Madame Bodichon, 10th April.

The happiness in your letter was delightful to me, as you guessed it would be. See how much better things may turn out for all mankind, since they mend for single mortals even in this confused state of the bodies social and politic.

As soon as we can leave we shall go away, probably to Germany, for six weeks or so. But that will not be till June. I am finishing a book which has been growing slowly like a sickly child, because of my own ailments; but now I am in the later acts of it, I can't move till it is done.

You know all the news, public and private—all about the sad cattle plague, and the Reform Bill, and who is going to be married, and who is dead. So I need tell you nothing.

You will find the English world extremely like what it was when you left it—conversation more or less trivial and insincere, literature just now not much better, and politics worse than either. Bring some sincerity and energy to make a little draught of pure air in your particular world. I shall expect you to be a heroine in the best sense, now you are happier after a time of suffering. See what a talent I have for telling other people to be good! Letter to Madame Bodichon, 10th April.

We are getting patriarchal, and think of old age and death as journeys not far off. All knowledge, all thought, all achievement seems more precious and enjoyable to me than it ever was before in life. But as soon as one has found the key of life, "it opes the gates of death." Youth has not learned the *art* of living, and we go on bungling till our experience can only serve us for a very brief space. That is the "external order" we must submit to.

I am too busy to write except when I am tired, and don't know very well what to say, so you must not be surprised if I write in a dreamy way.

April 21.—Sent MS. of two volumes to Blackwood. Journal.

April 25.—Blackwood has written to offer me £5000 for 'Felix Holt.' I have been ailing, and uncertain in my strokes, and yesterday got no further than p. 52 of vol. iii.

It is a great pleasure to me to be writing to you again, as in the old days. After your kind letters, I am chiefly anxious that the publication of 'Felix Holt' may be a satisfaction to you from beginning to end. Letters to John Blackwood, 25th April.

Mr Lewes writes about other business matters, so I will only say that I am desirous to have the proofs as soon and as rapidly as will be practicable.

They will require correcting with great care, and there are large spaces in the day when I am unable to write, in which I could be attending to my proofs.

I think I ought to tell you that I have consulted a legal friend about my law, to guard against errors. The friend is a Chancery barrister, who "ought to know."

After I had written the first volume, I applied to him, and he has since read through my MS.

How very good it was of you to write me a letter which is a guarantee to me of the pleasantest kind that I have made myself understood. 27th April.

The tone of the prevalent literature just now is not encouraging to a writer who at least wishes to be serious and sincere; and, owing to my want of health, a great deal of this book has been written under so much depression as to its

Letters to John Blackwood, 27th April.

practical effectiveness, that I have sometimes been ready to give it up.

Your letter has made me feel, more strongly than any other testimony, that it would have been a pity if I had listened to the tempter Despondency. I took a great deal of pains to get a true idea of the period. My own recollections of it are childish, and of course disjointed, but they help to illuminate my reading. I went through the 'Times' of 1832-33 at the British Museum, to be sure of as many details as I could. It is amazing what strong language was used in those days, especially about the Church. "Bloated pluralists," "Stall-fed dignitaries," &c., are the sort of phrases conspicuous. There is one passage of prophecy which I longed to quote, but I thought it wiser to abstain: "Now, the beauty of the Reform Bill is, that under its mature operation the people must and will become free agents"—a prophecy which I hope is true, only the maturity of the operation has not arrived yet.

Mr Lewes is well satisfied with the portion of the third volume already written; and as I am better in health just now, I hope to go on with spirit, especially with the help of your cordial sympathy. I trust you will see, when it comes, that the third volume is the natural issue prepared for by the first and second.

30th April

I am in a horrible fidget about certain points which I want to be sure of in correcting my proofs. They are chiefly two questions. I wish to know—

1. Whether in Napoleon's war with England, after the breaking up of the Treaty of Amiens, the seizure and imprisonment of civilians was exceptional, or whether it was continued throughout the war?

2. Whether in 1833, in the case of transportation to one of the colonies, when the sentence did not involve hard labour, the sentenced person might be at large on his arrival in the colony?

It is possible you may have some one near at hand who will answer these questions. I am sure you will help me if you can, and will sympathise in my anxiety not to have even an allusion that involves practical impossibilities.

One can never be perfectly accurate, even with one's best effort, but the effort must be made.

Journal.

May 31.—Finished 'Felix Holt.'

The manuscript bears the following inscription:—

"From George Eliot to her dear Husband, this thirteenth year of their united life, in which the deepening sense of her

own imperfectness has the consolation of their deepening love."

My last hope of seeing you before we start has vanished. I find that the things urged upon me to be done, in addition to my own small matters of preparation, will leave me no time to enjoy anything that I should have chosen if I had been at leisure. Last Thursday only I finished writing, in a state of nervous excitement that had been making my head throb and my heart palpitate all the week before. As soon as I had finished I felt well. You know how we had counted on a parting sight of you; and I should have particularly liked to see Emily, and witness the good effect of Derbyshire. But send us a word or two if you can, just to say how you *all three* are. We start on Thursday evening for Brussels. Then to Antwerp, The Hague, and Amsterdam. Out of Holland we are to find our way to Schwalbach. Let your love go with us, as mine will hover about you and all yours —that group of three which the word "Wandsworth" always means for us. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 5th June.

I finished writing ['Felix Holt'] on the last day of May, after days and nights of throbbing and palpitation—chiefly, I suppose, from a nervous excitement which I was not strong enough to support well. As soon as I had done I felt better, and have been a new creature ever since, though a little overdone with visits from friends and attention (*miserabile dictu!*) to petticoats, &c. Mrs Bray, 5th June.

I can't help being a little vexed that the course of things hinders my having the great delight of seeing you again—during this visit to town. Now that my mind is quite free, I don't know anything I should have chosen sooner than to have a long, long, quiet day with you.

June 7.—Set off on our journey to Holland. Journal.

I wish you could know how idle I feel—how utterly disinclined to anything but mere self-indulgence—because that knowledge would enable you to estimate the affection and anxiety which prompt me to write in spite of disinclination. June is so far gone, that by the time you get this letter you will surely have some result of the examination to tell me of; and I can't bear to deprive myself of that news by not letting you know where we are. "In Paradise," George says; but the Paradise is in the fields and woods of beech and fir, where we walk in uninterrupted solitude in spite of the excellent roads and delightful resting-places, which seem to have been prepared for visitors in general. The promenade, where the ladies—chiefly Russian and German, with only a Letter to Mrs Congreve, 25th June, from Schwalbach.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 25th June.

small sprinkling of English and Americans—display their ornamental petticoats and various hats, is only the outskirt of Paradise; but we amuse ourselves there for an hour or so in the early morning and evening, listening to the music and learning the faces of our neighbours. There is a deficiency of men, children, and dogs: otherwise the winding walks, the luxuriant trees and grass, and the abundant seats of the promenade, have every charm one can expect at a German bath. We arrived here last Thursday, after a fortnight spent in Belgium and Holland; and we still fall to interjections of delight whenever we walk out—first at the beauty of the place, and next at our own happiness in not having been frightened away from it by the predictions of travellers and hotel-keepers, that we should find no one here—that the Prussians would break up the railways, &c., &c.—Nassau being one of the majority of small States who are against Prussia. I fear we are a little in danger of becoming like the Bürger in "Faust," and making it too much the entertainment of our holiday to have a

> "Gespräch von Krieg und Kriegsgeschrei
> Wenn hinten, weit, in der Türkei,
> Die Völker auf einander schlagen."

Idle people are so eager for newspapers that tell them of other people's energetic enthusiasm! A few soldiers are quartered here, and we see them wisely using their leisure to drink at the Brunnen. They are the only suggestion of war that meets our eyes among these woody hills. Already we feel great benefit from our quiet journeying and repose. George is looking remarkably well, and seems to have nothing the matter with him. You know how magically quick his recoveries seem. I am too refined to say anything about our excellent quarters and good meals; but one detail, I know, will touch your sympathy. We dine in our own room! It would have marred the *Kur* for me if I had had every day to undergo a *table d'hôte* where almost all the guests are English, presided over by the British chaplain. Please don't suspect me of being scornful towards my fellow country men or women: the fault is all mine that I am miserably *gênée* by the glances of strange eyes.

We want news from you to complete our satisfaction, and no one can give it but yourself. Send us as many matter-of-fact details as you have the patience to write. We shall not be here after the 4th, but at Schlangenbad.

We got home last night, after a rough passage from Ostend. You have been so continually a recurrent thought to me ever since I had your letter at Schwalbach, that it is only natural I should write to you as soon as I am at my old desk again. The news of Mr Congreve's examination being over made me feel for several days that something had happened, which caused me unusual lightness of heart. I would not dwell on the possibility of your having to leave Wandsworth, which, I know, would cause you many sacrifices. I clung solely to the great cheering fact that a load of anxiety had been lifted from Mr Congreve's mind. May we not put in a petition for some of his time now? And will he not come with you and Emily to dine with us next week, on any day except Wednesday and Friday? The dinner-hour seems more propitious for talk and enjoyment than lunch-time; but in all respects choose what will best suit your health and habits—only let us see you. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 3d Aug., from The Priory.

We got home on Thursday evening, and are still feeling some unpleasant effects from our very rough passage—an inconvenience which we had waited some days at Ostend to avoid. But the wind took no notice of us, and went on blowing. John Blackwood, 4th Aug.

I was much pleased with the handsome appearance of the three volumes, which were lying ready for me. My hatred of bad paper and bad print, and my love of their opposites, naturally get stronger as my eyes get weaker; and certainly that taste could hardly be better gratified than it is by Messrs Blackwood & Sons.

Colonel Hamley's volume is another example of that fact. It lies now on my revolving desk as one of the books I mean first to read. I am really grateful to have such a medium of knowledge, and I expect it to make some pages of history much less dim to me.

My impression of Colonel Hamley, when we had that pleasant dinner at Greenwich, and afterwards when he called in Blandford Square, was quite in keeping with the high opinion you express. Mr Lewes liked the article on 'Felix' in the Magazine very much. He read it the first thing yesterday morning, and told me it was written in a nice spirit, and the extracts judiciously made.

I have had a delightful holiday, and find my double self very much the better for it. We made a great round in our journeying. From Antwerp to Rotterdam, The Hague, Leyden, Amsterdam, Cologne; then up the Rhine to Coblentz, and thence to Schwalbach, where we stayed a fortnight. Miss Sara Hennell, 10th Aug.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 10th Aug.

From Schwalbach to Schlangenbad, where we stayed till we feared the boats would cease to go to and fro; and in fact, only left just in time to get down the Rhine to Bonn by the Dutch steamer. From Bonn, after two days, we went to Aix; then to dear old Liège, where we had been together thirteen years before: and, to avoid the King of the Belgians, ten minutes backwards to the baths of pretty Chaudfontaine, where we remained three days. Then to Louvain, Ghent, and Bruges; and, last of all, to Ostend, where we waited for a fine day and calm sea, until we secured—a very rough passage indeed.

Ought we not to be a great deal wiser, and more efficient personages, or else to be ashamed of ourselves? Unhappily, this last alternative is not a compensation for wisdom.

I thought of you—to mention one occasion amongst many—when we had the good fortune, at Antwerp, to see a placard announcing that the company from the Ober-Ammergau, Bavaria, would represent, that Sunday evening, the *Lebensgeschichte* of our Saviour Christ, at the Théatre des Variétés. I remembered that you had seen the representation with deep interest—and these actors are doubtless the successors of those you saw. Of course we went to the theatre. And the Christ was, without exaggeration, beautiful. All the rest was inferior, and might even have had a painful approach to the ludicrous; but both the person and the action of the Jesus were fine enough to overpower all meaner impressions. Mr Lewes, who, you know, is keenly alive to everything "stagey" in physiognomy and gesture, felt what I am saying quite as much as I did, and was much moved.

Rotterdam, with the grand approach to it by the broad river; the rich, red brick of the houses; the canals, uniformly planted with trees, and crowded with the bright brown masts of the Dutch boats,—is far finer than Amsterdam. The colour of Amsterdam is ugly: the houses are of a chocolate colour, almost black (an artificial tinge given to the bricks), and the woodwork on them screams out in ugly patches of cream-colour; the canals have no trees along their sides, and the boats are infrequent. We looked about for the very Portuguese synagogue, where Spinoza was nearly assassinated as he came from worship. But it no longer exists. There are no less than three Portuguese synagogues now—very large and handsome. And in the evening we went to see the worship there. Not a woman was present, but of devout men not a few,—a curious reversal of what one sees in other temples. The chanting and the swaying

The subject of the Spanish Gypsy was originally
the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice, over the d
It is an Annunciation said to be by Titian.
subject before; & the subject had always attra
di San Rocco, this small picture of Titian's f
train of thought. It occurred to me that there
as those used by the Greek dramatists, yet
believing herself to be on the eve of the
in the ordinary lot of womanhood, full of
she is chosen to fulfil a great destiny en
ordinary womanhood. She is chosen, not by
foregoing hereditary conditions: she obeys. The
subject grander than that of Iphigenia, & i
my mind, meaning to give the motive a clo
conditions. — My reflections brought me
in Spanish history when the struggle with
was the Gypsy race present under such cond
the hereditary claim on her among the Gyp
need for renouncing the expectation of ma

suggested to me by a picture which hangs in
of the large Sala containing Tintoretto's frescoes
course I had seen numerous pictures of this
me. But on this my second visit to the Scuola
did not to me for the first time, brought a new
s a great dramatic motive of the same class
fically differing from them. A young maiden
event of her life - marriage - about to share
y hope, has suddenly announced to her that
ing a terribly different experience from that of
momentary arbitrariness, but as a result of
"the handmaid of the Lord." Here I thought is a
never been used. I came home with this in
in some suitable set of historical & local
ing that would serve me except that moment
Moors was attaining its climax, & when there
as would enable me to get my heroine &
I required the opposition of race to give the
: I could not use the Jews & the Moors

about of the bodies—almost a wriggling—are not beautiful to the sense; but I fairly cried at witnessing this faint symbolism of a religion of sublime, far-off memories. The skulls of St Ursula's eleven thousand virgins seem a modern suggestion compared with the Jewish Synagogue. At Schwalbach and Schlangenbad our life was led chiefly in the beech woods, which we had all to ourselves, the guests usually confining themselves to the nearer promenades. The guests, of course, were few in that serious time,—and between war and cholera we felt our position as health—and pleasure—seekers somewhat contemptible. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 10th Aug.

There is no end to what one could say, if one did not feel that long letters cut pieces not to be spared out of the solid day.

I think I have earned that you should write me one of those perfect letters in which you make me see everything you like about yourself and others.

Aug. 30.—I have taken up the idea of my drama, 'The Spanish Gypsy,' again, and am reading on Spanish subjects —Bouterwek, Sismondi, Depping, Llorente, &c. Journal.

I have read several times your letter of the 19th, which I found awaiting me on my return, and I shall read it many times again. Pray do not even say, or inwardly suspect, that anything you take the trouble to write to me will not be valued. On the contrary, please to imagine as well as you can the experience of a mind morbidly desponding, of a consciousness tending more and more to consist in memories of error and imperfection rather than in a strengthening sense of achievement—and then consider how such a mind must need the support of sympathy and approval from those who are capable of understanding its aims. I assure you your letter is an evidence of a fuller understanding than I have ever had expressed to me before. And if I needed to give emphasis to this simple statement, I should suggest to you all the miseries one's obstinate egoism endures from the fact of being a writer of novels—books which the dullest and silliest reader thinks himself competent to deliver an opinion on. But I despise myself for feeling any annoyance at these trivial things. Letter to Frederic Harrison, 15th Aug.

That is a tremendously difficult problem which you have laid before me; and I think you see its difficulties, though they can hardly press upon you as they do on me, who have gone through again and again the severe effort of trying to make certain ideas thoroughly incarnate, as if they had revealed themselves to me first in the flesh and not in the

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 15th Aug.

spirit. I think æsthetic teaching is the highest of all teaching, because it deals with life in its highest complexity. But if it ceases to be purely æsthetic—if it lapses anywhere from the picture to the diagram—it becomes the most offensive of all teaching. Avowed Utopias are not offensive, because they are understood to have a scientific and expository character: they do not pretend to work on the emotions, or couldn't do it if they did pretend. I am sure, from your own statement, that you see this quite clearly. Well, then, consider the sort of agonising labour to an English-fed imagination to make out a sufficiently real background for the desired picture,—to get breathing individual forms, and group them in the needful relations, so that the presentation will lay hold on the emotions as human experience—will, as you say, "flash" conviction on the world by means of aroused sympathy.

I took unspeakable pains in preparing to write 'Romola'—neglecting nothing I could find that would help me to what I may call the "idiom" of Florence, in the largest sense one could stretch the word to: and then I was only trying to give *some* out of the normal relations. I felt that the necessary idealisation could only be attained by adopting the clothing of the past. And again, it is my way (rather too much so perhaps) to urge the human sanctities through tragedy—through pity and terror, as well as admiration and delight. I only say all this to show the tenfold arduousness of such a work as the one your problem demands. On the other hand, my whole soul goes with your desire that it should be done; and I shall at least keep the great possibility (or impossibility) perpetually in my mind, as something towards which I must strive, though it may be that I can do so only in a fragmentary way.

At present I am going to take up again a work which I laid down before writing 'Felix.' It is—*but please, let this be a secret between ourselves*—an attempt at a drama, which I put aside at Mr Lewes's request, after writing four acts, precisely because it was in that stage of creation—or *Werden*—in which the idea of the characters predominates over the incarnation. Now I read it again, I find it impossible to abandon it: the conceptions move me deeply, and they have never been wrought out before. There is not a thought or symbol that I do not long to use: but the whole requires recasting; and, as I never recast anything before, I think of the issue very doubtfully. When one has to work out the dramatic action for one's self, under the inspiration of an

idea, instead of having a grand myth or an Italian novel ready to one's hand, one feels anything but omnipotent. Not that I should have done any better if I had had the myth or the novel, for I am not a good user of opportunities. I think I have the right *locus* and historic conditions, but much else is wanting. Letter to Frederic Harrison, 15th Aug.

I have not, of course, said half what I meant to say; but I hope opportunities of exchanging thoughts will not be wanting between us.

It is so long since we exchanged letters, that I feel inclined to break the silence by telling you that I have been reading with much interest the 'Operations of War,' which you enriched me with. Also that I have had a pretty note, in aged handwriting, from Dean Ramsay, with a present of his 'Reminiscences of Scottish Life.' I suppose you know him quite well, but I never heard you mention him. Also—what will amuse you—that my readers take quite a tender care of my text, writing to me to tell me of a misprint, or of "one phrase" which they entreat to have altered, that no blemish may disfigure 'Felix.' Dr Althaus has sent me word of a misprint which I am glad to know of—or rather of a word slipped out in the third volume. 'She *saw* streaks of light, &c. . . . *and* sounds.' It must be corrected when the opportunity comes. John Blackwood, 6th Sept.

We are very well, and I am swimming in Spanish history and literature. I feel as if I were molesting you with a letter without any good excuse, but you are not bound to write again until a wet day makes golf impossible, and creates a dreariness in which even letter-writing seems like a recreation.

I am glad to know that Dean Ramsay is a friend of yours. His sympathy was worth having, and I at once wrote to thank him. Another wonderfully lively old man — Sir Henry Holland—came to see me about two Sundays ago, to bid me good-bye before going on an excursion to—North America!—and to tell me that he had just been re-reading 'Adam Bede' for the fourth time. "I often read in it, you know, besides. But this is the fourth time quite through." I, of course, with the mother's egoism on behalf of the youngest born, was jealous for 'Felix.' Is there any possibility of satisfying an author? But one or two things that George read out to me from an article in 'Macmillan's Magazine' by Mr Morley did satisfy me. And yet I sicken again with despondency under the sense that the most carefully written books lie, both outside and inside people's minds, deep undermost in a heap of trash. 11th Sept.

Journal. *Sept.* 15.—Finished Depping's 'Juifs au Moyen Âge.' Reading Chaucer, to study English. Also reading on Acoustics, Musical instruments, &c.

Oct. 15.—Recommenced the 'Spanish Gypsy,' intending to give it a new form.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov. For a wonder, I remembered the day of the month, and felt a delightful confidence that I should have a letter from her who always remembers such things at the right moment. You will hardly believe in my imbecility. I can never be quite sure whether your birthday is the 21st or the 23d. I know every one must think the worse of me for this want of retentiveness that seems a part of affection; and it is only justice that they should. Nevertheless I am not quite destitute of lovingness and gratitude, and perhaps the consciousness of my own defect makes me feel your goodness the more keenly. I shall reckon it part of the next year's happiness for me if it brings a great deal of happiness to you. That will depend somewhat—perhaps chiefly—on the satisfaction you have in giving shape to your ideas. But you say nothing on that subject.

We knew about Faraday's preaching, but not of his loss of faculty. I begin to think of such things as very near to me—I mean decay of power and health. But I find age has its fresh elements of cheerfulness.

Bless you, dear Sara, for all the kindness of many years, and for the newest kindness that comes to me this morning. I am very well now, and able to enjoy my happiness. One has happiness sometimes without being able to enjoy it.

Journal. *Nov.* 22.—Reading Renan's 'Histoire des Langues Sémitiques'—Ticknor's 'Spanish Literature.'

Dec. 6.—We returned from Tunbridge Wells, where we have been for a week. I have been reading Cornewall Lewis's 'Astronomy of the Ancients,' Ockley's 'History of the Saracens,' 'Astronomical Geography,' and Spanish ballads on Bernardo del Carpio.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 7th Dec. We have been to Tunbridge Wells for a week, hoping to get plenty of fresh air, and walking in that sandy undulating country. But for three days it rained incessantly!

No; I don't feel as if my faculties were failing me. On the contrary, I enjoy all subjects—all study—more than I ever did in my life before. But that very fact makes me more in need of resignation to the certain approach of age and death. Science, history, poetry—I don't know which draws me most, and there is little time left me for any one of them. I learned Spanish last year but one, and see new

THE PRIORY—DRAWING-ROOM.

vistas everywhere. That makes me think of time thrown away when I was young—time that I should be so glad of now. I could enjoy everything, from arithmetic to antiquarianism, if I had large spaces of life before me. But instead of that I have a very small space. Unfeigned, unselfish, cheerful resignation is difficult. But I strive to get it. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 7th Dec.

Dec. 11.—Ill ever since I came home, so that the days seem to have made a muddy flood, sweeping away all labour and all growth. Journal.

Just before we received Dr Congreve's letter, we had changed our plans. George's increasing weakness, and the more and more frequent intervals in which he became unable to work, made me at last urge him to give up the idea of "finishing," which often besets us vainly. It will really be better for the work as well as for himself that he should let it wait. However, I care about nothing just now except that he should be doing all he can to get better. So we start next Thursday for Bordeaux, staying two days in Paris on our way. Madame Mohl writes us word that she hears from friends of the delicious weather—mild, sunny weather—to be had now on the French south-western and south-eastern coast. You will all wish us well on our journey, I know. But *I* wish I could carry a happier thought about you than that of your being an invalid. I shall write to you when we are at Biarritz or some other place that suits us, and when I have something good to tell. No; in any case I shall write, because I shall want to hear all about you. Tell Dr Congreve we carry the 'Politique' with us. Mr Lewes gets more and more impressed by it, and also by what he is able to understand of the 'Synthèse.' I am writing in the dark. Farewell. With best love to Emily, and dutiful regards to Dr Congreve. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 22d Dec.

Dec. 27.—Set off in the evening on our journey to the south. Journal

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CHAPTER XIV.

The new year of 1867 opens with the description of the journey to Spain.

We enjoyed our stay in Paris, in order to see Madame Mohl, who was very good to us: invited the Scherers and other

Letter to Madame Bodichon, Jan. 1867, from Bordeaux.

interesting people to meet us at dinner on the 29th December, and tempted us to stay and breakfast with her on the 31st, by promising to invite Renan, which she did successfully, and so procured us a bit of experience that we were glad to have, over and above the pleasure of seeing a little more of herself and M. Mohl. I like them both, and wish there were a chance of knowing them better. We paid for our pleasure by being obliged to walk in the rain (from the impossibility of getting a carriage) all the way from the Rue de Rivoli—where a charitable German printer, who had taken us up in his *fiacre*, was obliged to set us down—to the Hotel du Helder, through streets literally jammed with carriages and omnibuses, carrying people who were doing the severe social duties of the last day in the year. The rain it raineth every day, with the exception of yesterday: we can't travel away from it apparently. But we start in desperation for Bayonne in half an hour.

Mrs Congreve, 16th Jan.

Snow on the ground here too—more, we are told, than has been seen here for fifteen years before. But it has been obliging enough to fall in the night, and the sky is glorious this morning, as it was yesterday. Sunday was the one exception since the 6th, when we arrived here to a state of weather which has allowed us to be out of doors the greater part of our daylight. We think it curious that among the many persons who have talked to us about Biarritz, the Brownings alone have ever spoken of its natural beauties; yet these are transcendent. We agree that the sea never seemed so magnificent to us before, though we have seen the Atlantic breaking on the rocks at Ilfracombe, and on the great granite walls of the Scilly Isles. In the southern division of the bay we see the sun set over the Pyrenees; and in the northern we have two splendid stretches of sand, one with huge fragments of dark rock scattered about for the waves to leap over, the other an unbroken level, firm to the feet, where the hindmost line of wave sends up its spray on the horizon like a suddenly rising cloud. This part of the bay is worthily called the Chambre de l'Amour; and we have its beauties all to ourselves, which, alas! in this stage of the world one can't help feeling to be an advantage. The few families and bachelors who are here (chiefly English) scarcely ever come across our path. The days pass so rapidly, we can hardly believe in their number when we come to count them. After breakfast we both read the 'Politique'—George one volume and I another, interrupting each other continually with questions and remarks. That

morning study keeps me in a state of enthusiasm through the day—a moral glow, which is a sort of *milieu subjectif* for the sublime sea and sky. Mr Lewes is converted to the warmest admiration of the chapter on language in the third volume, which about three years ago he thought slightly of. I think the first chapter of the fourth volume is among the finest of all, and the most finely written. My gratitude increases continually for the illumination Comte has contributed to my life. But we both of us study with a sense of having still much to learn and to understand. About ten or half-past ten we go out for our morning walk, and then while we plunge about in the sand or march along the cliff, George draws out a book and tries my paces in Spanish, demanding a quick-as-light translation of nouns and phrases. Presently I retort upon him, and prove that it is easier to ask than to answer. We find this system of *viva-voce* mutual instruction so successful, that we are disgusted with ourselves for not having used it before through all our many years of companionship; and we are making projects for giving new interest to Regent's Park, by pursuing all sorts of studies in the same way there. We seldom come indoors till one o'clock, and we turn out again at three, often remaining to see the sunset. One other thing I have been reading here which I must tell you of. It is a series of three papers by Saveney, in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' of last year, on "La Physique Moderne,"—an excellent summary, giving a glimpse of the great vista opened in that region. I think you would like to read them when you are strong enough for that sort of exertion.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 16th Jan.

We stayed three days in Paris, and passed our time very agreeably. The first day we dined with Madame Mohl, who had kindly invited Professor Scherer and his wife, Jules Simon, Lomenie, Lavergne, "and others," to meet us. That was on the Saturday, and she tempted us to stay the following Monday by saying she would invite Renan to breakfast with us. Renan's appearance is something between the Catholic priest and the dissenting minister. His manners are very amiable, his talk pleasant, but not distinguished. We are entertaining great projects as to our further journeying. It will be best for you to address *Poste Restante*, Barcelona.

Are you astonished to see our whereabouts? We left Biarritz for San Sebastian, where we stayed three days; and both there and all our way to Barcelona our life has been a succession of delights. We have had perfect weather, blue

Madame Bodichon, 2d Feb., from Barcelona.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 2d Feb., from Barcelona.

skies, and a warm sun. We travelled from San Sebastian to Saragossa, where we passed two nights; then to Lerida for one night, and yesterday to Barcelona. You know the scenery from San Sebastian to Alsasua, through the lower Pyrenees, because it lies on the way to Burgos and Madrid. At Alsasua we turned off through Navarre into Aragon, seeing famous Pampeluna, looking as beautiful as it did ages ago amongst the grand hills. At Saragossa the scene was thoroughly changed: all through Aragon, as far as we could see, I should think the country resembles the highlands of Central Spain. There is the most striking effect of hills, flanking the plain of Saragossa, I ever saw. They are of palish clay, washed by the rains into undulating forms, and some slight herbage upon them makes the shadows of an exquisite blue.

These hills accompanied us in the distance all the way through Aragon, the snowy mountains topping them in the far distance. The land is all pale brown; the numerous towns and villages just match the land, and so do the sheep-folds, built of mud or stone. The herbage is all of an ashy green. Perhaps if I had been in Africa, I should say as you do that the country reminded me of Africa: as it is, I think of all I have read about the East. The men who look on while others work at Saragossa also seem to belong to the East, with a great striped blanket wrapped grandly round them, and a kerchief tied about their hair. But though Aragon was held by the Moors longer than any part of Northern Spain, the features and skins of the people seem to me to bear less traces of the mixture there must have been than one would fairly expect. Saragossa has a grand character still, in spite of the stucco with which the people have daubed the beautiful small brick of which the houses are built. Here and there one sees a house left undesecrated by stucco; and all of them have the fluted tiles and the broad eaves beautifully ornamented. Again, one side of the old cathedral still shows the exquisite inlaid work which in the *façade* has been overlaid hideously. Gradually, as we left Aragon, and entered Catalonia, the face of the country changed, and we had almost every sort of beauty in succession: last of all, between Monserrat and Barcelona, a perfect garden, with the richest red soil—blossoms on the plum and cherry trees, aloes thick in the hedges. At present we are waiting for the Spanish hardships to begin. Even at Lerida, a place scarcely at all affected by foreign travellers, we were perfectly comfortable

—and such sights! The people scattered on the brown slopes of rough earth round the fortress—the women knitting, &c., the men playing at cards; one wonderful gaudily dressed group, another of handsome gipsies. We are actually going by steamboat to Alicante, and from Alicante to Malaga. Then we mean to see Granada, Cordova, and Seville. We shall only stay here a few days—if this weather continues. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 2d Feb.

Your kind letter, written on the 5th, reached me here this morning. I had not heard of the criticism in the 'Edinburgh.' Mr Lewes read the article, but did not tell me of the reviewer's legal wisdom, thinking that it would only vex me to no purpose. However, I had felt sure that something of that sort must have appeared in one review article or another. I am heartily glad and grateful that you have helped justice in general, as well as justice to me in particular, by getting the vindication written for the 'Pall Mall.' It was the best possible measure to adopt. Since we left Barcelona a fortnight ago we have seen no English papers, so that we have been in the dark as to English news. Frederic Harrison 18th Feb., from Granada.

Were you not surprised to hear that we had come so far? The journey from San Sebastian by Saragossa and Lerida turned out to be so easy and delightful, that we ceased to tremble, and determined to carry out our project of going by steamer to Alicante and Malaga. You cannot do better than follow our example,—I mean, so far as coming to Spain is concerned. Believe none of the fictions that bookmakers get printed about the horrors of Spanish hotels and cookery, or the hardships of Spanish travel—still less about the rudeness of Spaniards. It is true that we have not yet endured the long railway journeys through Central Spain, but wherever we have been hitherto we have found nothing formidable, even for our rickety bodies.

We came hither from Malaga in the *berlina* (*coupé*) of the diligence, and have assured ourselves that Mr Blackburne's description of a supposed hen-roost, overturned in the Alameda at Malaga, which proved to be the Granada diligence, is an invention. The vehicle is comfortable enough, and the road is perfect: and at the end of it we have found ourselves in one of the loveliest scenes on earth.

We shall remain here till the 23d, and then go to Cordova first, to Seville next, and finally to Madrid, making our way homeward from thence by easy stages. We expect to be in the smoky haze of London again soon after the middle of March, if not before.

I wish I could believe that you were all having anything

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 18th Feb., from Granada.

like the clear skies and warm sun which have cheered our journeying for the last month. At Alicante we walked among the palm-trees with their golden fruit hanging in rich clusters, and felt a more delightful warmth than that of an English summer. Last night we walked out and saw the towers of the Alhambra, the wide Vega, and the snowy mountains by the brilliant moonlight. You see we are getting a great deal of pleasure, but we are not working as you seem charitably to imagine. We tire ourselves, but only with seeing or going to see unforgettable things. You will say that we ought to work to better purpose when we get home. Amen. But just now we read nothing but Spanish novels—and not much of those. We said good-bye to philosophy and science when we packed up our trunks at Biarritz.

Please keep some friendship warm for us, that we may not be too much chilled by the English weather when we get back.

John Blackwood, 21st Feb.

We are both heartily rejoiced that we came to Spain. It was a great longing of mine, for, three years ago, I began to interest myself in Spanish history and literature, and have had a work lying by me, partly written, the subject of which is connected with Spain. Whether I shall ever bring it to maturity so as to satisfy myself sufficiently to print it, is a question not settled; but it is a work very near my heart. We have had perfect weather ever since the 27th of January —magnificent skies and a summer sun. At Alicante, walking among the palm-trees, with the bare brown rocks and brown houses in the background, we fancied ourselves in the Tropics; and a gentleman who travelled with us, assured us that the aspect of the country closely resembled Aden on the Red Sea. Here, at Granada, of course it is much colder; but the sun shines uninterruptedly; and in the middle of the day, to stand in the sunshine against a wall, reminds me of my sensations at Florence in the beginning of June. The aspect of Granada as we first approached it was a slight disappointment to me, but the beauty of its position can hardly be surpassed. To stand on one of the towers of the Alhambra and see the sun set behind the dark mountains of Loja, and send its after-glow on the white summits of the Sierra Nevada, while the lovely Vega spreads below, ready to yield all things pleasant to the eye and good for food, is worth a very long, long journey. We shall start to-morrow evening for Cordova—then we shall go to Seville, back to Cordova, and on to Madrid.

During our short stay in Paris we went a little into

society, and saw, among other people who interested us, Professor Scherer, of whom you know something. He charmed me greatly. He is a Genevese, you know, and does not talk in ready-made epigrams, like a clever Frenchman, but with well-chosen moderate words, intended to express what he really thinks and feels. He is highly cultivated; and his wife, who was with him, is an Englishwoman of refined simple manners. Letter to John Blackwood, 21st Feb.

At Biarritz again, you see, after our long delightful journey, in which we have made a great loop all round the east and through the centre of Spain. Mr Lewes says he thinks he never enjoyed a journey so much; and you will see him so changed—so much plumper and ruddier—that if pity has entered much into your regard for him, he will be in danger of losing something by his bodily prosperity. We crowned our pleasures in Spain with the sight of the pictures in the Madrid gallery. The skies were as blue at Madrid as they had been through the previous part of our journeying, but the air was bitterly cold: and naughty officials receive money for warming the museum, but find other uses for the money. I caught a severe cold the last day of our visit, and after an uncomfortable day and night's railway journey arrived at Biarritz, only fit for bed and coddling. Mrs Congreve, 10th March, from Biarritz.

March 16.—This evening we got home after a journey to the South of Spain. I go to my poem and the construction of two prose works—if possible. Journal.

We got home on Saturday evening, after as fine a passage from Calais to Dover as we ever had, even in summer. Your letter was amongst the pleasant things that smiled at me on my return, and helped to reconcile me to the rather rude transition from summer to winter which we have made in our journey from Biarritz. This morning it is snowing hard and the wind is roaring—a sufficiently sharp contrast to the hot sun, the dust, and the mosquitoes of Seville. Letter to John Blackwood, 18th March.

We have had a glorious journey. The skies alone, both night and day, were worth travelling all the way to see. We went to Cordova and Seville, but we feared the cold of the central lands in the north, and resisted the temptation to see Toledo or anything else than the Madrid pictures, which are transcendent.

Among the letters awaiting me was one from an American travelling in Europe, who gives me the history of a copy of 'Felix Holt,' which, he says, has been read by no end of people, and is now on its way through Ireland, "where he found many friends anxious but unable to get it." It seems

Letter to John Blackwood, 18th March.

people nowadays economise in nothing but books. I found also the letter of a "Conveyancer" in the 'Pall Mall,' justifying the law of 'Felix Holt' in answer to the 'Edinburgh Reviewer.' I did not know, before I was told of this letter in reply, that the 'Edinburgh Reviewer' had found fault with my law.

Journal.

March 21.—Received from Blackwood a cheque for £2166, 13s. 4d., being the second instalment of £1666, 13s. 4d. towards the £5000 for 'Felix Holt,' together with £500 as the first instalment of £1000 for ten years' copyright of the cheap edition of my novels.

Letter to John Blackwood, 21st March.

Your letters, with the valuable enclosure of a cheque for £2166, 13s. 4d., have come to me this morning, and I am much obliged to you for your punctual attention.

I long to see a specimen of the cheap edition of the novels. As to the illustrations, I have adjusted my hopes so as to save myself from any great shock. When I remember my own childish happiness in a frightfully illustrated copy of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' I can believe that illustration may be a great good relatively, and that my own present liking has no weight in the question.

I fancy that the placarding at railway stations is an effective measure, for Ruskin was never more mistaken than in asserting that people have no spare time to observe anything in such places. I am a very poor reader of advertisements, but even I am forced to get them unpleasantly by heart at the stations.

It is rather a vexatious kind of tribute when people write, as my American correspondent did, to tell me of one paper-covered American copy of 'Felix Holt' being brought to Europe, and serving for so many readers that it was in danger of being worn away under their hands. He—good man—finds it easy "to urge greater circulation by means of cheap sale," having "found so many friends in Ireland anxious but unable to obtain the book." I suppose putting it in a yellow cover with figures on it, reminding one of the outside of a show, and charging a shilling for it, is what we are expected to do for the good of mankind. Even then I fear it would hardly bear the rivalry of 'The Pretty Milliner,' or of 'The Horrible Secret.'

The work connected with Spain is not a romance. It is —prepare your fortitude—it is—a poem. I conceived the plot, and wrote nearly the whole as a drama in 1864. Mr Lewes advised me to put it by for a time and take it up again, with a view to recasting it. He thinks hopefully of

it. I need not tell you that I am *not* hopeful—but I am quite sure the subject is fine. It is not historic, but has merely historic connections. The plot was wrought out entirely as an incorporation of my own ideas. Of course, if it is ever finished to my satisfaction, it is not a work for us to get money by, but Mr Lewes urges and insists that it shall be done. I have also my private projects about an English novel, but I am afraid of speaking as if I could depend on myself: at present I am rather dizzy, and not settled down to home habits of regular occupation. Letter to John Blackwood, 21st March.

I understand that the conveyancer who wrote to the 'Pall Mall' is an excellent lawyer in his department, and the lecturer on Real Property at the Law Institution.

If a reviewer ever checked himself, by considering that a writer whom he thinks worth praising would take some pains to know the truth about a matter which is the very hinge of said writer's story, review articles would cut a shrunken figure.

May 5.—We went to Bouverie Street to hear the first of a course of lectures on Positivism, delivered by Dr Congreve. There were present seventy-five people, chiefly men. Journal.

May 11.—We had Mr and Mrs Call to dine with us, and an evening party afterwards.

May 12.—We went to hear Dr Congreve's second lecture. The morning was thoroughly wet—the audience smaller, but still good.

Yesterday we went to the second of a course of lectures which Dr Congreve is delivering on Positivism in Bouverie Street. At the first lecture on the 5th there was a considerable audience—about seventy-five, chiefly men—of various ranks, from lords and M.P.'s downwards, or upwards, for what is called social distinction seems to be in a shifting condition just now. Yesterday the wet weather doubtless helped to reduce the audience—still it was good. Curiosity brings some, interest in the subject others, and the rest go with the wish to express adhesion more or less thorough. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 13th May.

I am afraid you have ceased to care much about pictures, else I should wish that you could see the Exhibition of historical portraits at Kensington. It is really worth a little fatigue to see the English of past generations in their habit as they lived—especially when Gainsborough and Sir Joshua are the painters. But even Sir Godfrey Kneller delights me occasionally with a finely conceived portrait carefully painted. There is an unforgettable portrait of Newton by him.

Journal.

May 27.—Went with G. to the Academy Exhibition.

May 29.—Went to the Exhibition of French pictures—very agreeable and interesting.

Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 30th May.

I do sympathise with you most emphatically in the desire to see women socially elevated — educated equally with men, and secured as far as possible along with every other breathing creature from suffering the exercise of any unrighteous power. That is a broader ground of sympathy than agreement as to the amount, and kind, of result that may be hoped for from a particular measure. But on this special point I am far from thinking myself an oracle, and on the whole I am inclined to hope for much good from the serious presentation of women's claims before Parliament. I thought Mill's speech sober and judicious from his point of view—Karslake's an abomination.

Apropos of what you say about Mr Congreve, I think you have mistaken his, or rather Comte's, position. There is no denial of an unknown cause, but only a denial that such a conception is the proper basis of a practical religion. It seems to me pre-eminently desirable that we should learn not to make our personal comfort a standard of truth.

Journal.

June 1 (Saturday).—Wrote up to the moment when Fedalma appears in the Plaça.

June 5.—Blackwood dined with us, and I read to him my poem down to page 56. He showed great delight.

June 26.—We went to Niton for a fortnight, returning July 10.

July 16.—Received £2166, 13s. 4d. from Blackwood, being the final instalment for 'Felix Holt,' and (£500) copyright for ten years.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 28th July.

Again we take flight! To North Germany this time, and chiefly to Dresden, where we shall be accessible through the *Poste Restante*. I am ashamed of saying anything about our health—we are both "objects" for compassion or contempt, according to the disposition of the subject who may contemplate us.

Mr Beesly (I think it was he) sent us Dr Congreve's pamphlet last night, and I read it aloud to George. We both felt a cordial satisfaction in it. We have been a good deal beset by little engagements with friends and acquaintances lately, and these, with the preparations for our journey, have been rather too much for me. Mr Lewes is acting on the advice of Sir Henry Holland in giving up zoologising for the present, because it obliges him to hang down his head. That is the reason we go inland, and not

to the coast, as I think I hinted to you that we expected to do. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 28th July.

You are sympathetic enough to be glad to hear that we have had thoroughly cheerful and satisfactory letters from both our boys in Natal. They are established in their purchased farm, and are very happy together in their work. Impossible for mortals to have less trouble than we. I should have written to you earlier this week—for we start to-morrow—but that I have been laid prostrate with crushing headache one-half of my time, and always going out or seeing some one the other half.

Farewell, dear. Don't write unless you have a real desire to gossip with me a little about yourself and our mutual friends. You know I always like to have news of you, but I shall not think it unkind—I shall only think you have other things to do—if you are silent.

July 29.—We went to Dover this evening as the start on a journey into Germany (North). Journal.

Oct. 1.—We returned home after revisiting the scenes of cherished memories—Ilmenau, Dresden, and Berlin. Of new places we have seen Wetzlar, Cassel, Eisenach, and Hanover. At Ilmenau I wrote Fedalma's soliloquy after her scene with Silva, and the following dialogue between her and Juan. At Dresden I rewrote the whole scene between her and Zarca.

Oct. 9.—Reading 'Los Judios en España,' Percy's 'Reliques,' 'Isis,' occasionally aloud.

Oct. 10.—Reading the 'Iliad,' Book III. Finished 'Los Judios en España,' a wretchedly poor book.

Oct. 11.—Began again Prescott's 'Ferdinand and Isabella.'

Oct. 19.—George returned last evening from a walking expedition in Surrey with Mr Spencer.

This entry is an interesting one to me, as it fixes the date of the first acquaintance with my family. Mr Herbert Spencer was an old friend of ours, and in the course of their walk, he and Mr Lewes happened to pass through Weybridge, where my mother at that time lived. They came to pay a visit. Mr Lewes with his wonderful social powers charmed all, and they passed a delightful evening. I was myself in America at the time, where I was in business as a banker at New York. My eldest sister had just then published a little volume of poems,[1] which was kindly received by the press. On the invitation of Mr Lewes, she went shortly afterwards

[1] 'An Old Story and Other Poems,' by Elizabeth D. Cross.

to see George Eliot—then in the zenith of her fame; nor did she ever forget the affectionate manner in which the great author greeted her. This was the beginning of a close friendship between the families, which lasted, and increased in intimacy, to the end. Mr Spencer, in writing to tell me that it was he who first made Mr Lewes acquainted with George Eliot, adds, "You will perhaps be struck by the curious coincidence, that it was also by me that Lewes was introduced to your family at Weybridge, and remoter issues entailed."

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Oct.

Before I got your letter, I was about to write to you and direct your attention to an article in the forthcoming (October) number of the 'Quarterly Review' on the Talmud. You really must go out of your way to read it. It is written by one of the greatest Oriental scholars,—the man among living men who probably knows the most about the Talmud; and you will appreciate the pregnancy of the article. There are also beautiful soul-cheering things selected for quotation.

Journal.

Oct. 31.—I have now inserted all that I think of for the first part of 'The Spanish Gypsy.' On Monday I wrote three new Lyrics. I have also rewritten the first scenes in the gypsy camp, to the end of the dialogue between Juan and Fedalma. But I have determined to make the commencement of the second part continue the picture of what goes forward in Bedmar.

Nov. 1.—Began this morning Part II.—"Silva was marching homeward," &c.

Letter to John Blackwood, 9th Nov.

About putting Fedalma in type. There would be advantages, but also disadvantages; and on these latter I wish to consult you. I have more than 3000 lines ready in the order I wish them to stand in, and it would be good to have them in print to read them critically. Defects reveal themselves more fully in type, and emendations might be more conveniently made on proofs, since I have given up the idea of copying the MS. as a whole. On the other hand, *could the thing be kept private when it had once been in the printing-office?* And I particularly wish not to have it set afloat, for various reasons. Among others—I want to keep myself free from all inducements to premature publication—I mean, publication before I have given my work as much revision as I can hope to give it while my mind is still nursing it. Beyond this, delay would be useless. The theory of laying by poems for nine years may be a fine one, but it could not answer for me to apply it. I could no

more live through one of my books a second time, than I can live through last year again. But I like to keep checks on myself, and not to create external temptations to do what I should think foolish in another. If you thought it possible to secure us against the oozing out of proofs and gossip, the other objections would be less important. One difficulty is, that in my MS. I have frequently two readings of the same passage, and being uncertain which of them is preferable, I wish them both to stand for future decision. But perhaps this might be managed in proof. The length of the poem is at present uncertain, but I feel so strongly what Mr Lewes insists on—namely, the evil of making it too long—that I shall set it before me as a duty not to make it more than 9000 lines, and shall be glad if it turns out a little shorter. Letter to John Blackwood, 9th Nov.

Will you think over the whole question? I am sure your mind will supply any prudential considerations that I may have omitted.

I am vexed by the non-success of the serial edition. It is not, heaven knows, that I read my own books or am puffed up about them, but I have been of late quite astonished by the strengthening testimonies that have happened to come to me, of people who care about every one of my books and continue to read them—especially young men, who are just the class I care most to influence. But what sort of data can one safely go upon with regard to the success of editions?

Felix Holt is immensely tempted by your suggestion,[1] but George Eliot is severely admonished by his domestic critic not to scatter his energies.

Mr Lewes sends his best regards. He is in high spirits about the poem.

Nov. 22.—Began an address to the Working Men by Felix Holt, at Blackwood's repeated request. Journal.

Yes, indeed—when I do *not* reciprocate "chaos is come again." I was quite sure your letter would come, and was grateful beforehand. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov.

There is a scheme on foot for a Woman's College, or rather University, to be built between London and Cambridge, and to be in connection with the Cambridge University,—sharing its professors, examinations, and degrees! *Si muove.*

I have written to Miss Davies to ask her to come to see me on Tuesday. Madame Bodichon, 1st Dec.

[1] Address to the Working Men.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 1st Dec.

I am much occupied just now, but the better education of women is one of the objects about which I have *no doubt*, and shall rejoice if this idea of a college can be carried out.

I see Miss Julia Smith's beautiful handwriting, and am glad to think of her as your guardian angel.

The author of the glorious article on the Talmud *is* "that bright little man" Mr Deutsch — a very dear, delightful creature.

Journal.

Dec. 4.—Sent off the MS. of the address to Edinburgh.

Letters to John Blackwood, 7th Dec.

I agree with you about the phrase, "Masters of the country."[1] I wrote that part twice, and originally I distinctly said that the epithet was false. Afterwards, I left that out, preferring to make a stronger *argumentum ad hominem*, in case any workman believed himself a future master.

I think it will be better for you to write a preliminary note washing your hands of any over-trenchant statements on the part of the well-meaning radical. I much prefer that you should do so.

Whatever you agree with will have the advantage of not coming from one who can be suspected of being a special pleader.

What you say about Fedalma is very cheering. But I am chiefly anxious about the road still untravelled—the road I have still *zurück zu legen*.

Mr Lewes has to request several proofs of Fedalma—to facilitate revision. But I will leave him to say how many. We shall keep them strictly to ourselves, you may be sure, so that three or four will be enough—one for him, one for me, and one for the resolution of our differences.

12th Dec.

I am very grateful to you for your generous words about my work. That you not only feel so much sympathy, but are moved to express it so fully, is a real help to me.

I am very glad to have had the revise of the "Address." I feel the danger of not being understood. Perhaps, by a good deal longer consideration and gradual shaping, I might have put the ideas into a more concrete easy form.

Mr Lewes read the proof of the poem all through to himself for the first time last night, and expressed great satisfaction in the impression it produced. Your suggestion of having it put into type is a benefit for which we have reason to be obliged to you.

I cannot help saying again, that it is a strong cordial to

[1] In the Address to the Working Men.

me to have such letters as yours, and to know that I have such a *first reader* as you.

Dec. 21.—Finished reading 'Averroës and Averroismе,' and 'Les Médecins Juifs.' Reading 'First Principles.' Journal.

Our Christmas will be very quiet. On the 27th Mr Lewes means to start on a solitary journey to Bonn, and perhaps to Würzburg, for anatomical purposes. I don't mean that he is going to offer himself as an anatomical subject, but that he wants to get answers to some questions bearing on the functions of the nerves. It is a bad time for him to travel in, but he hopes to be at home again in ten days or a fortnight, and *I* hope the run will do him good rather than harm. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 22d Dec.

Dec. 25.—George and I dined happily alone: he better for weeks than he has been all the summer before,—I more ailing than usual, but with much mental consolation, part of it being the delight he expresses in my poem, of which the first part is now in print. Journal.

Thanks for the pretty remembrance. You were not unthought of before it came. Now, however, I rouse all my courage under the thick fog to tell you my inward wish—which is, that the New Year, as it travels on towards its old age, may bring you many satisfactions undisturbed by bodily ailment. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 26th Dec.

Mr Lewes is going to-morrow on an unprecedented expedition—a rapid run to Bonn to make some anatomical researches with Professor Schultze there. If he needs more than he can get at Bonn, he may go to Heidelberg and Würzburg. But in any case he will not take more than a fortnight.

Public questions, which by a sad process of reduction become piteous private questions, hang cloudily over all prospects. The state of Europe, the threat of a general war, the starvation of multitudes—one can't help thinking of these things at one's breakfast. Nevertheless there is much enjoyment going on, and abundance of rosy children's parties.

It is very good and sweet of you to propose to come round for me on Sunday, and I shall cherish particularly the remembrance of that kindness. But on our reading your letter, Mr Lewes objected, on grounds which I think just, to my going to any public manifestation without him, since his absence could not be divined by outsiders. Mrs Congreve, 30th Dec.

I am companioned by dyspepsia, and feel life a struggle under the leaden sky. Mme. Bodichon writes that in Sussex the air is cold and clear, and the woods and lanes dressed in wintry loveliness of fresh grassy patches, mingled with the soft grays and browns of the trees and hedges. Mr Harrison

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 30th Dec.

shed the agreeable light of his kind eyes on me yesterday for a brief space; but I hope I was more endurable to my visitors than to myself, else I think they will not come again. I object strongly to myself as a bundle of unpleasant sensations with a palpitating heart and awkward manners. Impossible to imagine the large charity I have for people who detest me. But don't you be one of them.

John Blackwood, 30th Dec.

I am much obliged to you for your handsome cheque, and still more gratified that "The Address" has been a satisfaction to you.

I am very glad to hear of your projected visit to town, and shall hope to have a good batch of MS. for you to carry back. Mr Lewes is in an unprecedented state of delight with the poem, now that he is reading it with close care. He says he is astonished that he can't find more faults. He is especially pleased with the sense of variety it gives; and this testimony is worth the more, because he urged me to put the poem by (in 1865) on the ground of monotony. He is really exultant about it now, and after what you have said to me I know this will please you.

Hearty wishes that the coming year may bring you much good, and that 'The Spanish Gypsy' may contribute a little to that end.

CHAPTER XV.

Journal, 1868.

Jan.—Engaged in writing Part III. of 'Spanish Gypsy.'

Feb. 27.—Returned last evening from a very pleasant visit to Cambridge.[1] I am still only at p. 5 of Part IV., having had a wretched month of *malaise*.

March 1.—Finished Guillemin on 'The Heavens,' and the 4th Book of the 'Iliad.' I shall now read Grote.

March 6.—Reading Lubbock's 'Prehistoric Ages.'

March 8.—Saturday concert. Joachim and Piatti, with Schubert's Ottett.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 17th March.

We go to-morrow morning to Torquay for a month, and I can't bear to go without saying a word of farewell to you. How sadly little we have seen each other this winter! It will not be so any more, I hope, will it?

We are both much in need of the change, for Mr Lewes has got rather out of sorts again lately. When we come

[1] Visit to Mr W. G. Clark and Mr Oscar Browning.

back I shall ask you to come and look at us before the bloom is off. I should like to know how you all are; but you have been so little inspired for note-writing lately, that I am afraid to ask you to send me a line to the Post Office at Torquay. I really deserve nothing of my friends at present. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 17th March.

I don't know whether you have ever seen Torquay. It is pretty, but not comparable to Ilfracombe; and like all other easily accessible sea-places, it is sadly spoiled by wealth and fashion, which leave no secluded walks, and tattoo all the hills with ugly patterns of roads and villa gardens. Our selfishness does not adapt itself well to these on-comings of the millennium. Miss Sara Hennell, 22d March, from Torquay.

I am reading about savages and semi-savages, and think that our religious oracles would do well to study savage ideas by a method of comparison with their own. Also, I am studying that semi-savage poem, the 'Iliad.' How enviable it is to be a classic. When a verse in the 'Iliad' bears six different meanings, and nobody knows which is the right, a commentator finds this equivocalness in itself admirable!

Mr Lewes quite agrees with you, that it is desirable to announce the poem. His suggestion is, that it should be simply announced as "a poem" first, and then a little later as 'The Spanish Gypsy,' in order to give a new detail for observation in the second announcement. I chose the title, 'The Spanish Gypsy,' a long time ago, because it is a little in the fashion of the elder dramatists, with whom I have perhaps more cousinship than with recent poets. Fedalma might be mistaken for an Italian name, which would create a definite expectation of a mistaken kind, and is, on other grounds, less to my taste than 'The Spanish Gypsy.' John Blackwood, end of March.

This place is becoming a little London, or London suburb. Everywhere houses and streets are being built, and Babbicombe will soon be joined to Torquay.

I almost envy you the excitement of golf, which helps the fresh air to exhilarate, and gives variety of exercise. Walking can never be so good as a game—if one loves the game. But when a friend of Mr Lewes's urges him angrily to play raquets for his health, the prospect seems dreary.

We are afraid of being entangled in excursion trains, or crowds of Easter holiday-makers, in Easter week, and may possibly be driven back next Wednesday. But we are loth to have our stay so curtailed.

Mr Lewes sends his kind regards, and pities all of us

who are less interested in ganglionic cells. He is in a state of beatitude about the poem.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 4th April, from Torquay.

We find a few retired walks, and are the less discontented because the weather is perfect. I hope you are sharing the delights of sunshine and moonlight. There are no waves here, as you know; but under such skies as we are having, sameness is so beautiful that we find no fault,—and there is a particular hill at Babbicombe of the richest Spanish red. On the whole, we are glad we came here, having avoided all trouble in journeying and settling. But we should not come again without special call, for in a few years all the hills will be parts of a London suburb.

How glorious this weather is for the hard workers who are looking forward to their Easter holiday! But for ourselves, we are rather afraid of the railway stations in holiday time. Certainly we are ill prepared for what Tennyson calls the "To-be," and it is good that we shall soon pass from this objective existence.

Madame Bodichon, 6th April.

I think Ruskin has not been encouraged about women by his many and persistent attempts to teach them. He seems to have found them wanting in real scientific interest—bent on sentimentalising in everything.

What I should like to be sure of, as a result of higher education for women—a result that will come to pass over my grave—is their recognition of the great amount of social unproductive labour which needs to be done by women, and which is now either not done at all or done wretchedly. No good can come to women, more than to any class of male mortals, while each aims at doing the highest kind of work which ought rather to be held in sanctity as what only the few can do well. I believe, and I want it to be well shown, that a more thorough education will tend to do away with the odious vulgarity of our notions about functions and employment, and to propagate the true gospel, that the deepest disgrace is to insist on doing work for which we are unfit—to do work of any sort badly. There are many points of this kind that want being urged, but they do not come well from me.

Mrs Congreve, 17th April.

Your letter came just at the right time to greet us. Thanks for that pretty remembrance. We are glad to be at home again with our home comforts around us, though we became deeply in love with Torquay in the daily heightening of spring beauties, and the glory of perpetual blue skies. The eight hours' journey (one hour more than we paid for) was rather disturbing; and, I think, Mr Lewes has got more

zoological experience than health from our month's delight —but a delight it really has been to us to have perfect quiet with the red hills, the sunshine, and the sea. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 17th April.

I shall be absorbed for the next fortnight, so that I cannot allow myself the sort of pleasure you kindly project for us; and when May begins, I want you to come and stay a night with us. I shall be ready by-and-by for such holiday-making, and you must be good to me. Will you give Dr Congreve my thanks for his pamphlet, which I read at Torquay with great interest? All protests tell, however slowly and imperceptibly, and a protest against the doctrine that England is to keep Ireland under all conditions was what I had wished to be made. But in this matter he will have much more important concurrence than mine. I am bearing much in mind the great task of the translation. When it is completed we shall be able and glad to do what we were not able to do in the case of the 'Discours Préliminaire,' namely, to take our share, if we may, in the expenses of publication.

April 16.—Returned home, bringing Book IV. finished. Journal.

April 18.—Went with Mr Pigott to see Holman Hunt's great picture, "Isabella and the Pot of Basil."

I send you by to-day's post the manuscript of Book IV., that it may be at hand whenever there is opportunity for getting it into print, and letting me have it in that form for correction. It is desirable to get as forward as we can, in case of the Americans asking for delay after their reception of the sheets—if they venture to make any arrangement. I shall send the MS. of Book V. (the last) as soon as headache will permit, but that is an uncertain limit. We returned from Torquay on the 16th, leaving the glorious weather behind us. We were more in love with the place on a better acquaintance: the weather, and the spring buds, and the choirs of birds, made it seem more of a paradise to us every day. Letter to John Blackwood, 21st April.

The poem will be less tragic than I threatened: Mr Lewes has prevailed on me to return to my original conception, and give up the additional development, which I determined on subsequently. The poem is rather shorter in consequence. Don't you think that my artistic deference and pliability deserve that it should also be better in consequence? I now end it as I determined to end it when I first conceived the story.

April 25.—Finished the last dialogue between Silva and Fedalma. Mr and Mrs Burne Jones dined with us. Journal.

Journal. *April* 29.—Finished 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

Letter to John Blackwood, 29th April. I send you by to-day's post the conclusion of the poem in MS., and the eighteen sheets of revise. The last book is brief, but I may truly use the old epigram—that it would have taken less time to make it longer. It is a great bore that the name of my heroine is wrongly spelt in all the earlier sheets. It is a fresh proof of the fallibility of our impressions as to our own doings, that I would have confidently affirmed the name to be spelt Fedalma (as it ought to be) in my manuscript. Yet I suppose I should have affirmed falsely, for the *i* occurs in the slips constantly.

As I shall not see these paged sheets again, will you charitably assure me that the alterations are safely made?

Among my wife's papers were four or five pages of MS. headed, "Notes on the Spanish Gypsy and Tragedy in general." There is no evidence as to the date at which this fragment was written, and it seems to have been left unfinished. But there was evidently some care to preserve it; and as I think she would not have objected to its presentation, I give it here exactly as it stands. It completes the history of the poem.

Notes on 'The Spanish Gypsy.' The subject of 'The Spanish Gypsy' was originally suggested to me by a picture which hangs in the Scuola di San Rocco at Venice, over the door of the large Sala containing Tintoretto's frescoes. It is an Annunciation, said to be by Titian. Of course I had seen numerous pictures of this subject before, and the subject had always attracted me. But in this my second visit to the Scuola di San Rocco, this small picture of Titian's, pointed out to me for the first time, brought a new train of thought. It occurred to me that here was a great dramatic motive of the same class as those used by the Greek dramatists, yet specifically differing from them. A young maiden, believing herself to be on the eve of the chief event of her life—marriage—about to share in the ordinary lot of womanhood, full of young hope, has suddenly announced to her that she is chosen to fulfil a great destiny, entailing a terribly different experience from that of ordinary womanhood. She is chosen, not by any momentary arbitrariness, but as a result of foregoing hereditary conditions: she obeys. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Here, I thought, is a subject grander than that of Iphigenia, and it has never been used. I came home with this in my mind, meaning to give the motive a clothing in some suitable set of historical and local conditions. My reflections brought me nothing that would

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serve me except that moment in Spanish history when the struggle with the Moors was attaining its climax, and when there was the gypsy race present under such conditions as would enable me to get my heroine and the hereditary claim on her among the gypsies. I required the opposition of race to give the need for renouncing the expectation of marriage. I could not use the Jews or the Moors, because the facts of their history were too conspicuously opposed to the working out of my catastrophe. Meanwhile the subject had become more and more pregnant to me. I saw it might be taken as a symbol of the part which is played in the general human lot by hereditary conditions in the largest sense, and of the fact that what we call duty is entirely made up of such conditions; for even in cases of just antagonism to the narrow view of hereditary claims, the whole background of the particular struggle is made up of our inherited nature. Suppose for a moment that our conduct at great epochs was determined entirely by reflection, without the immediate intervention of feeling which supersedes reflection, our determination as to the right would consist in an adjustment of our individual needs to the dire necessities of our lot, partly as to our natural constitution, partly as sharers of life with our fellow-beings. Tragedy consists in the terrible difficulty of this adjustment—

> "The dire strife
> Of poor Humanity's afflicted will,
> Struggling in vain with ruthless destiny."

Looking at individual lots, I seemed to see in each the same story, wrought out with more or less of tragedy, and I determined the elements of my drama under the influence of these ideas.

In order to judge properly of the dramatic structure, it must not be considered first in the light of doctrinal symbolism, but in the light of a tragedy representing some grand collision in the human lot. And it must be judged accordingly. A good tragic subject must represent a possible, sufficiently probable, not a common action; and to be really tragic, it must represent irreparable collision between the individual and the general (in differing degrees of generality). It is the individual with whom we sympathise, and the general of which we recognise the irresistible power. The truth of this test will be seen by applying it to the greatest tragedies. The collision of Greek tragedy is often that between hereditary, entailed Nemesis, and the peculiar in-

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dividual lot, awakening our sympathy, of the particular man or woman whom the Nemesis is shown to grasp with terrific force. Sometimes, as in the "Oresteia," there is the clashing of two irreconcilable requirements—two duties, as we should say in these times. The murder of the father must be avenged by the murder of the mother, which must again be avenged. These two tragic relations of the individual and general, and of two irreconcilable "oughts," may be—will be—seen to be almost always combined. The Greeks were not taking an artificial, entirely erroneous standpoint in their art—a standpoint which disappeared altogether with their religion and their art. They had the same essential elements of life presented to them as we have, and their art symbolised these in grand schematic forms. The Prometheus represents the ineffectual struggle to redeem the small and miserable race of man, against the stronger adverse ordinances that govern the frame of things with a triumphant power. Coming to modern tragedies, what is it that makes "Othello" a great tragic subject? A story simply of a jealous husband is elevated into a most pathetic tragedy by the hereditary conditions of Othello's lot, which give him a subjective ground for distrust. Faust, Rigoletto ("Le Roi s'Amuse"), Brutus. It might be a reasonable ground of objection against the whole structure of 'The Spanish Gypsy' if it were shown that the action is outrageously improbable — lying outside all that can be congruously conceived of human actions. It is *not* a reasonable ground of objection that they would have done better to act otherwise, any more than it is a reasonable objection against the "Iphigenia" that Agamemnon would have done better not to sacrifice his daughter.

As renunciations coming under the same great class, take the renunciation of marriage, where marriage cannot take place without entailing misery on the children.

A tragedy has not to expound why the individual must give way to the general: it has to show that it is compelled to give way, the tragedy consisting in the struggle involved, and often in the entirely calamitous issue in spite of a grand submission. Silva presents the tragedy of entire rebellion: Fedalma of a grand submission, which is rendered vain by the effects of Silva's rebellion: Zarca, the struggle for a great end, rendered vain by the surrounding conditions of life.

Now, what is the fact about our individual lots? A woman, say, finds herself on the earth with an inherited organisation: she may be lame. she may inherit a disease, or

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what is tantamount to a disease: she may be a negress, or have other marks of race repulsive in the community where she is born, &c., &c. One may go on for a long while without reaching the limits of the commonest inherited misfortunes. It is almost a mockery to say to such human beings, "Seek your own happiness." The utmost approach to well-being that can be made in such a case is through large resignation and acceptance of the inevitable, with as much effort to overcome any disadvantage as good sense will show to be attended with a likelihood of success. Any one may say, that is the dictate of mere rational reflection. But calm can, in hardly any human organism, be attained by rational reflection. Happily we are not left to that. Love, pity, constituting sympathy, and generous joy with regard to the lot of our fellowmen, comes in—has been growing since the beginning—enormously enhanced by wider vision of results—by an imagination actively interested in the lot of mankind generally; and these feelings become piety—*i.e.*, loving, willing submission, and heroic Promethean effort towards high possibilities, which may result from our individual life.

There is really no moral "sanction" but this inward impulse. The will of God is the same thing as the will of other men, compelling us to work and avoid what they have seen to be harmful to social existence. Disjoined from any perceived good, the divine will is simply so much as we have ascertained of the facts of existence which compel obedience at our peril. Any other notion comes from the supposition of arbitrary revelation.

That favourite view, expressed so often in Clough's poems, of doing duty in blindness as to the result, is likely to deepen the substitution of egoistic yearnings for really moral impulses. We cannot be utterly blind to the results of duty, since that cannot be duty which is not already judged to be for human good. To say the contrary, is to say that mankind have reached no inductions as to what is for their good or evil.

The art which leaves the soul in despair is laming to the soul, and is denounced by the healthy sentiment of an active community. The consolatory elements in 'The Spanish Gypsy' are derived from two convictions or sentiments which so conspicuously pervade it, that they may be said to be its very warp on which the whole action is woven. These are—(1) The importance of individual deeds; (2) The all-sufficiency of the soul's passions in determining sympathetic action.

In Silva is presented the claim of fidelity to social pledges;

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in Fedalma, the claim constituted by an hereditary lot less consciously shared.

With regard to the supremacy of Love: if it were a fact without exception that man or woman never did renounce the joys of love, there could never have sprung up a notion that such renunciation could present itself as a duty. If no parents had ever cared for their children, how could parental affection have been reckoned among the elements of life? But what are the facts in relation to this matter? Will any one say that faithfulness to the marriage tie has never been regarded as a duty, in spite of the presence of the profoundest passion experienced after marriage? Is Guinevere's conduct the type of duty?

Letter to Mrs Bray, 7th May.

Yes, I am at rest now—only a few pages of revise to look at more. My chief excitement and pleasure in the work are over; for when I have once written anything, and it is gone out of my power, I think of it as little as possible. Next to the doing of the thing, of course, Mr Lewes's delight in it is the cream of all sympathy, though I care enough about the sympathy of others to be very grateful for any they give me. Don't you imagine how the people who consider writing simply as a money-getting profession will despise me for choosing a work by which I could only get hundreds, where for a novel I could get thousands? I cannot help asking you to admire what my husband is, compared with many possible husbands—I mean, in urging me to produce a poem rather than anything in a worldly sense more profitable. I expect a good deal of disgust to be felt towards me in many quarters for doing what was not looked for from me, and becoming unreadable to many who have hitherto found me readable and debatable. Religion and novels every ignorant person feels competent to give an opinion upon, but *en fait de poésie*, a large number of them "only read Shakspeare." But enough of that.

Frederic Harrison, 25th May.

Before we set off to Germany, I want to tell you that a copy of 'The Spanish Gypsy' will be sent to you. If there had been time before our going away, I should have written on the fly-leaf that it was offered by the author "in grateful remembrance." For I especially desire that you should understand my reasons for asking you to accept the book to be retrospective and not prospective.

And I am going out of reach of all letters, so that you are free from any need to write to me, and may let the book lie till you like to open it.

I give away my books only by exception, and in venturing to make you an exceptional person in this matter, I am urged by the strong wish to express my value for the help and sympathy you gave me two years ago. Letters to Frederic Harrison, 25th May.

The manuscript of 'The Spanish Gypsy' bears the following inscription:—

"To my dear—every day dearer—Husband."

Yes, indeed, I not only remember your letter, but have always kept it at hand, and have read it many times. Within these latter months I have seemed to see in the distance a possible poem shaped on your idea. But it would be better for you to encourage the growth towards realisation in your own mind, rather than trust to transplantation. 26th May.

My own faint conception is that of a frankly Utopian construction, freeing the poet from all local embarrassments. Great epics have always been more or less of this character—only the construction has been of the past, not of the future.

Write to me *Poste Restante*, Baden-Baden, within the next fortnight. My head will have got clearer then.

May 26.—We set out this evening on our journey to Baden, spending the night at Dover. Our route was by Tournay, Liége, Bonn, and Frankfort, to Baden, where we stayed nine days: then to Petersthal, where we stayed three weeks: then to Freiburg, St Märgen, Basle, Thun, and Interlaken. From Interlaken we came by Fribourg, Neuchâtel, Dijon, to Paris and Folkestone. Journal.

We got your letter yesterday here among the peaceful mountain-tops. After ascending gradually (in a carriage) for nearly four hours, we found ourselves in a region of grass, corn, and pine woods, so beautifully varied that we seem to be walking in a great park laid out for our special delight. The monks as usual found out the friendly solitude, and this place of St Märgen was originally nothing but an Augustinian monastery. About three miles off is another place of like origin, called St Peter's, formerly a Benedictine monastery, and still used as a place of preparation for the Catholic priesthood. The monks have all vanished, but the people are devout Catholics. At every half-mile by the roadside is a carefully kept crucifix; and last night, as we were having our supper in the common room of the inn, we suddenly heard sounds that seemed to me like those of an accordion. "Is that a zither?" said Mr Lewes to the German lady by his side. "No—it is prayer." The servants, by themselves—the host and hostess were in the Letter to John Blackwood, 7th July, from St Märgen.

Letter to John Blackwood, 7th July, from St Märgen.

same room with us — were saying their evening prayers, men's and women's voices blending in unusually correct harmony. The same loud prayer is heard at morning, noon, and evening, from the shepherds and workers in the fields. We suppose that the believers in Mr Home and in Madame Rachel would pronounce these people "grossly superstitious." The land is cultivated by rich peasant proprietors, and the people here, as in Petersthal, look healthy and contented. This really adds to one's pleasure in seeing natural beauties. In North Germany, at Ilmenau, we were constantly pained by meeting peasants who looked underfed and miserable. Unhappily, the weather is too cold and damp, and our accommodations are too scanty under such circumstances, for us to remain here and enjoy the endless walks and the sunsets that would make up for other negatives in fine warm weather. We return to Freiburg to-morrow, and from thence we shall go on by easy stages through Switzerland, by Thun and Vevay to Geneva, where I want to see my old friends once more.

We shall be so constantly on the move, that it might be a vain trouble on your part to shoot another letter after such flying birds.

M. D'Albert, July.

Your welcome letter was forwarded to me in Germany— in Germany whither we had set out at the beginning of June. When we found ourselves as far south as Basle, we indulged ourselves with the project of returning home by Geneva; but we finally gave up that pleasure for this year, because we found that the long railway journeying it involved would not be good for us at the end of our sanitary excursions among the pine-woods and mountains of the Black Forest. But we look forward with hope to some other Continental journey which will give us a route through Geneva. I long to see you and always-loved "Maman" again; and Mr Lewes, besides the delight he takes in seeing those who have shown me so much sympathy and tenderness, wishes to make the acquaintance of some men of science who are your fellow-citizens.

It is always charming to me to read your letters. You have the happy talent of remembering all the little details which have associations in my memory, and so making a little picture of the life around you. For example, that son of Mr Heyer, whom you mention as an "étudiant en théologie," I remember to have seen standing on the table in my room as a tiny pretty boy! If the excellent parents remember me too, pray ask them to accept my kind regards.

I have often spoken of them and described them to Mr Lewes. Letter to M. D'Albert, July.

I imagine "Maman" looking beautiful with the beauty of age, as upright as ever, and still a presiding genius of order and comfort in the household. It is very pretty that her sister can still travel all the way from Trieste to spend the summer months with her.

We are increasingly happy, although the years carry away with them some of our strength and buoyancy. Our life is absolutely untroubled, and I grow much more cheerful as I grow older. We have good news (although too rarely) from our exiled boys in Africa; and Charlie's lot is altogether satisfactory to us—prosperous outwardly, and with evidence of constant improvement in his mind and character.

We should often remain longer on the Continent than the two months which we usually allow ourselves at a time, but that Mr Lewes's mother is very aged (82), and does not of course like him to go very far beyond easy reach for months together. Otherwise we should perhaps carry out a plan of going to the East before we get too old for that daring enterprise.

My poem has been a great source of added happiness to me—all the more, or rather principally, because it has been a deeper joy to Mr Lewes than any work I have done before. I seem to have gained a new organ, a new medium that my nature had languished for. The public here and in America has received it very kindly, and it has sold well. I care for the sale, not in a monetary light (for one does not write poems as the most marketable commodity), but because sale means large distribution. We are so happy now as to be independent of all monetary considerations, and Mr Lewes plunges at his will into the least lucrative of studies, while I, on my side, follow tastes not much in keeping with these of our noisy, hurrying, ostentatious times.

July 23.—Arrived at home (from Baden journey). Journal.

We got home last night—sooner than we expected, because we gave up the round by Geneva, as too long and exciting. I daresay the three weeks since we heard from you seem very short to you, passed amid your usual occupations. To us they seem long, for we have been constantly changing our scene. Our two months have been spent delightfully in seeing fresh natural beauties, and with the occasional cheering influence of kind people. But I think we were hardly ever, except in Spain, so long ignorant of home sayings and doings, for we have been chiefly in regions innocent Letter to John Blackwood, 24th July.

Letters to John Blackwood, 24th July.

even of 'Galignani.' The weather with us has never been oppressively hot; and storms or quiet rains have been frequent. But our bit of burnt-up lawn is significant of the dryness here. I believe I did not thank you for the offer of 'Kinglake,' which we gratefully accept. And will you kindly order a copy of the poem to be sent to Gerald Massey, Hemel-Hempstead.

A friendly gentleman at Belfast sends me a list of emendations for some of my verses, which are very characteristic and amusing.

I hope you have kept well through the heat. We are come back in great force—for such feeble wretches.

28th July.

As to the reviews, we expected them to be written by omniscient personages, but we did *not* expect so bad a review as that Mr Lewes found in the 'Pall Mall.' I have read no notice except that in the 'Spectator,' which was modest in tone. A very silly gentleman, Mr Lewes says, undertakes to admonish me in the 'Westminster'; and he thinks the best *literary* notice of the poem that has come before him is in the 'Athenæum.' After all, I think there would have been good reason to doubt that the poem had either novelty or any other considerable intrinsic reason to justify its being written, if the periodicals had cried out "Hosanna!" I am sure you appreciate all the conditions better than I can, after your long experience of the relations between authors and critics. I am serene, because I only expected the unfavourable. To-day the heat is so great, that it is hardly possible even to read a book that requires any thought. London is a bad exchange for the mountains.

30th July.

I enclose a list of corrections for the reprint. I am indebted to my friendly correspondent from Belfast for pointing out several oversights, which I am ashamed of, after all the proof-reading. But among the well-established truths of which I never doubt, the fallibility of my own brain stands first.

I suppose Mudie and the other librarians will not part with their copies of the poems quite as soon as they would part with their more abundant copies of a novel. And this supposition, if warranted, would be an encouragement to reprint another moderate edition at the same price. Perhaps before a cheaper edition is prepared, I may add to the corrections, but at present my mind resists strongly the effort to go back on its old work.

I think I never mentioned to you that the occasional use of irregular verses, and especially verses of twelve syllables,

has been a principle with me, and is found in all the finest writers of blank verse. I mention it now because, as you have a certain *solidarité* with my poetical doings, I would not have your soul vexed by the detective wisdom of critics. Do you happen to remember that saying of Balzac's — "When I want the world to praise my novels, I write a drama; when I want them to praise my drama, I write a novel"? Letter to John Blackwood, 30th July

On the whole, however, I should think I have more to be grateful for than to grumble at. Mr Lewes read me out last night some very generous passages from the 'St Paul's Magazine.'

The author of 'The Spanish Gypsy' begs to thank the Rev. W. MacIlwaine for the care he has kindly shown in sending her a list of errata, which would have been acknowledged long ago but for her absence on the Continent. The Rev. Canon MacIlwaine, 30th July.

Some of the passages marked by Mr MacIlwaine for revision were deliberately-chosen irregularities, but others are real oversights in the correction of the press. These will be thankfully attended to in the immediate reprint, and the suggestion of them is the more acceptable because the author is at present unable to give the work any close revision.

George Eliot adheres strongly to the principles,—1, That metrical time must be frequently determined in despite of syllable-counting; and 2, That redundant lines are a power in blank verse. But the principles may be true, while her particular application of them is often mistaken. She hopes always to keep in mind that distinction between strong theory and feeble practice.

August.—Reading 1st Book of Lucretius, 6th Book of the 'Iliad,' "Samson Agonistes," Warton's 'History of English Poetry,' Grote, 2d volume, 'Marcus Aurelius,' 'Vita Nuova,' vol. iv. chap. i. of the 'Politique Positive,' Guest on 'English Rhythms,' Maurice's 'Lectures on Casuistry.' Journal.

From one of the poems which you have kindly sent me, I gather that you knew intimately the late Dr Craik, who was also one of Mr Lewes's earliest and most revered friends. Those who have such a reverence in common are not quite strangers. Letter to the Rev. Canon MacIlwaine, 10th Aug.

I am sincerely obliged to you for your expressions of sympathy, which are the more valuable to me now that I know them to have come from one of long experience.

I assure you I shall not cease carefully to study the great medium of verse, bearing in mind, however, that what are

Letter to the Rev. Canon Mac-Ilwaine, 10th Aug.

called laws in the "art which nature makes" were at one time undiscovered possibilities, and that some such possibilities may yet lie in store for watchful spirits.

It seems to me that Milton wrote his grand verse partly in virtue of such hopeful watching—such listening for new melodies and harmonies with *instructed* ears. He is very daring, and often shocks the weaklings who think that verse is sing-song.—Believe me, my dear sir, gratefully and sincerely yours.

Journal.

Sept. 19.—We returned from a visit to Yorkshire. On Monday we went to Leeds, and were received by Dr Clifford Allbutt, with whom we stayed till the middle of the day on Wednesday. Then we went by train to Ilkley, and from thence took a carriage to Bolton. The weather had been gray for two days, but on this evening the sun shone out, and we had a delightful stroll before dinner, getting our first view of the Priory. On Thursday we spent the whole day in rambling through the woods to Barden Tower and back. Our comfortable little inn was the Red Lion, and we were tempted to lengthen our stay. But on Friday morning the sky was threatening, so we started for Newark, which we had visited in old days on our expedition to Gainsborough. At Newark we found our old inn, the Ram, opposite the ruins of the castle, and then we went for a stroll along the banks of the Trent, seeing some charming quiet landscapes.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 20th Sept.

This note comes to greet you on your return home, but it cannot greet you so sweetly as your letter did me on our arrival from Leeds last night. I think it gave me a deeper pleasure than any I have had for a long while. I am very grateful to you for it.

We went to Leeds on Monday, and stayed two days with Dr Allbutt. Dr Bridges dined with us one day, and we had a great deal of delightful chat. But I will tell you everything when we see you. Let that be soon—will you not? We shall be glad of any arrangement that will give us the pleasure of seeing you, Dr Congreve, and Emily, either separately or all together. Please forgive me if I seem very fussy about your all coming. I want you to understand that we shall feel it the greatest kindness in you if you will all choose to come, and also choose *how* to come—either to lunch or dinner, and either apart or all together. I hope to find that you are much the better for your journey—better both in body and soul. One has immense need of encouragement, but it seems to come more easily from the dead than from the living.

Your letter gave an additional gusto to my tea and toast this morning. The greater confidence of the trade in subscribing for the second edition is, on several grounds, a satisfactory indication; but, as you observe, we shall be still better pleased to know that the copies are not slumbering on the counters, but having an active life in the hands of readers. Letter to John Blackwood, 24th Sept.

I am now going carefully through the poem for the sake of correction. I have read it through once, and have at present found some ten or twelve *small* alterations to be added to those already made. But I shall go through it again more than once, for I wish to be able to put "revised" to the third edition, and to leave nothing that my conscience is not ready to swear by. I think it will be desirable for me to see proofs. It is possible in many closely consecutive readings not to see errors which strike one immediately on taking up the pages after a good long interval.

We are feeling much obliged for a copy of 'Kinglake,' which I am reading aloud to Mr Lewes as a part of our evening's entertainment and edification, beginning again from the beginning.

This week we have had perfect autumnal days, though last week, when we were in Yorkshire, we also thought that the time of outside chills and inside fires was beginning.

We do not often see a place which is a good foil for London, but certainly Leeds is in a lower circle of the great town—*Inferno.*

I can imagine how delicious your country home has been under the glorious skies we have been having—glorious even in London. Yesterday we had Dr and Mrs Congreve, and went with them to the Zoological Gardens, and on our return, about 5 o'clock, I could not help pausing and exclaiming at the exquisite beauty of the light on Regent's Park, exalting it into something that the young Turner would have wanted to paint. Madame Bodichon, 25th Sept.

We went to Leeds last week—saw your favourite David Cox, and thought of you the while. Certainly there was nothing finer there in landscape than that Welsh funeral. Among the figure-painters Watts and old Philip are supreme.

We went on from Leeds to Bolton, and spent a day in wandering through the grand woods on the banks of the Wharfe. Altogether our visit to Yorkshire was extremely agreeable. Our host, Dr Allbutt, is a good, clever, graceful man, enough to enable one to be cheerful under the horrible smoke of ugly Leeds; and the fine hospital, which, he says,

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 25th Sept.

is admirably fitted for its purpose, is another mitigation. You would like to see the tasteful subdued ornamentation in the rooms which are to be sick wards. Each physician is accumulating ornamental objects for his own ward—chromo-lithographs, &c.—such as will soothe sick eyes.

It was quite cold in that northerly region. Your picture keeps a memory of sunshine on my wall even on this dark morning.

John Blackwood, 21st Oct.

I have gone through the poem twice for the sake of revision, and have a crop of small corrections—only in one case extending to the insertion of a new line. But I wish to see the proof-sheets, so that "Revised by the Author" may be put in the advertisement and on the title-page.

Unhappily my health has been unusually bad since we returned from abroad, so that the time has been a good deal wasted on the endurance of *malaise;* but I am brooding over many things, and hope that coming months will not be barren. As to the criticisms, I suppose that better poets than I have gone through worse receptions. In spite of my reason and of my low expectations, I am too susceptible to all discouragement not to have been depressingly affected by some few things in the shape of criticism which I have been obliged to know. Yet I am ashamed of caring about anything that cannot be taken as strict evidence against the value of my book. So far as I have been able to understand, there is a striking disagreement among the reviewers as to what is best and what is worst; and the weight of agreement, even on the latter point, is considerably diminished by the reflection that three different reviews may be three different phases of the same gentleman, taking the opportunity of earning as many guineas as he can by making easy remarks on George Eliot. But as dear Scott's characters say, "Let that flee stick in the wa'—when the dirt's dry it'll rub out." I shall look at 'Doubles and Quits,' as you recommend. I read the two first numbers of 'Madame Amelia,' and thought them promising.

I sympathise with your melancholy at the prospect of quitting the country—though compared with London, beautiful Edinburgh is country. Perhaps some good thick mists will come to reconcile you with the migration.

We have been using the fine autumn days for flights into Kent between Sundays. The rich woods about Sevenoaks and Chislehurst are a delight to the eyes, and the stillness is a rest to every nerve.

Journal.

Oct. 22.—Received a letter from Blackwood, saying that

'The Spanish Gypsy' must soon go into a third edition. I lent my corrections for it.

At last I have spirit enough in me to thank you for your valuable gift, which Emily kindly brought me in her hand. I am grateful for it—not only because the medallion [1] is a possession which I shall always hold precious, but also because you thought of me among those whom you would choose to be its owners. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 27th Oct.

I hope you are able to enjoy some walking in these sunshiny mornings. We had a long drive round by Hendon and Finchley yesterday morning, and drank so much clear air and joy from the sight of trees and fields, that I am quite a new-old-creature.

I think you will not be sorry to hear that 'The Spanish Gypsy' is so nearly out of print again, that the publishers are preparing a new cheaper edition. The second edition was all bought up (subscribed for) by the booksellers the first day.

Nov. 4.—We set off for Sheffield, where we went over a great iron and steel factory, under the guidance of Mr Benzon. On Saturday, the 7th, we went to Matlock, and stayed till Tuesday. I recognised the objects which I had seen with my father nearly thirty years before—the turn of the road at Cromford, the Arkwrights' house, and the cottages with the stone floors chalked in patterns. The landscape was still rich with autumn leaves. Journal.

No oracle would dare to predict what will be our next migration. Don't be surprised if we go to the borders of the White Sea, to escape the fitful fast and loose, hot and cold, of the London climate. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 16th Nov.

We enjoyed our journey to the North. It was a great experience to me to see the stupendous iron-works at Sheffield: and then, for a variety, we went to the quiet and beauty of Matlock, and I recognised all the spots I had carried in my memory for more than five-and-twenty years. I drove through that region with my father when I was a young grig—not very full of hope about my woman's future. I am one of those perhaps exceptional people whose early childish dreams were much less happy than the real outcome of life.

I think your birthday comes after mine; but I am determined to write beforehand to prove to you that I bear you in my thoughts without any external reminder. Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Nov.

I suppose we are both getting too old to care about being

[1] Of Comte.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Nov.

wished *many* happy returns of the day. We shall be content to wish each other as many more years as can carry with them some joy and calm satisfaction in the sense of living. But there is one definite prospect for you which I may fairly hope for, as I do most tenderly—the prospect that this time next year you will be looking back on your achieved work as a good seed-sowing. Some sadness there must always be in saying good-bye to a work which is done with love; but there may—I trust there *will*—be a compensating good in feeling that the thing you yearned to do is gone safely out of reach of casualties that might have cut it short.

We have been to Sheffield at the seducing invitation of a friend, who showed us the miraculous iron-works there; and afterwards we turned aside to beautiful Matlock, where I found again the spots, the turns of road, the rows of stone cottages, the rushing river Derwent, and the Arkwright mills—among which I drove with my father when I was in my teens. We had glorious weather, and I was quite regenerated by the bracing air. Our friend Mr Spencer is growing younger with the years. He really looks brighter and more enjoying than he ever did before, since he was in the really young, happy time of fresh discussion and inquiry. His is a friendship which wears well, because of his truthfulness. He always asks with sympathetic interest how you are going on.

Journal.

Nov. 22.—The return of this St Cecilia's Day finds me in better health than has been usual with me in these last six months. But I am not yet engaged in any work that makes a higher life for me—a life that is young and grows, though in my other life I am getting old and decaying. It is a day for resolves and determinations. I am meditating the subject of Timoleon.

Letter to Mrs Bray, 30th Nov.

I like to think of you painting the physiological charts, although they tire your eyes a little; for you must be sure that the good of such work is of a kind that goes deep into young lives. "Fearfully and wonderfully made" are words quite unshaken by any theory as to the making; and I think a great awe in the contemplation of man's delicate structure, freighted with terrible destinies, is one of the most important parts of education. A much-writing acquaintance of ours, one day expressed his alarm for "the masses" at the departure of a religion which had *terror* in it. Surely terror is provided for sufficiently in this life of ours—if only the dread could be directed towards the really dreadful.

We have been having a little company, and are rejoicing to think that our duties of this sort are done for the present. We like our studies and our dual solitude too well to feel company desirable more than one day a-week. I wish our affection may be with you as some little cheering influence through the dark months. We hardly estimate enough the difference of feeling that would come to us, if we did not imagine friendly souls scattered here and there in places that make the chief part of the world, so far as we have known it. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 12th Dec.

Tell Dr Congreve that the "mass of Positivism," in the shape of 'The Spanish Gypsy,' is so rapidly finding acceptance with the public that, the second edition being all sold, the third, just published, has already been demanded to above 700. Do not think that I am becoming an egotistical author. The news concerns the doctrine, not the writer. Mrs Congreve, 16th Dec.

I am moved to congratulate you on writing against the ballot, with such admirably good sense—having just read your "slip" at the breakfast-table. It has been a source of amazement to me that men acquainted with practical life can believe in the suppression of bribery by the ballot, as if bribery in all its protean forms could ever disappear by means of a single external arrangement. They might as well say that our female vanity would disappear at an order that women should wear felt hats and cloth dresses. It seems to me that you have put the main unanswerable arguments against the ballot with vigorous brevity. Mr Bray, 19th Dec.

Thanks for letting me know about the meeting. I shall not be able to join it bodily, but I am glad always to have the possibility of being with you in thought. I have a two-fold sympathy on the occasion, for I cannot help entering specially into your own wifely anxieties, and I shall be glad to be assured that Dr Congreve has borne the excitement without being afterwards conscious of an excessive strain. Mrs Congreve, 29th Dec.

Dec. 30.—I make to-day the last record that I shall enter of the old year 1868. It has been as rich in blessings as any preceding year of our double life, and I enjoy a more and more even cheerfulness and continually increasing power of dwelling on the good that is given to me, and dismissing the thought of small evils. The chief event of the year to us has been the publication and friendly reception by the public of 'The Spanish Gypsy.' The greatest happiness (after our growing love which has sprung and flowed onward during the latter part of the year) is George's Journal.

Journal. interest in his psychological inquiries. I have, perhaps, gained a little higher ground and firmer footing in some studies, notwithstanding the yearly loss of retentive power. We have made some new friendships that cheer us with the sense of new admiration of actual living beings whom we know in the flesh, and who are kindly disposed towards us. And we have had no real trouble. I wish we were not in a minority of our fellow-men! I desire no added blessing for the coming year but this,—that I may do some good lasting work and make both my outward and inward habits less imperfect—that is, more directly tending to the best uses of life.

Letter to John Blackwood, 31st Dec. Many thanks for the cheque, which I received yesterday afternoon. Mr Lewes is eminently satisfied with the sales; and, indeed, it does appear from authoritative testimony that the number sold is unusually large even for what is called a successful poem.

The cheap edition of the novels is so exceptionally attractive in print, paper, and binding for 3s. 6d., that I cannot help fretting a little at its not getting a more rapid sale. The fact rather puzzles me, too, in presence of the various proofs that the books really are liked. I suppose there is some mystery of reduced prices accounting for the abundant presentation of certain works and series on the bookstalls at the railways, and the absence of others, else surely those pretty volumes would have a good chance of being bought by the travellers whose taste shrinks from the diabolical red-and-yellow-pictured series. I am sure you must often be in a state of wonderment as to how the business of the world gets done, so as not to ruin two-thirds of the people concerned in it; for judging from the silly propositions and requests sometimes made to me by bald-headed, experienced men, there must be a very thin allowance of wisdom to the majority of their transactions.

Mr Lewes is attracted by the biographical studies of George the Second's time; but last night, after he had done reading about Berkeley, I heard him laughing over 'Doubles and Quits.' It is agreeable to think that I have that bit of cheerful reading in store.

Our first snow fell yesterday, and melted immediately. This morning the sun is warm on me as I write. The doctors say that the season has been horribly unhealthy, and that they have been afraid to perform some operations from the low state of vitality in the patients, due to the atmospheric conditions. This looks like very wise writing, and worthy of Molière's "Médecin."

Letter to John Blackwood, 31st Dec

Mr Lewes joins me in sincere good wishes to Mr William Blackwood, as well as yourself, for the coming year—wishes for general happiness. The chief particular wish would be, that we should all in common look back next Christmas on something achieved in which we share each other's satisfaction.

Hon. Robert Lytton (now Lord Lytton).

I am much obliged to you for mentioning, in your letter to Mr Lewes, the two cases of inaccuracy (I fear there may be more) which you remembered in 'The Spanish Gypsy.' How I came to write Zincálo instead of Zíncalo is an instance which may be added to many sadder examples of that mental infirmity which makes our senses of little use to us in the presence of a strong prepossession. As soon as I had conceived my story with its gypsy element, I tried to learn all I could about the names by which the gypsies called themselves, feeling that I should occasionally need a musical name, remote from the vulgar English associations which cling to "gypsy." I rejected Gitana, because I found that the gypsies themselves held the name to be opprobrious; and Zíncalo—which, with a fine capacity for being wrong, I at once got into my head as Zincálo—seemed to be, both in sound and meaning, just what I wanted. Among the books from which I made notes was 'Pott, die Zigeuner,' &c.; and in these notes I find that I have copied the sign of the tonic accent in Romanó, while in the very same sentence I have not copied it in Zíncalo, though a renewed reference to Pott shows it in the one word as well as the other. But "my eyes were held"—by a demon prepossession—"so that I should not see it." Behold the fallibility of the human brain, and especially of George Eliot's.

I have been questioned about my use of Andalus for Andalusia, but I had a sufficient authority for that in the 'Mohammedan Dynasties,' translated by Gayangos.

It may interest you, who are familiar with Spanish literature, to know that after the first sketch of my book was written, I read Cervantes's novel 'La Gitanélla,' where the hero turns gypsy for love. The novel promises well in the earlier part, but falls into sad commonplace towards the end. I have written my explanation, partly to show how much I value your kind help towards correcting my error, and partly to prove that I was not careless, but simply stupid. For in authorship I hold carelessness to be a mortal sin.

CHAPTER XVI.

Journal, 1869.

Jan. 1.—I have set myself many tasks for the year—I wonder how many will be accomplished?—a novel called 'Middlemarch,' a long poem on Timoleon, and several minor poems.

Jan. 23.—Since I wrote last, I have finished a little poem on old Agatha. But the last week or two I have been so disturbed in health that no work prospers. I have made a little way in constructing my new tale; have been reading a little on philology; have finished the 24th Book of the 'Iliad,' the 1st Book of the 'Faery Queene,' Clough's poems, and a little about Etruscan things, in Mrs Grey and Dennis. Aloud to G. I have been reading some Italian, Ben Jonson's "Alchemist" and "Volpone," and Bright's speeches, which I am still reading—besides the first four cantos of "Don Juan." But the last two or three days I have seemed to live under a leaden pressure — all movement, mental or bodily, is grievous to me. In the evening read aloud Bright's fourth speech on India, and a story in Italian. In the 'Spectator' some interesting facts about loss of memory and "double life." In the 'Revue des Cours,' a lecture by Sir W. Thomson, of Edinburgh, on the retardation of the earth's motion round its axis.

Jan. 27.—The last two days I have been writing a rhymed poem on Boccaccio's story of "Lisa." Aloud I have read Bright's speeches, and "I Promessi Sposi." To myself I have read Mommsen's 'Rome.'

Feb. 6.—We went to the third concert. Madame Schumann played finely in Mendelssohn's quintett, and a trio of Beethoven's. As a solo she played the sonata in D minor. In the evening I read aloud a short speech of Bright's on Ireland, delivered twenty years ago, in which he insists that nothing will be a remedy for the woes of that country unless the Church Establishment be annulled: after the lapse of twenty years, the measure is going to be adopted. Then I read aloud a bit of the "Promessi Sposi," and afterwards the 'Spectator,' in which there is a deservedly high appreciation of Lowell's poems.

Feb. 14.—Finished the poem from Boccaccio. We had rather a numerous gathering of friends to-day, and among the rest came Browning, who talked and quoted admirably *apropos* of versification. The Rector of Lincoln thinks the

French have the most perfect system of versification in these modern times! Journal.

Feb. 15.—I prepared and sent off "How Lisa loved the King" to Edinburgh.

I have looked back to the verses in Browning's poem about Elisha, and I find no mystery in them. The foregoing context for three pages describes that function of genius which revivifies the past. Man, says Browning (I am writing from recollection of his general meaning), cannot create, but he can restore: the poet gives forth of his own spirit, and reanimates the forms that lie breathless. His use of Elisha's story is manifestly symbolical, as his mention of Faust is—the illustration which he abandons the moment before, to take up that of the Hebrew Seer. I presume you did not read the context yourself, but only had the two concluding verses pointed out or quoted to you by your friends. It is one of the afflictions of authorship to know that the brains which should be used in understanding a book, are wasted in discussing the hastiest misconceptions about it; and I am sure you will sympathise enough in this affliction to set any one right, when you can, about this quotation from Browning. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th Feb.

Feb. 20.—A glorious concert: Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti, winding up with Schubert's trio. Journal.

Feb. 21.—Mr Deutsch and Mrs Pattison lunched with us—he in farewell before going to the East. A rather pleasant gathering of friends afterwards.

Feb. 24.—I am reading about plants, and Helmholtz on music. A new idea of a poem came to me yesterday.

March 3.—We started on our fourth visit to Italy, *viâ* France and the Cornice.

I found your letter at Florence on our arrival there (on the 23d); but until now, bodily ease and leisure enough to write to you have never happened to me in the same moments. Our long journey since we left home on the 3d March, seen from a point of view which, happily, no one shares with me, has been a history of ailments. In shunning the English March, we found one quite as disagreeable, without the mitigation of home comforts; and though we went even as far as Naples in search of warmth, we never found it until we settled in Rome, at the beginning of April. Here we had many days of unbroken sunshine, and enjoyed what we were never able to enjoy during our month's stay in 1860—the many glorious views of the city and the mountains. The chief novelty to us in our long route has been the sight of Letter to Mrs Congreve, 4th May, from Paris.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 4th May, from Paris.

Assisi and Ravenna: the rest has been a revisiting of scenes already in our memories; and to most of them we have probably said our last good-bye. Enough of us and our travels. The only remarkable thing people can tell of their doings in these days is, that they have stayed at home.

The 'Fortnightly' lay uncut at Mr Trollope's, and Mr Lewes had nothing more pressing to do than to cut it open at the reply to Professor Huxley.[1] He presently came to me, and said it was excellent. It delighted him the more because he had just before, at Rome, alighted on the 'Pall Mall' account of the article, which falsely represented it as entirely apologetic. At the first spare moment I plunged into an easy-chair, and read, with thorough satisfaction in the admirable temper and the force of the reply. We intend to start for Calais this evening; and as the rain prevents us from doing anything agreeable out of doors, I have nothing to hinder me from sitting, with my knees up to my chin, and scribbling, now that I am become a little sounder in head and in body generally than beautiful Italy allowed me to be. As beautiful as ever—more beautiful—it has looked to me on this last visit; and it is the fault of my *physique* if it did not agree with me. Pray offer my warmest sympathy to Dr Congreve in the anxieties of his difficult task. What hard work it seems to go on living sometimes! Blessed are the dead.

Journal.

May 5.—We reached home after our nine weeks' absence. In that time we have been through France to Marseilles, along the Cornice to Spezia, then to Pisa, Florence, Naples, Rome, Assisi, Perugia, Florence again, Ravenna, Bologna, Verona; across the Brenner Pass to Munich; then to Paris *viâ* Strasburg. In such a journey there was necessarily much interest both in renewing old memories and recording new; but I never had such continuous bad health in travelling as I have had during these nine weeks. On our arrival at home, I found a delightful letter from Mrs H. B. Stowe, whom I have never seen, addressing me as her "dear friend."

It was during this journey that I, for the first time, saw my future wife at Rome. My eldest sister had married Mr W. H. Bullock (now Mr W. H. Hall), of Six-Mile Bottom, Cambridgeshire, and they were on their wedding journey at Rome, when they happened to meet Mr and Mrs Lewes by chance in the Pamfili Doria

[1] Dr Congreve's article, "Mr Huxley on M. Comte," in 'Fortnightly Review,' April 1869.

Gardens. They saw a good deal of one another, and when I arrived with my mother and another sister, we went by invitation to call at the Hotel Minerva, where Mr Lewes had found rooms on their first arrival in Rome. I have a very vivid recollection of George Eliot sitting on a sofa with my mother by her side, entirely engrossed with her. Mr Lewes entertained my sister and me on the other side of the room. But I was very anxious to hear also the conversation on the sofa, as I was better acquainted with George Eliot's books than with any other literature. And through the dimness of these fifteen years, and all that has happened in them, I still seem to hear, as I first heard them, the low, earnest, deep musical tones of her voice: I still seem to see the fine brows, with the abundant auburn-brown hair framing them, the long head broadening at the back, the grey-blue eyes, constantly changing in expression, but always with a very loving, almost deprecating, look at my mother, the finely-formed, thin, transparent hands, and a whole *Wesen*, that seemed in complete harmony with everything one expected to find in the author of 'Romola.' The next day Mr and Mrs Lewes went on to Assisi and we to Naples, and we did not meet again till the following August at Weybridge.

Letter to Mrs H. B. Stowe, 8th May.

I value very highly the warrant to call you friend which your letter has given me. It lay awaiting me on our return the other night from a nine weeks' absence in Italy, and it made me almost wish that you could have a momentary vision of the discouragement—nay, paralysing despondency—in which many days of my writing life have been passed, in order that you might fully understand the good I find in such sympathy as yours—in such an assurance as you give me that my work has been worth doing. But I will not dwell on any mental sickness of mine. The best joy your words give me is the sense of that sweet, generous feeling in you which dictated them, and I shall always be the richer because you have in this way made me know you better. I must tell you that my first glimpse of you as a woman came through a letter of yours, and charmed me very much. The letter was addressed to Mrs Follen; and one morning when I called on her in London (how many years ago![1]), she was kind enough to read it to me because it contained a little history of your life, and a sketch of your domestic circumstances. I remember thinking that it

[1] See *ante*, p. 159.

Letter to Mrs H. B. Stowe, 8th May.

was very kind of you to write that long letter in reply to the inquiries of one who was personally unknown to you; and looking back with my present experience, I think it was still kinder than it then appeared. For at that time you must have been much oppressed with the immediate results of your fame. I remember, too, that you wrote of your husband as one who was richer in Hebrew and Greek than in pounds or shillings; and as the ardent scholar has always been a character of peculiar interest to me, I have rarely had your image in my mind without the accompanying image (more or less erroneous) of such a scholar by your side. I shall welcome the fruit of his Goethe studies, whenever it comes. In the meantime, let me assure you that whoever else gave you that description of my husband's 'History of Philosophy'—namely, "that it was to solve and settle all things"—he himself never saw it in that light. The work has been greatly altered, as well as enlarged, in three successive editions; and his mind is so far from being a captive to his own written words, that he is now engaged in physiological and psychological researches which are leading him to issues at variance in some important respects with the views expressed in some of his published works. He is one of the few human beings I have known who will often, in the heat of an argument, see, and straightway confess, that he is in the wrong, instead of trying to shift his ground or use any other device of vanity.

I have good hopes that your fears are groundless as to the obstacles your new book may find here from its thorough American character. Most readers who are likely to be really influenced by writing above the common order, will find that special aspect an added reason for interest and study; and I daresay you have long seen, as I am beginning to see with new clearness, that if a book which has any sort of exquisiteness happens also to be a popular, widely circulated book, its power over the social mind for any good is, after all, due to its reception by a few appreciative natures, and is the slow result of radiation from that narrow circle. I mean, that you can affect a few souls, and that each of these in turn may affect a few more, but that no exquisite book tells properly and directly on a multitude, however largely it may be spread by type and paper. Witness the things the multitude will say about it, if one is so unhappy as to be obliged to hear their sayings. I do not write this cynically, but in pure sadness and pity. Both travelling abroad and staying at home among our English sights and

sports, one must continually feel how slowly the centuries work towards the moral good of men. And that thought lies very close to what you say as to your wonder or conjecture concerning my religious point of view. I believe that religion, too, has to be modified—"developed," according to the dominant phrase—and that a religion more perfect than any yet prevalent must express less care for personal consolation, and a more deeply awing sense of responsibility to man, springing from sympathy with that which of all things is most certainly known to us, the difficulty of the human lot. I do not find my temple in Pantheism, which, whatever might be its value speculatively, could not yield a practical religion, since it is an attempt to look at the universe from the outside of our relations to it (that universe) as human beings. As healthy, sane human beings, we must love and hate,—love what is good for mankind, hate what is evil for mankind. For years of my youth I dwelt in dreams of a pantheistic sort, falsely supposing that I was enlarging my sympathy. But I have travelled far away from that time. Letters are necessarily narrow and fragmentary, and when one writes on wide subjects, are liable to create more misunderstanding than illumination. But I have ittle anxiety of that kind in writing to you, dear friend and fellow-labourer, for you have had longer experience than I as a writer, and fuller experience as a woman, since you have borne children and known the mother's history from the beginning. I trust your quick and long-taught mind as an interpreter little liable to mistake me. Letter to Mrs H. B. Stowe, 8th May.

When you say, "We live in an orange grove and are planting many more," and when I think that you must have abundant family love to cheer you, it seems to me that you must have a paradise about you. But no list of circumstances will make a paradise. Nevertheless, I must believe that the joyous, tender humour of your books clings about your more immediate life, and makes some of that sunshine for yourself which you have given to us.

I see the advertisement of 'Old Town Folk,' and shall eagerly expect it.

That and every other new link between us will be reverentially valued.

May 8 (Saturday).—Poor Thornie arrived from Natal, sadly wasted by suffering. Journal.

That "disturbance" in my favourite work, with which you and Dr Congreve are good enough to sympathise, is unhappily greater now than it has been for years before. Our poor Letter to Mrs Congreve, 26th May.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 26th May.

Thornie came back to us about seventeen days ago. We can never rejoice enough that we were already at home, seeing that we held it impossible for him to set out on his voyage until at least six weeks later than he did. Since he arrived, our lives have been chiefly absorbed by cares for him; and though we now have a nurse to attend on him constantly, we spend several hours of the day by his side. There is joy in the midst of our trouble, from the tenderness towards the sufferer being altogether unchecked by anything unlovable in him. Thornie's disposition seems to have become sweeter than ever with the added six years; and there is nothing that we discern in his character or habits to cause us grief. Enough of our troubles. I gather from your welcome letter, received this morning, that there is a good deal of enjoyment for you in your temporary home, in spite of bad weather and face-ache, which I hope will have passed away when you read this.

Mr Beesly[1] wrote to me to tell me of his engagement, and on Sunday we had the pleasure of shaking him by the hand and seeing him look very happy. His is one of a group of prospective marriages which we have had announced to us since we came home. Besides Mr Harrison's, there is Dr Allbutt's, our charming friend at Leeds. I told Mr Beesly that I thought myself magnanimous in really rejoicing at the engagements of men friends, because, of course, they will be comparatively indifferent to their old intimates.

Dear Madame Bodichon is a precious help to us. She comes twice a-week to sit with Thornie, and she is wonderfully clever in talking to young people. One finds out those who have real practical sympathy in times of trouble.

Frederic Harrison, 6th June.

Your letter has fulfilled two wishes of mine. It shows me that you keep me in your kind thoughts, and that you are very happy. I had been told by our friends, the Nortons, of your engagement, but I knew nothing more than that bare fact, and your letter gives me more of a picture. A very pretty picture—for I like to think of your love having grown imperceptibly along with sweet family affections. I do heartily share in your happiness, for however space and time may keep us asunder, you will never to my mind be lost in the distance, but will hold a place of marked and valued interest quite apart from those more public hopes about you which I shall not cease to cherish.

[1] Professor Edmund Spenser Beesly—a well-known member of the Positivist body, who married Miss Crompton, daughter of Mr Justice Crompton.

Both Mr Lewes and I shall be delighted to see you any evening. I imagine that when you are obliged to stay in town, the evening will be the easiest time for you to get out to us. Any time after eight you will find us thoroughly glad to shake hands with you. Do come when you can. Letter to Frederic Harrison, 6th June.

July 3.—Finished my reading in Lucretius. Reading Victor Hugo's 'L'homme qui rit;' also the Frau von Hillern's novel, 'Ein Arzt der Seele.' This week G. and I have been to Sevenoaks, but were driven home again by the cold winds and cloudy skies. "Sonnets on Childhood"—five—finished. Journal.

July 10.—I wrote to Mrs Stowe, in answer to a second letter of hers, accompanied by one from her husband.

I hoped before this to have seen our friend, Mrs Fields, on her return from Scotland, and to have begged her to send you word of a domestic affliction, which has prevented me from writing to you since I received your and your husband's valued letters. Immediately on our return from Italy, Mr Lewes's second son, a fine young man of five-and-twenty, returned to us from Natal, wasted by suffering from a long-standing spinal injury. This was on the 8th of May, and since then we have both been absorbed in our duties to this poor child, and have felt our own health and nervous energy insufficient for our needful activity of body and mind. He is at present no better, and we look forward to a long trial. Nothing but a trouble so great as this would have prevented me from writing again to you, not only to thank you and Professor Stowe for your letters, but also to tell you that I have received and read 'Old Town Folks.' I think few of your many readers can have felt more interest than I have felt in that picture of an elder generation; for my interest in it has a double root,—one in my own love for our old-fashioned provincial life, which had its affinities with a contemporary life, even all across the Atlantic, and of which I have gathered glimpses in different phases, from my father and mother with their relations; the other is, my experimental acquaintance with some shades of Calvinistic orthodoxy. I think your way of presenting the religious convictions, which are not your own except by indirect fellowship, is a triumph of insight and true tolerance. A thorough comprehension of the mixed moral influence shed on society by dogmatic systems is rare even among writers, and one misses it altogether in English drawing-room talk. I thank you sincerely for the gift (in every sense) of this book, which, I can see, has been a labour of love. Letter to Mrs H. B. Stowe, 11th July.

Letter to Mrs H. B. Stowe, 11th July.

Both Mr Lewes and I are deeply interested in the indications which the Professor gives of his peculiar psychological experience, and we should feel it a great privilege to learn much more of it from his lips. It is a rare thing to have such an opportunity of studying exceptional experience in the testimony of a truthful and in every way distinguished mind. He will, I am sure, accept the brief thanks which I can give in this letter, for all that he has generously written to me. He says—"I have had no connection with any of the modern movements, except as father confessor;" and I can well believe that he must be peculiarly sensitive to the repulsive aspects which those movements present. Your view as to the cause of that "great wave of spiritualism" which is rushing over America—namely, that it is a sort of Rachel-cry of bereavement towards the invisible existence of the loved ones—is deeply affecting. But so far as "spiritualism" (by which I mean, of course, spirit-communication, by rapping, guidance of the pencil, &c.) has come within reach of my judgment on our side of the water, it has appeared to me either as degrading folly, imbecile in the estimate of evidence, or else as impudent imposture. So far as my observation and experience have hitherto gone, it has even seemed to me an impiety to withdraw from the more assured methods of studying the open secret of the universe any large amount of attention to alleged manifestations which are so defiled by low adventurers and their palpable trickeries, so hopelessly involved in all the doubtfulness of individual testimonies as to phenomena witnessed—which testimonies are no more true objectively because they are honest subjectively, than the Ptolemaic system is true because it seemed to Tycho Brahé a better explanation of the heavenly movements than the Copernican. This is a brief statement of my position on the subject, which your letter shows me to have an aspect much more compulsory on serious attention in America than I can perceive it to have in England. I should not be as simply truthful as my deep respect for you demands, if I did not tell you exactly what is my mental attitude in relation to the phenomena in question. But whatever you print on the subject and will send me, I shall read with attention; and the idea you give me of the hold which spiritualism has gained on the public mind in the United States, is already a fact of historic importance.

Forgive me, dear friend, if I write in the scantiest manner, unworthily responding to letters which have touched me profoundly. You have known so much of life, both in

its more external trials and in the peculiar struggles of a nature which is made twofold in its demands by the yearnings of the author as well as of the woman, that I can count on your indulgence and power of understanding my present inability to correspond by letter. Letter to Mrs H. B. Stowe, 11th July.

May I add my kind remembrances to your daughter to the high regard which I offer to your husband?

July 14.—Returned from Hatfield, after two days' stay. Journal.

July 15.—Began Nisard's 'History of French Literature'—Villehardouin, Joinville, Froissart, Christine de Pisan, Philippe de Comines, Villers.

July 16.—Read the articles "Phœnicia" and "Carthage" in 'Ancient Geography.' Looked into Jewitt's 'Universal History' again for Carthaginian religion. Looked into Sismondi's 'Littérature du Midi' for "Roman de la Rose;" and ran through the first chapter about the formation of the Romance languages. Read about *Thallogens* and *Acrogens* in the 'Vegetable World.' Read Drayton's "Nymphidia"—a charming poem,—a few pages of his 'Polyolbion.' Reread Grote, v.-vii., on Sicilian affairs, down to rise of Dionysius.

July 18.—Miss Nannie Smith came, after a long absence from England; Professor Masson and Dr Bastian, Madame Bodichon and Dr Payne. Some conversation about Saint Simonism, *apropos* of the meeting on Woman's Suffrage the day before—M. Arlès Dufour being uneasy because Mill did not in his speech recognise what women owed to Saint Simon.

July 19.—Writing an introduction to 'Middlemarch.' I have just re-read the 15th Idyll of Theocritus, and have written three more sonnets. We went in the afternoon to the old water-colours, finding that the exhibition was to close at the end of the week. Burne-Jones's Circe and St George affected me by their colours more than any of the other pictures—they are poems. In the evening read Nisard on Rabelais and Marot.

July 22.—Read Reybaud's book on 'Les Réformateurs Modernes.' In the afternoon Mrs P. Taylor came and saw Thornie, who has been more uneasy this week, and unwilling to move or come out on the lawn.

July 23.—Read Theocritus, Id. 16. Meditated characters for 'Middlemarch.' Mrs F. Malleson came.

July 24.—Still not quite well and clear-headed, so that little progress is made. I read aloud Fourier and Owen, and thought of writing something about Utopists.

July 25.—Read Plato's 'Republic' in various parts.

Journal. After lunch Miss Nannie Smith, Miss Blythe, Mr Burton, and Mr Deutsch. In the evening I read Nisard, and Littré on Comte.

Aug. 1.—I have finished eleven sonnets on "Brother and Sister," read Littré, Nisard, part of 22d Idyll of Theocritus, Sainte-Beuve aloud to G. two evenings. Monday evening looked through Dickson's 'Fallacies of the Faculty.' On Tuesday afternoon we went to the British Museum to see a new bronze, and I was enchanted with some fragments of glass in the Slade collection, with dyes of sunset in them. Yesterday, sitting in Thornie's room, I read through all Shakspeare's Sonnets. Poor Thornie has had a miserably unsatisfactory week, making no progress. After lunch came Miss N. Smith and Miss Blythe, Mr Burton, Mr and Mrs Burne-Jones, and Mr Sanderson.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 1st Aug. My last words to you might appear to imply something laughably opposed to my real meaning. "Think of me only as an example" meant—an example to be avoided. It was an allusion in my mind to the servant girl who, being arrested for theft, said to her fellow-servant, "Take example by me, Sally." With the usual caprice of language, we say, "Make an example of her," in that sense of holding up for a warning, which the poor girl and I intended.

Journal. *Aug.* 2.—Began 'Middlemarch' (the Vincy and Featherstone parts).

Aug. 5.—Thornie during the last two or three days gives much more hopeful signs: has been much more lively, with more regular appetite and quieter nights. This morning I finished the first chapter of 'Middlemarch.' I am reading Renouard's 'History of Medicine.'

Aug. 31.—We went to Weybridge, walked on St George's Hill, and lunched with Mrs Cross and her family.

This visit to Weybridge is a very memorable one to me, because there my own first intimacy with George Eliot began, and the bonds with my family were knitted very much closer. Mr and Mrs Bullock were staying with us; and my sister, who had some gift for music, had set one or two of the songs from 'The Spanish Gypsy.' She sang one of them—"On through the woods, the pillared pines,"—and it affected George Eliot deeply. She moved quickly to the piano, and kissed Mrs Bullock very warmly in her tears. Mr and Mrs Lewes were in deep trouble, owing to the illness of Thornton Lewes; we were also in much anxiety as to the approaching confinement of my sister with her first

child; and I was on the eve of departure for America. Sympathetic feelings were strong enough to overleap the barrier (often hard to pass) which separates acquaintanceship from friendship. A day did the work of years. Our visitors had come to the house as acquaintances, they left it as lifelong friends. And the sequel of that day greatly intensified the intimacy. For within a month my sister had died in child-birth, and her death called forth one of the most beautiful of George Eliot's letters. A month later Thornton Lewes died.

Sept. 1.—I meditated characters and conditions for 'Middle- Journal.
march,' which stands still in the beginning of chapter iii.

Sept. 2.—We spent the morning in Hatfield Park, arriving at home again at half-past three.

Sept. 10.—I have achieved little during the last week, except reading on medical subjects—Encyclopædia about the Medical Colleges, 'Cullen's Life,' Russell's 'Heroes of Medicine,' &c. I have also read Aristophanes's 'Ecclesiazusæ,' and "Macbeth."

Sept. 11.—I do not feel very confident that I can make anything satisfactory of 'Middlemarch.' I have need to remember that other things which have been accomplished by me were begun under the same cloud. G. has been reading 'Romola' again, and expresses profound admiration. This is encouraging.

Sept. 15.—George and I went to Sevenoaks for a couple of nights, and had some delicious walks.

Sept. 21.—Finished studying again Becker's 'Charikles.' I am reading Mandeville's Travels. Mrs Congreve and Miss Bury came; and I asked Mrs Congreve to get me some information about provincial hospitals, which is necessary to my imagining the conditions of my hero.

As to the Byron subject, nothing can outweigh to my mind Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 21st Sept.
the heavy social injury of familiarising young minds with the desecration of family ties. The discussion of the subject in newspapers, periodicals, and pamphlets is simply odious to me, and I think it a pestilence likely to leave very ugly marks. One trembles to think how easily that moral wealth may be lost which it has been the work of ages to produce in the refinement and differencing of the affectionate relations. As to the high-flown stuff which is being reproduced about Byron and his poetry, I am utterly out of sympathy with it. He seems to me the most *vulgar-minded* genius that ever produced a great effect in literature.

Sept. 22.—We went down to Watford for a change. Journal.

Journal.

Sept. 24.—Returned home this morning because of the unpromising weather. It is worth while to record my great depression of spirits, that I may remember one more resurrection from the pit of melancholy. And yet what love is given to me! What abundance of good I possess. All my circumstances are blessed, and the defect is only in my own organism. Courage and effort!

Oct. 5.—Ever since the 28th I have been good for little, ailing in body and disabled in mind. On Sunday an interesting Russian pair came to see us—M. and Mme. Kovilevsky: she, a pretty creature, with charming modest voice and speech, who is studying mathematics (by allowance through the aid of Kirchhoff) at Heidelberg; he, amiable and intelligent, studying the concrete sciences apparently—especially geology; and about to go to Vienna for six months for this purpose, leaving his wife at Heidelberg!

I have begun a long-meditated poem, "The Legend of Jubal," but have not written more than twenty or thirty verses.

Oct. 13.—Yesterday Mr W. G. Clark of Cambridge came to see us, and told of his intention to give up his oratorship and renounce his connection with the Church.

I have read rapidly through Max Müller's 'History of Sanskrit Literature,' and am now reading Lecky's 'History of Morals.' I have also finished Herbert Spencer's last number of his 'Psychology.' My head has been sadly feeble, and my whole body ailing of late. I have written about 100 verses of my poem. Poor Thornie seems to us in a state of growing weakness.

Oct. 19.—This evening at half-past six our dear Thornie died. He went quite peacefully. For three days he was not more than fitfully and imperfectly conscious of the things around him. He went to Natal on the 17th October 1863, and came back to us ill on the 8th May 1869. Through the six months of his illness, his frank impulsive mind disclosed no trace of evil feeling. He was a sweet-natured boy —still a boy, though he had lived for twenty-five years and a half. On the 9th of August he had an attack of paraplegia, and although he partially recovered from it, it made a marked change in him. After that he lost a great deal of his vivacity, but he suffered less pain. This death seems to me the beginning of our own.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th Dec.

The day after our dear boy's funeral we went into the quietest and most beautiful part of Surrey, four miles and a half from any railway station. I was very much shaken in

mind and body, and nothing but the deep calm of fields and woods would have had a beneficent effect on me. We both of us felt, more than ever before, the blessedness of being in the country, and we are come back much restored. It will interest you, I think, to know that a friend of ours, Mr W. G. Clark, the public orator at Cambridge, laid down his oratorship as a preparatory step to writing a letter to his bishop renouncing, or rather claiming to be free from, his clerical status, because he no longer believes what it presupposes him to believe. Two other men whom we know are about to renounce Cambridge fellowships on the same ground. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th Dec.

We shall be delighted to have you on Monday. I hope you will get your business done early enough to be by a good fire in our drawing-room before lunch. Mr Doyle is coming to dine with us, but you will not mind that. He is a dear man, a good Catholic, full of varied sympathies and picturesque knowledge. Mrs Congreve, 31st Dec.

I am moved to write to you rather by the inclination to remind you of me, than by the sense of having anything to say. On reading "The Positivist Problem"[1] a second time, I gained a stronger impression of its general value, and I also felt less jarred by the more personal part at the close. Mr Lewes would tell you that I have an unreasonable aversion to personal statements, and when I come to like them it is usually by a hard process of *con*-version. But my second reading gave me a new and very strong sense that the last two or three pages have the air of an appendix, added at some distance of time from the original writing of the article. Some more thoroughly explanatory account of your non-adhesion seems requisite as a nexus—since the statement of your non-adhesion had to be mentioned after an argument for the system against the outer Gentile world. However, it is more important for me to say that I felt the thorough justice of your words, when, in conversation with me, you said, "I don't see why there should be any mystification: having come to a resolution after much inward debate, it is better to state the resolution." Something like that you said, and I give a hearty "Amen," praying that I may not be too apt myself to prefer the haze to the clearness. But the fact is, I shrink from decided "deliverances" on momentous subjects from the dread of coming to swear by my own "deliverances," and sinking into an insistent echo of myself. That is a horrible destiny—and one can- Frederic Harrison, 15th Jan., 1870.

[1] An article by Mr Frederic Harrison in the 'Fortnightly Review' of November 1869.

not help seeing that many of the most powerful men fall into it.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 16th March.

Cara has told me about your republication of the 'Inquiry,' and I have a longing to write—not intrusively I hope—just to say "thank you" for the good it does me to know of your being engaged in that act of piety to your brother's memory. I delight in the act itself, and in the satisfaction which I know you have in performing it. When I remember my own obligation to the book, I must believe that among the many new readers a cheap edition will reach, there must be minds to whom it will bring welcome light in studying the New Testament,—sober, serious help toward a conception of the past, instead of stage-lights and make-ups. And this value is, I think, independent of the opinions that might be held as to the different degrees of success in the construction of probabilities or in particular interpretations. Throughout there is the presence of grave sincerity. I would gladly have a word or two directly from yourself when you can scribble a note without feeling me a bore for wanting it. People who write many letters without being forced to do so are fathomless wonders to me, but you have a special faculty for writing such letters as one cares to read, so it is a pity that the accomplishment should lie quite unused. I wonder if you have read Emerson's new essays. I like them very much.

Mrs Congreve, 3d April.

We shall leave Berlin on Tuesday, so that I must ask you to send me the much-desired news of you to Vienna, addressed to the Hon. Robert Lytton, British Embassy. We do not yet know the name of the hotel where rooms have been taken for us. Our journey has not been unfortunate hitherto. The weather has been cold and cheerless; but we expected this, and on the 1st of April the sun began to shine. As for my *Wenigkeit*, it has never known a day of real bodily comfort since we got to Berlin: headache, sore throat, and *Schnupfen* have been alternately my companions, and have made my enjoyment very languid. But think of this as all past when you get my letter; for this morning I have a clearer head, the sun is shining, and the better time seems to be come to me. Mr Lewes has had a good deal of satisfaction in his visits to laboratories and to the *Charité*, where he is just now gone for the third time to see more varieties of mad people, and hear more about Psychiatrie from Dr Westphal, a quiet, unpretending little man, who seems to have been delighted with George's sympathetic interest in this (to me) hideous branch of practice. I

speak with all reverence: the world can't do without hideous studies. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 3d April.

People have been very kind to us, and have overwhelmed us with attentions, but we have felt a little weary in the midst of our gratitude, and since my cold has become worse, we have been obliged to cut off further invitations.

We have seen many and various men and women, but except Mommsen, Bunsen, and Du Bois Reymond, hardly any whose names would be known to you. If I had been in good health, I should probably have continued to be more amused than tired of sitting on a sofa and having one person after another brought up to bow to me, and pay me the same compliment. Even as it was, I felt my heart go out to some good women who seemed really to have an affectionate feeling towards me for the sake of my books. But the sick animal longs for quiet and darkness.

The other night at Dr Westphal's I saw a young English lady marvellously like Emily in face, figure, and voice. I made advances to her on the strength of that external resemblance, and found it carried out in the quickness of her remarks. But new gentlemen to be introduced soon divided us. Another elegant, pretty woman there was old Boeckh's daughter. One enters on all subjects by turns in these evening parties, which are something like reading the 'Conversations-Lexicon' in a nightmare. Among lighter entertainments, we have been four times to the opera, being tempted at the very beginning of our stay by Gluck, Mozart, and an opportunity of hearing Tannhäuser for the second time. Also we have enjoyed some fine orchestral concerst, which are to be had for sixpence! Berlin has been growing very fast since our former stay here, and luxury in all forms has increased so much, that one only here and there gets a glimpse of the old-fashioned German housekeeping. But though later hours are becoming fashionable, the members of the Reichstag who have other business than politics complain of having to begin their sitting at eleven, ending, instead of beginning, at four, when the solid day is almost gone. We went to the Reichstag one morning, and were so fortunate as to hear Bismarck speak. But the question was one of currency, and his speech was merely a brief winding up.

Now I shall think that I have earned a letter telling me all about you. May there be nothing but good to tell of! Pray give my best love to Emily, and my earnest wishes to Dr Congreve, that he may have satisfaction in new work.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 18th May.

I gladly and gratefully keep the portrait.[1] For my own part, I should have said, without hesitation, "prefix it to the 'Inquiry.'" One must not be unreasonable about portraits. How can a thing which is always the same be an adequate representation of a living being who is always varying—especially of a living being who is sensitive, bright, many-sided, as your brother was? But I think the impression which this portrait gives excites interest. I am often sorry for people who lose half their possible good in the world by being more alive to deficiencies than to positive merits.

I like to know that you have felt in common with me while you read 'Jubal.' Curiously enough, Mr Lewes, when I first read it to him, made just the remark you make about the scene of Jubal coming with the Lyre. We laughed at Mr Bray's sharp criticism. Tell him it is not the fashion for authors ever to be in the wrong. They have always justifying reasons. But also it is the fashion for critics to know everything, so that the authors don't think it needful to tell their reasons.

Journal.

May 20.—I am fond of my little old book in which I have recorded so many changes, and shall take to writing in it again. It will perhaps last me all through the life that is left to me. Since I wrote in it last, the day after Thornie's death, the chief epochs have been our stay at Limpsfield, in Surrey, till near the beginning of December; my writing of 'Jubal,' which I finished on the 13th of January; the publication of the poem in the May number of 'Macmillan's Magazine'; and our journey to Berlin and Vienna, from which we returned on the 6th of this month, after an absence of eight weeks. This is a fortnight ago, and little has been done by me in the interim. My health is in an uncomfortable state, and I seem to be all the weaker for the continual depression produced by cold and sore throat, which stretched itself all through our long journey. These small bodily grievances make life less desirable to me, though every one of my best blessings—my one perfect love, and the sympathy shown towards me for the sake of my works, and the personal regard of a few friends—have become much intensified in these latter days. I am not hopeful about future work. I am languid, and my novel languishes too. But to-morrow may be better than to-day.

May 25.—We started for Oxford, where we were to stay with the Rector of Lincoln and his wife. After luncheon

[1] Portrait of Charles Hennell.

G. and I walked alone through the town, which, on this first view, was rather disappointing to me. Presently we turned through Christ Church into the meadows, and walked along by the river. This was beautiful to my heart's content. The buttercups and hawthorns were in their glory, the chestnuts still in sufficiently untarnished bloom, and the grand elms made a border towards the town. After tea we went with Mrs Pattison and the Rector to the croquet ground near the Museum. On our way we saw Sir Benjamin Brodie, and on the ground Professor Rawlinson, the "narrow-headed man"; Mrs Thursfield, and her son, who is a Fellow (I think of Jesus); Miss Arnold, daughter of Mr Thomas Arnold, and Professor Phillips, the geologist. At supper we had Mr Bywater and Miss Arnold, and in chat with them the evening was passed. Journal.

May 26.—G. and I went to the Museum, and had an interesting morning with Dr Rolleston, who dissected a brain for me. After lunch we went again to the Museum, and spent the afternoon with Sir Benjamin Brodie, seeing various objects in his laboratories, — amongst others, the method by which weighing has been superseded in delicate matters by *measuring* in a graduated glass tube. Afterwards Mrs Pattison took me a drive in her little pony carriage round by their country refuge, the Firs, Haddington, and by Littlemore, where I saw J. H. Newman's little conventual dwelling. Returning, we had a fine view of the Oxford towers. To supper came Sir Benjamin and Lady Brodie.

May 27.—In the morning we walked to see the two Martyrs' Memorial, and then to Sir Benjamin Brodie's pretty place near the river and bridge. Close by their grounds is the original ford whence the place took its name. The Miss Gaskells were staying with them, and after chatting some time, we two walked with Sir Benjamin to New College, where we saw the gardens surrounded by the old city wall; the chapel where William of Wykeham's crozier is kept; and the cloisters, which are fine but gloomy, and less beautiful than those of Magdalen, which we saw in our walk on Thursday before going to the Museum. After lunch we went to the Bodleian, and then to the Sheldonian Theatre, where there was a meeting *apropos* of Palestine Exploration. Captain Warren, conductor of the Exploration at Jerusalem, read a paper; and then Mr Deutsch gave an account of the interpretation, as hitherto arrived at, of the Moabite Stone. I saw squeezes of this stone for the first

Journal. time, with photographs taken from the squeezes. After tea, Mrs Thursfield kindly took us to see a boat race. We saw it from the Oriel barge, under the escort of Mr Creighton, Fellow of Merton, who, on our return, took us through the lovely gardens of his college. At supper were Mr Jowett, Professor Henry Smith, and Miss Smith, his sister, Mr Fowler, author of 'Deductive Logic,' &c.

May 28.—After a walk to St John's College, we started by the train for London, and arrived at home about two o'clock.

May 29.—Mr Spencer, Mrs Burne-Jones, and Mr Crompton came. I read aloud No. 3 of 'Edwin Drood.'

May 30.—We went to see the autotypes of Michael Angelo's frescoes at 36 Rathbone Place. I began Grove on the 'Correlation of the Physical Forces,'—needing to read it again—with new interest, after the lapse of years.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 13th June. Dr Reynolds advises Mr Lewes to leave London again, and go to the bracing air of the Yorkshire coast. I said that we should be here till the beginning of August, but the internal order proposes and the external order disposes —if we are to be so priggish as to alter all our old proverbs into agreement with new formulas! Dickens's death came as a great shock to us. He lunched with us just before we went abroad, and was telling us a story of President Lincoln having told the Council, on the day he was shot, that something remarkable would happen, because he had just dreamt, for the third time, a dream which twice before had preceded events momentous to the nation. The dream was that he was in a boat on a great river, all alone, and he ended with the words—"I drift—I drift—I drift." Dickens told this very finely. I thought him looking dreadfully shattered then. It is probable that he never recovered from the effect of the terrible railway accident.

Madame Bodichon, 23d June, from Cromer. We have been driven away from home again by the state of Mr Lewes's health. Dr Reynolds recommended the Yorkshire coast; but we wanted to know Cromer, and so we came here first, for the sake of variety. To me the most desirable thing just now seems to be to have one home, and stay there till death comes to take me away. I get more and more disinclined to the perpetual makeshifts of a migratory life, and care more and more for the order and habitual objects of home. However, there are many in the world whose whole existence is a makeshift, and perhaps the formula which would fit the largest number of lives is "a doing without, more or less patiently."

The air just now is not very invigorating anywhere, I imagine, and one begins to be very anxious about the nation generally, on account of the threatening drought.

Letter to Mrs Robert Lytton[1] (now Lady Lytton), 8th July, from Harrogate.

I did not like to write to you until Mr Lytton sent word that I might do so, because I had not the intimate knowledge that would have enabled me to measure your trouble; and one dreads of all things to speak or write a wrong or unseasonable word when words are the only signs of interest and sympathy that one has to give. I know now, from what your dear husband has told us, that your loss is very keenly felt by you,—that it has first made you acquainted with acute grief, and this makes me think of you very much. For learning to love any one is like an increase of property,—it increases care, and brings many new fears lest precious things should come to harm. I find myself often thinking of you with that sort of proprietor's anxiety, wanting you to have gentle weather all through your life, so that your face may never look worn and storm-beaten, and wanting your husband to be and do the very best, lest anything short of that should be disappointment to you. At present the thought of you is all the more with me, because your trouble has been brought by death; and for nearly a year death seems to me my most intimate daily companion. I mingle the thought of it with every other, not sadly, but as one mingles the thought of some one who is nearest in love and duty with all one's motives. I try to delight in the sunshine that will be when I shall never see it any more. And I think it is possible for this sort of impersonal life to attain great intensity, —possible for us to gain much more independence, than is usually believed, of the small bundle of facts that make our own personality. I don't know why I should say this to you, except that my pen is chatting as my tongue would if you were here. We women are always in danger of living too exclusively in the affections; and though our affections are perhaps the best gifts we have, we ought also to have our share of the more independent life—some joy in things for their own sake. It is piteous to see the helplessness of some sweet women when their affections are disappointed—because all their teaching has been, that they can only delight in study of any kind for the sake of a personal love. They have never contemplated an independent delight in ideas as an experience which they could confess without being laughed at. Yet surely women need

[1] Written after the death of Lord Clarendon, who, Lady Lytton tells me, had been like a father to her.

Letter to Mrs Robert Lytton, 8th July.

this sort of defence against passionate affliction even more than men. Just under the pressure of grief, I do not believe there is any consolation. The word seems to me to be drapery for falsities. Sorrow must be sorrow, ill must be ill, till duty and love towards all who remain recover their rightful predominance. Your life is so full of those claims, that you will not have time for brooding over the unchangeable. Do not spend any of your valuable time now in writing to me, but be satisfied with sending me news of you through Mr Lytton when he has occasion to write to Mr Lewes.

I have lately finished reading aloud Mendelssohn's 'Letters,' which we had often resolved and failed to read before. They have been quite cheering to us, from the sense they give of communion with an eminently pure, refined nature, with the most rigorous conscience in art. In the evening we have always a concert to listen to—a concert of modest pretensions, but well conducted enough to be agreeable.

I hope this letter of chit-chat will not reach you at a wrong moment. In any case, forgive all mistakes on the part of one who is always yours sincerely and affectionately.

Journal

Aug. 4.—Two months have been spent since the last record! Their result is not rich, for we have been sent wandering again by G.'s want of health. On the 15th June we went to Cromer, on the 30th to Harrogate, and on the 18th July to Whitby, where Mrs Burne-Jones also arrived on the same day. On Monday, August 1, we came home again for a week only, having arranged to go to Limpsfield next Monday. To-day, under much depression, I begin a little dramatic poem,[1] the subject of which engaged my interest at Harrogate.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 12th Aug., from Limpsfield.

We too, you see, have come back to a well-tried refuge—the same place that soothed us in our troubles last October—and we especially delight in this deep country after the fuss which belongs even to quiet watering-places, such as Cromer, Harrogate, and Whitby, which are, after all, "alleys where the gentle folks live." We are excited, even among the still woods and fields, by the vicissitudes of the war, and chiefly concerned because we cannot succeed in getting the day's 'Times.' We have entered into the period which will be marked in future historical charts as "The period of German ascendancy." But how saddening to think of the iniquities that the great harvest moon is looking down on! I am less grieved for the bloodshed

[1] 'Armgart.'

than for the hateful trust in lies which is continually disclosed. Meanwhile Jowett's 'Translation of Plato' is being prepared for publication, and he has kindly sent us the sheets of one volume. So I pass from discussions of French lying and the Nemesis that awaits it, to discussions about rhetorical lying at Athens in the fourth century before Christ. The translations and introductions to the Dialogues seem to be charmingly done. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 12th Aug., from Limpsfield.

We shall return to town on Monday, various small reasons concurring to make us resolve on quitting this earthly paradise. I am very sorry for the sufferings of the French nation; but I think these sufferings are better for the moral welfare of the people than victory would have been. The war has been drawn down on them by an iniquitous Government; but in a great proportion of the French people there has been nourished a wicked glorification of selfish pride, which, like all other conceit, is a sort of stupidity, excluding any true conception of what lies outside their own vain wishes. The Germans, it seems, were expected to stand like toy-soldiers for the French to knock them down. It is quite true that the war is in some respects the conflict of two differing forms of civilisation. But whatever charm we may see in the Southern Latin races, this ought not to blind us to the great contributions which the German energies have made in all sorts of ways to the common treasure of mankind. And who that has any spirit of justice can help sympathising with them in their grand repulse of the French project to invade and divide them? If I were a Frenchwoman, much as I might wail over French sufferings, I cannot help believing that I should detest the French talk about the "Prussians." They wanted to throttle the electric eel for their own purposes. Madame Bodichon, 25th Aug.

But I imagine that you and the doctor would not find us in much disagreement with you in these matters. One thing that is pleasant to think of is the effort made everywhere to help the wounded.

Oct. 27.—On Monday the 8th August we went to our favourite Surrey retreat—Limpsfield,—and enjoyed three weeks there reading and walking together. The weather was perfect, and the place seemed more lovely to us than before. Aloud I read the concluding part of Walter Scott's life, which we had begun at Harrogate; two volumes of Froude's 'History of England,' and Comte's 'Correspondence with Valat.' We returned on Monday the 29th. Journal.

During our stay at Limpsfield I wrote the greater part of

Journal.

'Armgart,' and finished it at intervals during September. Since then I have been continually suffering from headache and depression, with almost total despair of future work. I look into this little book now to assure myself that this is not unprecedented.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 18th Nov., from The Priory.

Yesterday, for the first time, we went to hear A. (a popular preacher). I remembered what you had said about his vulgar, false emphasis; but there remained the fact of his celebrity. I was glad of the opportunity. But my impressions fell below the lowest judgment I ever heard passed upon him. He has the gift of a fine voice, very flexible and various; he is admirably fluent and clear in his language, and every now and then his enunciation is effective. But I never heard any pulpit reading and speaking which, in its level tone, was more utterly common and empty of guiding intelligence or emotion: it was as if the words had been learned by heart and uttered without comprehension by a man who had no instinct of rhythm or music in his soul. And the doctrine! It was a libel on Calvinism that it should be presented in such a form. I never heard any attempt to exhibit the soul's experience that was more destitute of insight. The sermon was against Fear, in the elect Christian, as being a distrust of God; but never once did he touch the true ground of fear—the doubt whether the signs of God's choice are present in the soul. We had plenty of anecdotes, but they were all poor and pointless—Tract Society anecdotes of the feeblest kind. It was the most superficial grocer's-back-parlour view of Calvinistic Christianity; and I was shocked to find how low the mental pitch of our society must be, judged by the standard of this man's celebrity.

Mr Lewes was struck with some of his tones as good actor's tones, and was not so wroth as I was. But just now, with all Europe stirred by events that make every conscience tremble after some great principle as a consolation and guide, it was too exasperating to sit and listen to doctrine that seemed to look no farther than the retail Christian's tea and muffins. He said, "Let us approach the throne of God," very much as he might have invited you to take a chair; and then followed this fine touch—"We feel no love to God because He hears the prayers of others: it is because He hears *my* prayer that I love Him."

You see I am relieving myself by pouring out my disgust to you. Oh, how short life—how near death—seems to me! But this is not an uncheerful thought. The only great dread is the protraction of life into imbecility or the visitation of

lingering pain. That seems to me the insurmountable calamity, though there is an ignorant affectation in many people of underrating what they call bodily suffering. I systematically abstain from correspondence, yet the number of acquaintances and consequent little appeals so constantly increases, that I often find myself inwardly rebelling against the amount of note-writing that I cannot avoid. Have the great events of these months interfered with your freedom of spirit in writing? One has to dwell continually on the permanent, growing influence of ideas in spite of temporary reactions, however violent, in order to get courage and perseverance for any work which lies aloof from the immediate wants of society. You remember Goethe's contempt for the Revolution of '30 compared with the researches on the Vertebrate Structure of the Skull? "My good friend, I was not thinking of those people." But the changes we are seeing cannot be doffed aside in that way.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 18th Nov., from The Priory.

Lying awake early in the morning, according to a bad practice of mine, I was visited with much compunction and self-disgust that I had ever said a word to you about the faults of a friend whose good qualities are made the more sacred by the endurance his lot has in many ways demanded. I think you may fairly set down a full half of any alleged grievances to my own susceptibility, and other faults of mine which necessarily call forth less agreeable manifestations from others than as many virtues would do, if I had them. I trust to your good sense to have judged well in spite of my errors in the presentation of any matter. But I wish to protest against myself, that I may, as much as possible, cut off the temptation to what I should like utterly to purify myself from for the few remaining years of my life —the disposition to dwell for a moment on the faults of a friend.

Madame Bodichon, Nov.

Tell the flower and fern giver, whoever it may be, that some strength comes to me this morning from the pretty proof of sympathy.

I have it on my conscience that I may not have given you a clear impression of my wishes about the poor pensioner who was in question between us to-day, so I write at once to secure us both against a possible misunderstanding. I would rather not apply any more money in that direction, because I know of other channels—especially a plan which is being energetically carried out for helping a considerable group of people without almsgiving, and solely by inducing them to

Mrs Congreve, 2d Dec.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 2d Dec.

work,—into which I shall be glad to pour a little more aid.[1] The repugnance to have relief from the parish was a feeling which it was good to encourage in the old days of contra-encouragement to sturdy pauperism; but I question whether one ought now to indulge it, and not rather point out the reasons why, in a case of real helplessness, there is no indignity in receiving from a public fund.

After you had left me, it rang in my ears that I had spoken of my greater cheerfulness as due to a reduced anxiety about myself and my doings, and had not seemed to recognise that the deficit or evil in other lives could be a cause of depression. I was not really so ludicrously selfish while dressing myself up in the costume of unselfishness. But my strong egoism has caused me so much melancholy, which is traceable simply to a fastidious yet hungry ambition, that I am relieved by the comparative quietude of personal cravings which age is bringing. That is the utmost I have to boast of, and really to be cheerful in these times could only be a virtue in the sense in which it was felt to be so by the old Romans, when they thanked their general for not despairing of the Republic.

I have been reading aloud to Mr Lewes this evening Mr Harrison's article on Bismarckism, which made me cry—it is in some passages movingly eloquent.

Journal.

Dec. 2.—I am experimenting in a story ('Miss Brooke') which I began without any very serious intention of carrying it out lengthily. It is a subject which has been recorded among my possible themes ever since I began to write fiction, but will probably take new shapes in the development. I am to-day at p. 44. I am reading Wolf's 'Prolegomena to Homer.' In the evening aloud 'Wilhelm Meister' again!

Dec. 10.—George's mother died this morning quite peacefully as she sat in her chair.

Dec. 17.—Reading 'Quintus Fixlein' aloud to G. in the evening. Grote on Sicilian history.

Dec. 31.—On Wednesday the 21st we went to Ryde to see Madame Bodichon at Swanmore Parsonage, a house which she had taken for two months. We had a pleasant and healthy visit, walking much in the frosty air. On Christmas Day I went with her to the Ritualist Church which is attached to the parsonage, and heard some excellent intoning by the delicate-faced, tenor-voiced clergyman. On Wednes-

[1] Walmer Street Industrial Experiment, tried by Canon Fremantle under Miss Octavia Hill's supervision.

day last, the 28th, Barbara came up to town with us. We found the cold here more severe than at Ryde; and the papers tell us of still harder weather about Paris, where our fellow-men are suffering and inflicting horrors. Journal.

Here is the last day of 1870. I have written only 100 pages—good printed pages—of a story which I began about the opening of November, and at present mean to call 'Miss Brooke.' Poetry halts just now.

We spent our Christmas in the Isle of Wight, and on Christmas Day I went to a Ritualist Church, and heard some fine intoning of the service by a clear, strong, tenor voice, sweet singing from boys' throats, and all sorts of Catholic ceremonial in a miniature way. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 2d Jan. 1871.

It is good to see what our neighbours are doing. To live in seclusion with one's own thoughts is apt to give one very false notions as to the possibilities of the present time in the matter of conversion either to superstition or anti-superstition.

In this cruel time, I no sooner hear of an affliction than I see it multiplied in some one of the endless forms of suffering created by this hellish war. In the beginning I could feel entirely with the Germans, and could say of that calamity called "victory"—I am glad. But now I can be glad of nothing. No people can carry on a long fierce war without being brutalised by it, more or less, and it pains me that the educated voices have not a higher moral tone about national and international duties and prospects. But, like every one else, I feel that the war is too much with me, and am rather anxious to avoid unwise speech about it than to utter what may seem to me to be wisdom. The pain is, that one can *do* so little.

I have not read 'Sir Harry Hotspur,' but as to your general question, I reply that there certainly are some women who love in that way, but "their sex as well as I may chide them for it." Men are very fond of glorifying that sort of dog-like attachment. It is one thing to love because you falsely imagine goodness,—that belongs to the finest natures,—and another to go on loving when you have found out your mistake. But married constancy is a different affair. I have seen a grandly heroic woman who, out of her view as to the responsibilities of the married relation, condoned everything, took her drunken husband to her home again, and at last nursed and watched him into penitence and decency. But there may be two opinions even about this sort of endurance—*i.e.*, about its ultimate ten-

dency, not about the beauty of nature which prompts it. This is quite distinct from mere animal constancy. It is duty and human pity.

Letter to Colonel Hamley (now General Sir Edward Hamley), 24th Jan.

I write to say God bless you for your letter to the 'Times' of this morning. It contains the best expression of right principle—I was almost ready to say, the only good sensible words—that I have yet seen on the actual state of things between the Germans and the French.

You will not pause, I trust, but go on doing what can be done only by one who is at once a soldier, a writer, and a clear-headed man of principle.

M. D'Albert, 27th Jan.

I had a great longing to hear from you, and I confess I had almost suspected you of having ceased to think of me.

That was an unworthy suspicion, for since I had not ceased to think of you, I had the best reason for trusting in your faithful kindness as greater than my own. It is unspeakably sweet to me to have some intimation of what you and dear Madame D'Albert have been feeling and doing in these late months. Seventy-one! I imagine how beautifully venerable she must look now. Is it not nearly ten years since I saw her, with her fine figure as firm and upright as ever? I bless her from my heart. She is one of the sweet memories of my life. This war has been a personal sorrow to every human creature with any sympathy, who has been within reach of hearing about it, still more to those who have gone out to see and help the sufferers. Several of our friends have been among these latter. But even we who have stayed at home have seen as well as heard the effects of the great calamity, for the French who are among us are many of them half or wholly ruined. Last Sunday we had the eminent *paysagiste* D'Aubigny to see us, —a grave, amiable, simple-mannered man. His house on the Loire, full of his own painting and all family memories, has been completely destroyed. He is now lodging with his parents in small lodgings at Kensington. This is but a mild sample of the myriad sorrows produced by the regression of barbarism from that historical tomb where we thought it so picturesquely buried—if indeed we ought not to beg pardon of barbarism, which had no weapons for making eight wounds at once in our body, and rather call the present warfare that of the devil and all his legions. Enough! I like better to think how Madame D'Albert would exert herself in all helpfulness as long as she had strength to do it.

March 19 (Sunday).—It is grievous to me how little, from one cause or other, chiefly languor and occasionally positive ailments, I manage to get done. I have written about 236 pages (print) of my novel, which I want to get off my hands by next November. My present fear is that I have too much matter—too many *momenti*. Journal.

I happened to-day to be talking to a very sweet-faced woman (the sister of Dr Bridges, whom I think you know something of), and she mentioned, *apropos* of educating children in the love of animals, that she had felt the want of some good little book as a help in this matter. I told her of yours, and when I said that it was written by Mrs Bray, the author of 'Physiology for Schools,' she said, "Oh, I know that book well." I have made her a present of my copy of 'Duty to Animals,' feeling that this was a good quarter in which to plant that offset. For she had been telling me of her practical interest in the infant and other schools in Suffolk, where she lives. We have had a great pleasure to-day in learning that our friend Miss Bury is engaged to be married to Mr Geddes, a Scotch gentleman. There is a streak of sadness for her family in the fact that she is to go to India with her husband next November, but all else is bright in her prospect. It is very sweet to see, and think of, the happiness of the young. I am scribbling with an infirm head, at the end of the day, just for the sake of letting you know one proof, in addition doubtless to many others which you have already had, that your pretty little book is likely to supply a want. Letter to Mrs Bray, 3d April.

We are very much obliged to you for your kind methodical thoughtfulness as to all which is necessary for our accommodation at Brookbank, and also for your hints about the points of beauty to be sought for in our walks. That "sense of standing on a round world," which you speak of, is precisely what I most care for amongst out-of-door delights. The last time I had it fully was at St Märgen, near Freiburg, on green hill-tops, whence we could see the Rhine and poor France. Mrs Gilchrist, 19th April.

The garden has been, and is being, attended to, and I trust that we shall not find the commissariat unendurable.

It seems like a resurrection of a buried-alive friendship once more to have a letter from you. Welcome back from your absorption in the Franchise! Somebody else ought to have your share of work now, and you ought to rest. Mrs Peter Taylor, 6th June, from Shottermill.

Ever since the 1st of May we have been living in this queer cottage, which belongs to Mrs Gilchrist, wife of the

Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 6th June.

Gilchrist who wrote the life of William Blake the artist. We have a ravishing country round us, and pure air and water—in short, all the conditions of health, if the east wind were away. We have old prints for our dumb companions —charming children of Sir Joshua's, and large-hatted ladies of his and Romney's. I read aloud—almost all the evening —books of German science, and other gravities. So you see we are like two secluded owls, wise with unfashionable wisdom, and knowing nothing of pictures and French plays. I confess that I should have gone often to see Got act, if I had been in town; he is so really great as an actor. And yet one is ashamed of seeking amusement in connection with anything that belongs to poor unhappy France. I am saved from the shame by being safely shut out from the amusement.

Madame Bodichon, 17th June.

How about Madame Mohl and her husband? I have been wondering through all the horrors whether M. Mohl had returned to Paris, and whether their house, containing, too probably, the results of much studious work, lies buried among ruins. But I will not further recall the sorrows in that direction.

I am glad to see the words, "very satisfactory," in connection with the visit to Hitchin and Cambridge. Ely Cathedral I saw last year, but too cursorily. It has more of the massive grandeur than one adores in Le Mans and Chartres than most of our English cathedrals—though I am ready to recall the comparison as preposterous.

I don't know how long we shall stay here—perhaps, more or less, till the end of August; for I have given up the idea of going to the Scott Festival at Edinburgh, to which I had accepted an invitation. The fatigue of the long journey, with the crowd at the end, would be too much for me.

Let us know beforehand when you are about coming.

George is gloriously well and studying, writing, walking, eating, and sleeping with equal vigour. He is enjoying the life here immensely. Our country could hardly be surpassed in its particular kind of beauty — perpetual undulation of heath and copse, and clear views of hurrying water, with here and there a grand pine wood, steep wood-clothed promontories, and gleaming pools.

If you want delightful reading, get Lowell's 'My Study Windows,' and read the essays called "My Garden Acquaintances" and "Winter."

Get the volumes of a very cheap publication—the 'Deutscher Novellenschatz.' Some of the tales are remarkably

fine. I am reading aloud the last three volumes, which are even better than the others. I have just been so deeply interested in one of the stories—"Diethelm von Buchenberg"—that I want everybody to have the same pleasure who can read German. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 17th June.

We are greatly obliged to you for the trouble you have so sympathetically taken on our behalf, and we shall prepare to quit our quiet shelter on Wednesday the 2d of August. During the first weeks of our stay I did not imagine that I should ever be so fond of the place as I am now. The departure of the bitter winds, some improvement in my health, and the gradual revelation of fresh and fresh beauties in the scenery, especially under a hopeful sky such as we have sometimes had—all these conditions have made me love our little world here, and wish not to quit it until we can settle in our London home. I have the regret of thinking that it was my original indifference about it (I hardly ever like things until they are familiar) that hindered us from securing the cottage until the end of September, for the chance of coming to it again after a temporary absence. But all regrets ought to be merged in thankfulness for the agreeable weeks we have had, and probably shall have till the end of July. And amongst the virtues of Brookbank, we shall always reckon this—that our correspondence about it has been with you rather than with any one else, so that along with the country we have had a glimpse of your ready, quick-thoughted kindness. Mrs Gilchrist, 3d July.

One word to you in response to Emily's note, which comes to me this morning, and lets me know that by this time she is probably in the last hours of her unmarried life. My thoughts and love and tender anxiety are with her and with all of you. When you receive this she will, I suppose, be far away, and it is of little consequence that I can make no new sign to her of my joy in her joy. Mrs Congreve, 13th July.

For the next few weeks my anxiety will be concentrated on you and yours at Yarmouth. Pray, when your mind and body are sufficiently free from absorbing occupation, remember my need of news about you, and write to me. The other day I seemed to get a glimpse of you through Mrs Call, who told me that you looked like a new creature —so much stronger than you were wont: and she told me of Dr Congreve's address at the school, which raised my keenest sympathy, and made me feel myself a very helpless friend.

Please give my love to the children, and tell Sophy

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 13th July.

especially that I think her happy in this—that there is a place made for all the effort of her young life to fill it with something like the goodness and brightness which she has known and has just now to part with. I expect her to be your guardian angel, perhaps in a new way—namely, in saving you from some fatigue about details.

John Blackwood, 15th July.

I still feel that I owe you my thanks for your kind letter, although Mr Lewes undertook to deliver them in the first instance. You certainly made a seat at the Commemoration Table[1] look more tempting to me than it had done before; but I think that prudence advises me to abstain from the fatigue and excitement of a long railway journey, with a great gathering at the end of it. If there is a chance that 'Middlemarch' will be good for anything, I don't want to break down and die without finishing it. And whatever "the tow on my distaff" may be, my strength to unwind it has not been abundant lately.

Apropos of bodily prosperity, I am sincerely rejoiced to know, by your postscript this morning, that Mr Simpson is recovered. I hope he will not object to my considering him a good friend of mine, though it is so long since I saw him. The blank that is left when thorough workers like him are disabled is felt not only near at hand, but a great way off. I often say—after the fashion of people who are getting older—that the capacity for good work, of the kind that goes on without trumpets, is diminishing in the world.

The continuous absence of sunshine is depressing in every way, and makes one fear for the harvest, and so grave a fear that one is ashamed of mentioning one's private dreariness. You cannot play golf in the rain, and I cannot feel hopeful without the sunlight; but I daresay you work all the more, whereas when my spirits flag my work flags too.

I should have liked to see Principal Tulloch again, and to have made the acquaintance of Captain Lockhart, whose writing is so jaunty and cheery, yet so thoroughly refined in feeling. Perhaps I may still have this pleasure in town, when he comes up at the same time with you. Please give my kind regards to Mr William Blackwood.

24th July.

Thanks for the prompt return of the MS., which arrived this morning.

I don't see how I can leave anything out, because I hope there is nothing that will be seen to be irrelevant to my design, which is to show the gradual action of ordinary causes rather than exceptional, and to show this in some directions

[1] Scott Commemoration.

which have not been from time immemorial the beaten path —the Cremorne walks and shows of fiction. But the best intentions are good for nothing until execution has justified them. And you know I am always compassed about with fears. I am in danger in all my designs of parodying dear Goldsmith's satire on Burke, and think of refining when novel readers only think of skipping. Letter to John Blackwood, 24th July.

We are obliged to turn out of this queer cottage next week; but we have been fortunate enough to get the more comfortable house on the other side of the road, so that we can move without any trouble. Thus our address will continue to be the same until the end of August.

Tennyson, who is one of the "hill-folk" about here, has found us out.

This morning your husband's letter came to us, but if I did not know that it would be nearly a week before any words of mine could reach you, I should abstain from writing just yet, feeling that in the first days of sorrowing it is better to keep silence. For a long while after a great bereavement our only companionship is with the lost one. Yet I hope it will not be without good to you to have signs of love from your friends, and to be reminded that you have a home in their affections, which is made larger for you by your trouble. For weeks my thought has been continually going out to you, and the absence of news has made me so fearful that I have mourned beforehand. I have been feeling that probably you were undergoing the bitterest grief you had ever known. But under the heart-stroke, is there anything better than to grieve?—Strength will come back for the duty and the fellowship which gradually bring new contentments, but at first there is no joy to be desired that would displace sorrow. Mrs Robert Lytton[1] (now Lady Lytton), 25th July.

What is better than to love and live with the loved?—But that must sometimes bring us to live with the dead; and this too turns at last into a very tranquil and sweet tie, safe from change and injury.

You see, I make myself a warrant out of my regard for you, to write as if we had long been near each other. And I cannot help wishing that we were physically nearer—that you were not on the other side of Europe. We shall trust in Mr Lytton's kindness to let us hear of you by-and-by. But you must never write except to satisfy your own longing. May all true help surround you, dear Mrs Lytton, and

[1] Written just before the death of Mrs Lytton's eldest boy.

whenever you can think of me, believe in me as yours with sincere affection.

Letter to Miss Mary Cross, 31st July.

I read your touching story [1] aloud yesterday to Mr Lewes, and we both cried over it. Your brother wrote to me that you had doubts about giving your name. My faith is, that signature is right in the absence of weighty special reasons against it.

We think of you all very often, and feel ourselves much the richer for having a whole dear family to reckon among our friends. We are to stay here till the end of the month. When the trees are yellow, I hope you will be coming to see us in St John's Wood. How little like the woods we have around us! I suppose Weybridge is more agreeable than other places at present, if it has any of its extra warmth in this arctic season.

Our best love, to your dear mother supremely, and then to all.

Mrs Peter Taylor, 2d Aug.

I always say that those people are the happiest who have a peremptory reason for staying in one place rather than another. Else I should be sorry for you that you are kept in London—by Parliamentary business, of course.

There is sunshine over our fields now, but the thermometer is only 64° in the house; and in the warmest part of the day I, having a talent for being cold, sit shivering, sometimes even with a warm water-bottle at my feet. I wonder if you went to the French plays to see the supreme Got. That is a refined pleasure which I enjoyed so much in Paris a few years ago, that I was sorry to be out of reach of it this spring.

About the Crystal Palace music, I remember feeling just what you mention—the sublime effect of the Handel choruses, and the total futility of the solos.

Mrs Bray, 3d Aug.

Thanks for your little picture of things. Eminently acceptable in place of vague conjectures. I am a bitter enemy to make-believe about the human lot, but I think there is a true alleviation of distress in thinking of the intense enjoyment which accompanies a spontaneous, confident, intellectual activity. This may not be a counterpoise to the existing evils, but it is at least a share of mortal good, and good of an exquisite kind.

Are you not happy in the long-wished-for sunshine? I have a pretty lawn before me, with hills in the background. The train rushes by every now and then to make one more glad of the usual silence.

[1] "Marie of Villefranche"—'Macmillan's Magazine,' August 1871.

A good man writes to me from Scotland this morning, asking me if he is not right in pronouncing Romŏla, in defiance of the world around him (not a large world, I hope) who *will* say Romōla. Such is correspondence in these days; so that quantity is magnificent *en gros* but shabby *en détail*—*i.e.*, in single letters like this. Letter to Mrs Bray, 3d Aug.

You have been rightly inspired in pronouncing Romŏla, and in conceiving Romŏlo as the Italian equivalent of Romulus. I can assure you that the Italians say Romŏlo, and consequently Romŏla. The music of the name is quite lost in the painful quantity Romōla. So pray go on defying an evil custom—if custom it be. Alex. Main,[1] 3d Aug.

I am touched by the sympathy you express with a book ('Romola') which was an intense occupation of my feeling as well as thought for three years before it was completed in print.

The general ignorance of old Florentine literature, and the false conceptions of Italy bred by idle travelling (with the sort of culture which combines Shakspeare and the musical glasses), have caused many parts of 'Romola' to be entirely misunderstood—the scene of the quack doctor and the monkey, for example, which is a specimen, not of humour as I relish it, but of the practical joking which was the amusement of the gravest old Florentines, and without which no conception of them would be historical. The whole piquancy of the scene in question was intended to lie in the antithesis between the puerility which stood for wit and humour in the old Republic, and the majesty of its front in graver matters.

I suppose that our beloved Walter Scott's imagination was under the influence of a like historical need when he represented the chase of the false herald in 'Quentin Durward' as a joke which made Louis XI. and Charles of Burgundy laugh even to tears, and turned their new political amity into a genuine fellowship of buffoonery.

I like to tell you that my worship for Scott is peculiar. I began to read him when I was seven years old; and afterwards, when I was grown up, and living alone with my father, I was able to make the evenings cheerful for him during the last five or six years of his life by reading aloud to him Scott's novels. No other writer would serve as a substitute for Scott, and my life at that time would have been much more difficult without him. It is a personal 9th Aug.

[1] The collector of the 'Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings, in Prose and Verse: Selected from the Works of George Eliot.'

grief, a heart-wound to me, when I hear a depreciatory or slighting word about Scott.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 14th Aug.

We shall stay here only till the end of this month—at least, I have no hope that our *propriétaires* will be induced to protract their absence; and if the lingering smell of paint does not drive us away from The Priory again, we expect to stay there from the first of September, without projects of travel for many, many months.

We enjoy our roomy house and pretty lawn greatly. Imagine me seated near a window, opening under a verandah, with flower-beds and lawn and pretty hills in sight, my feet on a warm water-bottle, and my writing on my knees. In that attitude my mornings are passed. We dine at two; and at four, when the tea comes in, I begin to read aloud. About six or half-past we walk on to the commons and see the great sky over our head. At eight we are usually in the house again, and fill our evening with physics, chemistry, or other wisdom if our heads are at par; if not, we take to folly, in the shape of Alfred de Musset's poems, or something akin to them.

Alex. Main, 11th Sept.

Perhaps you do not imagine me as a writer who suffers much from self-distrust and despondency. If I had not had a husband who is not only sympathetic, but so sagacious in criticism that I can rely on his pleasure in my writing as a satisfactory test, it would be difficult for me to bring myself into print, especially as I have the conviction that excessive literary production is a social offence.

These facts will help you to believe that your letters have been a cup of strength to me.

M. D'Albert, 13th Sept.

Your letters are always delightful to me, because I imagine you speaking while I read them: you have that power of easy description and narration in your letters and your talk which is exceedingly rare among us English. We are for the most part hesitating, clumsy talkers, and our letters are either curt or laboured.

You must know that I am very busy now, preparing a long, long book; but when I have finished it, one of my first plans will be to visit Geneva. My husband is equally inclined to make that our next journey—in the first place, because he is always inclined to do what I wish; and in the next, because he will enjoy seeing not only you and Madame D'Albert, but certain scientific men of whom you can boast, as the fine writers say, though I fancy you have never used that privilege of boasting.

I suppose I shall not be at liberty to get so far away from

home until next year — probably in July, if I live so long. Letter to M. D'Albert, 13th Sept.

Your mention of Madame Chancel quite startled me, for I had believed that she was dead. It was very prettily done of the German Empress to visit her old governess *incognita*. I have heard from those who know the Empress that she is a thoughtful and sympathetic woman, much subdued by experience. But you, of course, have heard abundant details about her from Madame Chancel. How one pities these royal people, who are necessarily human monstrosities, having little experience in common with the multitude of their fellow-men—except in their diseases. I suppose a royal toothache is much like a bourgeois toothache. But the royal point of view about everything else, even the stars, changes the very quality of knowledge. The German princes, in some instances, have a better chance of being tolerably common human beings than any other royalties.

Pray pardon me for writing a hasty letter. I have been ill since we came back, and my strength will not permit me to write anything but my necessary, or rather my voluntary, author's work in the mornings. Even that I can only do irregularly, so I scribble my letters at night before going to bed.

Yesterday we returned from Weybridge, where, for a few days, I have been petted by kind friends (delightful Scotch people), and have had delicious drives in the pure autumn air. That must be my farewell to invalidism and holiday making. I am really better—not robust or fat, but perhaps as well as I am likely to be till death mends me. John Blackwood, 29th Oct.

Your account of Mr Main sets my mind at ease about him; for in this case I would rather have your judgment than any opportunity of forming my own. The one thing that gave me confidence was his power of putting his finger on the right passages, and giving emphasis to the right idea (in relation to the author's feeling and purpose). Apart from that, enthusiasm would have been of little value.

One feels rather ashamed of authoresses this week, after the correspondence in the 'Times.' One hardly knows which letter is in the worst taste. However, if we are to begin with marvelling at the little wisdom with which the world is governed, we can hardly expect that much wisdom will go to the making of novels.

I should think it quite a compliment if the General got through "Miss Brooke." Mr Lewes amused himself with

Letter to John Blackwood, 29th Oct.

the immeasurable contempt that Mr Casaubon would be the object of in the General's mind.

I hardly dare hope that the second part will take quite so well as the first, the effects being more subtle and dispersed; but Mr Lewes seems to like the third part better than anything that has gone before it. But can anything be more uncertain than the reception of a book by the public? I am glad to see that the 'Coming Race' has got into a fourth edition. Let us hope that the Koom Posh may be at least mitigated by the sale of a good book or two.

As for me, I get more and more unable to be anything more than a feeble sceptic about all publishing plans, and am thankful to have so many good heads at work for me. *Allah illah allah!*

Alex. Main, 9th Nov.

I will not longer await the packet of extracts which Mr Lewes is expecting from you, before I thank you for all the feeling and intelligence you have given to that best part of me which has long ago taken paper wings, and left me rather a shrunken residue. I have too long made no sign to you of the gratitude I feel towards a mind whose emotions and judgments have given me the encouraging response which I find both in your letters and in your selection of passages. Over the latter I have not done more than run my eyes hastily, but I believe that when your book appears I shall be almost like one of the public in making acquaintance with it. For I have read my own books hardly at all after once giving them forth—dreading to find them other than I wish. And now I am haunted by the fear that I am only saying again what I have already said in better fashion. For we all of us have our little store—our two or three beliefs which are the outcome of our character and experience; and there is equal danger of our harping on these too long, and of our taking up other strains which are not at all our beliefs, but mere borrowing and echo. From both of these dangers, Good Sense, deliver us!—that Good Sense which includes good conscience and a high estimate of the author's function. Every one who contributes to the "too much" of literature is doing grave social injury. And that thought naturally makes one anxious.

I was very glad to find that you are young and have a long future in prospect. The value you attach to anything I may have said becomes all the more promising of result that may tell on other lives. You speak of having had trouble, but—

"He who hath never warr'd with misery,
Nor ever tugg'd with danger and distress,
Hath had n' occasion nor no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness." Letter to Alex. Main, 9th Nov.

That quatrain of old Daniel brings up — does it not? — Goethe's famous

"Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass"—

and these sayings will remain true while this earth is a world of suffering. For who could be prepared for true fellowship without having had his share of sorrow as well as joy?

We who are getting old together have the tie of common infirmities. But I don't find that the young troubles seem lighter on looking back. I prefer my years now to any that have gone before. I wish you could tell me the same thing about yourself. And surely writing your book is on the whole a joy to you—it is a large share in the meagre lot of mankind. All hail for the morrow! How many sweet laughs—how much serious pleasure in the great things others have done—you and I have had together in a past islet of time that remains very sunny in my remembrance. Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov.

Dec. 1.—This day the first part of 'Middlemarch' was published. I ought by this time to have finished the fourth part, but an illness which began soon after our return from Haslemere has robbed me of two months. Journal.

If you have not yet fallen in with Dickens's 'Life,' be on the look out for it, because of the interest there is in his boyish experience, and also in his rapid development during his first travels in America. The book is ill organised, and stuffed with criticism and other matter which would be better in limbo; but the information about the childhood, and the letters from America, make it worth reading. We have just got a photograph of Dickens, taken when he was writing, or had just written, 'David Copperfield'—satisfactory refutation of that keepsakey, impossible face which Maclise gave him, and which has been engraved for the 'Life' in all its odious beautification. This photograph is the young Dickens, corresponding to the older Dickens whom I knew—the same face, without the unusually severe wear and tear of years which his latest looks exhibited. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th Dec.

Dec. 20.—My health has become very troublesome during the last three weeks, and I can get on but tardily. Even now I am only at p. 227 of my fourth part. But I have been also retarded by construction, which, once done, serves as good wheels for progress. Journal.

Letter to Alex. Main, 28th Dec.

Your gift—what gift can be more precious than the patient care which helps to save the seed of one's soul from perishing?—has come to brighten a Christmas in which my large share of good has been somewhat dimmed by bad health. One of the memorable events of this closing year to me will always be the acquisition of you as a known friend—a friend of the only sort I now desire much to acquire: one who takes into his own life the spiritual outcome of mine. Let it be a memorable year to you in this light—that you have given me a lasting source of encouragement in those often-recurring hours of despondency which, after cramping my activity ever since I began to write, continue still to beset me with, I fear, a malign influence on my writing. I don't suppose I could assure you of anything better for you to know, than that you have planted something to be a sweet shade and fruit for your elder fellow-traveller.

I have been looking through the 'Sayings' with that sort of delight which comes from seeing that another mind underlines the words one has most cared for in writing them.

In one sense the book is marvellously new to me—since I had forgotten the greater part of what I had written. In another sense it is rather startlingly familiar—namely, that I find my old self (meaning my past self) very much like my present self. If there is any progress, I fear it is downhill.

John Blackwood, 1st Jan. 1872.

Your good wishes and pleasant bits of news made the best part of my breakfast this morning. I am glad to think that, in desiring happiness for you during the new year, I am only desiring the continuance of good which you already possess.

I suppose we two, also, are among the happiest of mortals, yet we have had a rather doleful Christmas, the one great lack—that of health—having made itself particularly conspicuous in the surrounding fog. Having no grandchildren to get up a Christmas-tree for, we had nothing to divert our attention from our headaches.

Mr Main's book broke the clouds a little, and now the heavens have altogether cleared, so that we are hoping to come back from a visit of three days to Weybridge with our strength renewed—if not like the eagle's, at least like a convalescent tomtit's.

The 'Sayings' are set off by delightful paper and print, and a binding which opens with inviting ease. I am really grateful to every one concerned in the volume, and am anxious that it should not be in any way a disappointment. The selections seem to me to be made with an exquisite sensibility to the various lights and shades of life; and all

Mr Main's letters show the same quality. It is a great help to me to have such an indication that there exist careful readers for whom no subtlest intention is lost. Letters to John Blackwood, 1st Jan.

We have both read the story of the "Megæra"[1] with the deepest interest—indeed with a quite exceptional enjoyment of its direct unexaggerated painting.

The prescription of two days' golfing per week will, I hope, keep up your condition to the excellent pitch at which it was on your return from Paris. Good news usually acts as a tonic when one's case is not too desperate; and I shall be glad if you and we can get it in the form of more success for 'Middlemarch.' Dickens's 'Life,' you see, finds a large public ready to pay more. But the British mind has long entertained the purchase of expensive biographies. The proofs lately given that one's books don't necessarily go out like lucifer matches, never to be taken up again, make one content with moderate immediate results, which perhaps are as much as can reasonably be expected for any writing which does not address itself either to fashions or corporate interests of an exclusive kind.

It is like your kindness to write me your encouraging impressions on reading the third book. I suppose it is my poor health that just now makes me think my writing duller than usual. For certainly the reception of the first book by my old readers is quite beyond my most daring hopes. One of them, who is a great champion of 'Adam Bede' and 'Romola,' told Mr Lewes yesterday that he thought 'Middlemarch' surpassed them. All this is very wonderful to me. I am thoroughly comforted as to the half of the work which is already written; but there remains the terror about the *un*written. Mr Lewes is much satisfied with the fourth book, which opens with the continuation of the Featherstone drama. 18th Jan

We went yesterday to the Tichborne trial, which was an experience of great interest to me. We had to come away after the third hour of Coleridge's speaking; but it was a great enjoyment to me to hear what I did. Coleridge is a rare orator—not of the declamatory but of the argumentative order.

Thanks—not formal, but sincerely felt—for the photographs. This likeness will always carry me back to the first time I saw you, in our little Richmond lodging, when I was thinking anxiously of 'Adam Bede,' as I now am of 'Middlemarch.'

[1] 'Blackwood's Magazine,' January 1872.

Letter to John Blackwood, 18th Jan.

I felt something like a shudder when Sir Henry Maine asked me last Sunday whether this would not be a very long book—saying, when I told him it would be four good volumes, that that was what he had calculated. However, it will not be longer than Thackeray's books, if so long. And I don't see how the sort of thing I want to do could have been done briefly.

I have to be grateful for the gift of 'Brougham's Life,' which will be a welcome addition to my means of knowing the time "when his ugliness had not passed its bloom."

Mrs Congreve, 22d Jan.

Your letter seems to pierce the rainy fog with a little sunlight. Cold and clearness are the reverse of what we are usually having here. Until the last few days, my chief consciousness has been that of struggling against inward as well as outward fog; but I am now better, and have only been dragged back into headachiness by a little too much fatigue from visitors. I give you this account as a preface to my renunciation of a journey to Dover, which would be very delightful, if I had not already lost too much time to be warranted in taking a holiday.

Next Saturday we are going to have a party—six to dine, and a small rush of people after dinner, for the sake of music. I think it is four years at least since we undertook anything of that kind.

A great domestic event for us has been the arrival of a new dog, who has all Ben's virtues, with more intelligence, and a begging attitude of irresistible charm. He is a dark-brown spaniel. You see what infantine innocence we live in!

Glad you are reading my demigod Milton! We also are rather old-fashioned in our light reading just now; for I have rejected Heyse's German stories, brand new, in favour of dear old Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' which I read aloud in my old age with a delicious revival of girlish impressions.

Alex. Main, 26th Jan.

The weather, I suppose, is as depressing with you as it is here. The low barometer with almost constant rain tells unfavourably on us whose nervous energy is already below the mark.

"Count no author happy until all his books have been written," is my present version of Solon's wisdom, and I am more depressed by the possibility of what is to come than cheered by the sense of what has been already done. You see, I have a great talent for anxiety, especially when I am out of health.

Jan. 29.—It is now the last day but one of January. I have finished the fourth part—*i.e.*, the second volume—of 'Middlemarch.' The first part, published on December 1, has been excellently well received; and the second part will be published the day after to-morrow. About Christmas, a volume of extracts from my works was published, under the title, 'Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings, in Prose and Verse.' It was proposed and executed by Alexander Main, a young man of thirty, who began a correspondence with me, by asking me how to pronounce Romola, in the summer, when we were at Shottermill. Blackwood proposed that we should share the profits, but we refused. Journal.

I do lead rather a crawling life under these rainy fogs and low behaviour of the barometer. But I am a little better, on the whole, though just now overdone with the fatigue of company. We have been to hear Coleridge addressing the jury on the Tichborne trial—a very interesting occasion to me. He is a marvellous speaker among Englishmen; has an exquisitely melodious voice, perfect gesture, and a power of keeping the thread of his syntax to the end of his sentence, which makes him delightful to follow. We are going some other day, if possible, to hear a cross-examination of Ballantyne's. The digest of the evidence which Coleridge gives is one of the best illustrations of the value or valuelessness of testimony that could be given. I wonder if the world, which retails Guppy anecdotes, will be anything the wiser for it. Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 29th Jan.

To hear of a friend's illness after he has got well through it, is the least painful way of learning the bad news. I hope that your attack has been a payment of insurance. John Blackwood, 21st Feb.

You probably know what it grieved us deeply to learn the other day—that our excellent friend Mr William Smith is dangerously ill. They have been so entirely happy and wrapped up in each other that we cannot bear to think of Mrs Smith's grief.

Thanks for the list of sales since February 12th. Things are encouraging, and the voices that reach us are enthusiastic. But you can understand how people's interest in the book heightens my anxiety that the remainder should be up to the mark. It has caused me some uneasiness that the third part is two sheets less than the first. But Mr Lewes insisted that the death of old Featherstone was the right point to pause at; and he cites your approbation of the part as a proof that effectiveness is secured in spite of diminished quantity. Still it irks me to ask 5s. for a smaller amount than that already given at the same price. Perhaps I must

Letter to John Blackwood, 21st Feb.

regard the value as made up solely by effectiveness, and certainly the book will be long enough.

I am still below par in strength, and am too much beset with visitors and kind attentions. I long for the quiet spaces of time and the absence of social solicitations that one enjoys in the country, out of everybody's reach.

I am glad to hear of the pleasure 'Middlemarch' gives in your household: that makes quite a little preliminary public for me.

Mrs H. B Stowe, 4th March.

I can understand very easily that the two last years have been full for you of other and more imperative work than the writing of letters not absolutely demanded either by charity or business. The proof that you still think of me affectionately is very welcome now it is come, and all the more cheering because it enables me to think of you as enjoying your retreat in your orange orchard—your western Sorrento—the beloved Rabbi still beside you. I am sure it must be a great blessing to you to bathe in that quietude—as it always is to us when we go out of reach of London influences, and have the large space of country days to study, walk, and talk in. Last year we spent our summer months in Surrey, and did not leave England. Unhappily the country was not so favourable to my bodily health as to my spiritual, and on our return to town I had an illness which was the climax of the summer's *malaise*. That illness robbed me of two months, and I have never quite recovered a condition in which the strict duties of the day are not felt as a weight. But just now we are having some clear spring days, and I am in hope of prospering better, the sunshine being to me the greatest visible good of life—what I call the wealth of life, after love and trust.

When I am more at liberty, I will certainly read Mr Owen's books, if he is good enough to send them to me. I desire on all subjects to keep an open mind, but hitherto the various phenomena reported or attested in connection with ideas of spirit-intercourse, have come before me here in the painful form of the lowest *charlatanerie*. Take Mr H. as an example of what I mean. I could not choose to enter a room where he held a *séance*. He is an object of moral disgust to me; and nothing of late reported by Mr Crookes, Lord Lindsay, and the rest, carries conviction to my mind that Mr H. is not simply an impostor, whose professedly abnormal manifestations have varied their fashion in order to create a new market, just as if they were *papier mâché* wares or pomades for the idle rich. But apart from personal

contact with people who get money by public exhibitions as mediums, or with semi-idiots, such as those who make a court for a Mrs Guppy or other feminine personage of that kind, I would not willingly place any barriers between my mind and any possible channel of truth affecting the human lot. Letter to Mrs H. B. Stowe, 4th March.

The spirit in which you have written in the paper you kindly sent me, is likely to teach others to rouse them at least to attention in a case where you have been deeply impressed.

I write to you quite openly, dear friend, but very imperfectly, for my letters are always written in shreds of time.

Thanks for the budget of this morning. The sales, we think, are very cheering, and we may well be content if they continue in the same ratio. But the Greek proverb about the beginning being the half of the whole, wants as much defining and excepting from as most other proverbs. John Blackwood, 14th March.

I have just had sent me a copy of the magazine 'Für die Literatur des Auslandes,' containing a review of "Miss Brooke," which is satisfactory as an intelligent appreciation. It mentions at the end the appearance of Mr Main's book, the 'Sayings.' A Frenchman, apparently accomplished, a M. Landolphe, who has made some important translations, is going to translate the whole of 'Middlemarch'; and one of the contributors to the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' has written for leave to extract Dorothea's history.

The Germans are excellent readers of our books. I was astonished to find so many in Berlin who really knew one's books, and did not merely pay compliments after the fashion of the admirers who made Rousseau savage—running after him to pay him visits, and not knowing a word of his writing.

You and other good readers have spoiled me, and made me rather shudder at being read only once; and you may imagine how little satisfaction I get from people who mean to please me by saying that they shall wait till 'Middlemarch' is finished, and then sit up to read it "at one go-off."

We are looking for a country retreat not too far from town, so that we may run up easily. There is nothing wanting to our happiness except that 'Middlemarch' should be well ended without growing signs of its author's debility.

Before I received your letter this morning, I was going to write you a word of sympathy, knowing how deeply you would be feeling the death of Mazzini. Such a man leaves Mrs Peter Taylor, 17th March.

Letter to Mrs Peter Taylor, 17th March.

behind him a wider good than the loss of his personal presence can take away.

> "The greatest gift the hero leaves his race,
> Is to have been a hero."

I must be excused for quoting my own words, because they are my *credo*. I enter thoroughly into your sense of wealth in having known him.

Brighton does not suit Mr Lewes. But he was near going there for a night a little while ago to see our friends Mr and Mrs William Smith. He (the author of 'Thorndale,' &c.) is, I fear, wasting fatally with organic disease, and we grieve much at the too-probably near parting of a husband and wife who have been among the perfectly happy couples of the world. She is a charming woman, and I wish that you may happen to know her.

Miss Sara Hennell, 22d March.

Owing to my loss of two months in illness, and my infirm health ever since, I have not yet finished the writing of 'Middlemarch.' This payment of wintry arrears makes one prefer the comforts of a London home; but we are obliged to see more company than my health is equal to, and for this reason I daresay we shall soon migrate. To-day we have been to our last morning concert—or Saturday Pop—held on a Friday because of the University boat-race to-morrow. These concerts are an easy pleasure which we are sorry to part with. This is one of my bad weeks, owing probably to the change in the weather; and I am constantly struggling with hemicrania and *malaise*. Even writing this scrap of a note is the feather too much, and I must leave off. You have known too much of nervous weakness not to understand this.

Alex. Main, Good Friday evening.

You know already that the thought you give to me and my book is a seed of comfort to me. I should not like the praise if it were not accompanied with the proof that you know what I mean, and care the most for those elements in my writing which I myself care the most for. Try to keep from forecast of Dorothea's lot, and that sort of construction beforehand, which makes everything that actually happens a disappointment. I need not tell you that my book will not present my own feeling about human life if it produces on readers whose minds are really receptive the impression of blank melancholy and despair. I can't help wondering at the high estimate made of 'Middlemarch' in proportion to my other books. I suppose the depressed state of my health makes my writing seem more than usually below the mark

of my desires, and I am too anxious about its completion— too fearful lest the impression which it might make (I mean for the good of those who read) should turn to nought—to look at it in mental sunshine. Letter to Alex. Main, Good Friday evening.

May 8.—I have been reposing for more than a week in the hope of getting stronger—my life having been lately a swamp of illness, with only here and there a bit of firm walking. In consequence of this incessant interruption (almost every week having been half nullified for me so far as my work has been concerned), I have only finished the fifth book, and have still three books to write—equal to a large volume and a half. Journal.

The reception of the book hitherto has been quite beyond what I could have believed beforehand, people exalting it above everything else I have written. Kohn is publishing an English edition in Germany;[1] Duncker is to publish a translation; and Harpers pay me £1200 for reprinting it in America.

I am glad to know that you are having a time of refreshing in fine scenery, with entire freedom to paint. I am in a corresponding state of relief from the noises and small excitements that break up the day and scatter one's nervous energy in London. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 4th June, from Redhill.

We have been in our hiding-place about twelve days now, and I am enjoying it more and more—getting more bodily ease and mental clearness than I have had for the last six months. Our house is not in the least beautiful, but it is well situated and comfortable, perfectly still, in the middle of a garden surrounded by fields and meadows, and yet within reach of shops and civilisation.

We managed to get to the Academy one day before leaving town. I was delighted with Walker's picture—were you?—and Mason's unfinished Reaper, and a few, very few, others.

Also we went twice to the opera in order to save ourselves from any yearnings after it when we should have settled in the country.

We tell no one our address, and have our letters sent on from The Priory.

We too are in a country refuge, you see, and this bit of Surrey, as I daresay you know, is full of beauty of the too garden-like sort for which you pity us. How different from your lodge in the wilderness! I have read your description Mrs H. B. Stowe, 4th June.

[1] The author was subsequently induced to publish 'Daniel Deronda' and her succeeding works again in the Tauchnitz Edition. Baron Tauchnitz paid £250 for 'Daniel Deronda.'

Letter to Mrs H. B. Stowe, 4th June.

three or four times—it enchants me so thoroughly; and Mr Lewes is just as much enamoured of it. We shall never see it, I imagine, except in the mirror of your loving words; but thanks many and warm, dear friend, for saying that our presence would be welcome. I have always had delight in descriptions of American forests since the early days when I read 'Atala,' which I believe that you would criticise as half unveracious. I dwelt on the descriptions in 'Dred' with much enjoyment.

Pray give my special thanks to the Professor for his letter. His handwriting, which does really look like Arabic,—a very graceful character, surely,—happens to be remarkably legible to me, and I did not hesitate over a single word. Some of the words, as expressions of fellowship, were very precious to me; and I hold it very good of him to write to me that best sort of encouragement. I was much impressed with the fact—which you had told me—that he was the original of the "visionary boy" in 'Old Town Folk'; and it must be deeply interesting to talk with him on his experience. Perhaps I am inclined, under the influence of the facts, physiological and psychological, which have been gathered of late years, to give larger place to the interpretation of vision-seeing as *subjective* than the Professor would approve. It seems difficult to limit—at least to limit with any precision—the possibility of confounding sense by impressions, derived from inward conditions, with those which are directly dependent on external stimulus. In fact, the division between within and without in this sense seems to become every year a more subtle and bewildering problem.

Your experience with the *planchette* is amazing; but that the words which you found it to have written were dictated by the spirit of Charlotte Brontë is to me (whether rightly or not) so enormously improbable, that I could only accept it if every condition were laid bare, and every other explanation demonstrated to be impossible. If it were another spirit aping Charlotte Brontë—if here and there at rare spots and among people of a certain temperament, or even at many spots and among people of all temperaments, tricksy spirits are liable to rise as a sort of earth-bubbles and set furniture in movement, and tell things which we either know already or should be as well without knowing—I must frankly confess that I have but a feeble interest in these doings, feeling my life very short for the supreme and awful revelations of a more orderly and intelligible kind which I

shall die with an imperfect knowledge of. If there were miserable spirits whom we could help—then I think we should pause and have patience with their trivial-mindedness; but otherwise I don't feel bound to study them more than I am bound to study the special follies of a particular phase of human society. Others, who feel differently, and are attracted towards this study, are making an experiment for us as to whether anything better than bewilderment can come of it. At present it seems to me that to rest any fundamental part of religion on such a basis is a melancholy misguidance of men's minds from the true sources of high and pure emotion. Letter to Mrs H. B Stowe, 4th June.

I am comforted to think that you partly agree with me there.

I have not time to write more than this very imperfect fragmentary sketch of *only one* aspect which the question of spirit-communications wears to me at present—being always rather brain-weary after my morning's work, and called for by my husband to walk with him and read aloud to him. I spend nearly three hours every day in this exercise of reading aloud, which, happily, I can carry on without fatigue of lungs. Yet it takes strength as well as time.

Mr Lewes is gone into town to-day, so I have an additional hour at liberty, and have been glad to be able to send you a letter which is not worth anything, indeed, but which satisfies my need to thank you and the Professor for your sweet friendliness—very sweet to me, I assure you. Please accept my entire frankness as a proof of the high value I set on you. And do not call anything I may have written a prejudice—it is simply a statement of how certain things appear to my inward eyesight, which I am ready to have rectified by more light.

About photographs—I have *no* photograph of myself, having always avoided having one taken. That makes me seem very selfish in being particularly glad to get yours.

Mrs Fields, with the beautiful face and charming manners, sent me a letter a little while ago, inviting us in the most tempting way to go to Boston. She said that this pretty action was done at your prompting, which is just like you as you have always shown yourself to me.

Dear friend, how much you have lived through both in the flesh and in the spirit! My experience has been narrow compared with yours. I assure you I feel this, so do not misinterpret anything I say to you as being written in a flippant or critical spirit. One always feels the want of

the voice and eyes to accompany a letter, and give it the right tone.

Letter to Charles Ritter, 3d July.

Such an assurance as your sympathy gives me that my books have enough depth of human experience in them to touch minds of another nation than my own, is among my best encouragements. Pray rest satisfied that you followed a very beneficent prompting in writing to me, for I am subject to depression about authorship, and am apt to dwell too much on the fact that careful, appreciative readers are a small minority. . . . Still, I confess, my pleasure in your sympathy is much enhanced by your having taken pains to read my books in my own tongue. One sees, from your own use of language, that you must be keenly aware of the incommunicableness, even by the best translations, of the subtleties which cling to the native phrases of an author—at least when that author writes with any closeness of intention.

Mrs Congreve, 4th July.

You were very good and dear to want to give me the pleasure of knowing that the news was good, instead of leaving me to my small stock of hopefulness. Ask Emily to care a little even now, with baby on her mind, that her old friends are the better for hearing that she is well. Four or five months ago it happens that I was writing some playfulness about a baby and baby's hair, which is now in print, to appear next month. I am not afraid that Emily should be revolted by my blasphemy!

Mr Lewes had "a lovely time" from Saturday to Monday at Weybridge. He was feeling languid, and yet was tempted to sit at his desk. The little change has been very serviceable, and he is now bright.

Our first book, read aloud by me after we came down, was Wallace's 'Eastern Archipelago,' which, I think, you had spoken well of to Mr Lewes. It is delightful. The biography of the infant ourang-outang alone is worth getting the book for. We are now in the middle of Tylor's 'Primitive Culture,' which is worth studying, and useful for reference on special points, if you happen to want knowledge about the ideas of the savage tribes.

Our days go by in delicious peace, unbroken except by my little inward anxieties about all unfinished work.

19th July.

This morning came the joyful news that Gertrude has a fine healthy baby—a daughter. We have just been saying in our walk, that by the end of this century our one-day-old grand-daughter will probably be married and have children of her own, while we are pretty sure to be at rest. This obvious kind of wisdom does very well for discourse in the

delicious sunshine as we wander over a hilly, half fern-clad, half grassy wilderness called South Park, from which we can overlook two fertile bosky valleys. We like this bit of country better and better. As to health, I am not quite so prosperous as I was at first; but to make amends, Mr Lewes is in a good average condition, and only now and then has a morning in which he is forced to wander about, instead of going to his beloved work. We have had much happiness here, much sympathy in letters from far-off friends unknown in the flesh, and peaceful enjoyment of our occupations. But we have longed for more continuous warmth and brightness, and to-day may perhaps be the beginning of that one wanting condition. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 19th July.

The death of that honoured, good creature, Mr William Smith, touched us particularly, because of the perfect marriage-bond which had made the last eleven years of his life unspeakably precious both to him and his wife. Mr Lewes offered to go to Brighton to see him; but he was so reduced—so very feeble in body, though he kept to the last much brightness of mind—that Mrs Smith feared for him the excitement of seeing friends who came, specially, from a distance. Miss Sara Hennell, 1st Aug.

I like to think that your journey was a success. But I had felt sure, that unless bad health or bad weather overtook you, both Mrs Blackwood and you must have great happiness in taking that bright, lovely daughter abroad, and watching her fresh impressions. I imagine her laudable indignation at the crushing of the little lizard! Those little creatures darting about the stones seem part of the happiness of Italian sunshine, as the small birds hopping after the rain seem part of the moist happiness at home. John Blackwood, 4th Aug.

I shall send Part VII. in a few days. Since Mr Lewes tells me that the 'Spectator' considers me the most melancholy of authors, it will perhaps be a welcome assurance to you that there is no unredeemed tragedy in the solution of the story.

Mr Lewes examines the newspapers before I see them, and cuts out any criticisms which refer to me, so as to save me from these spiritual chills—though, alas! he cannot save me from the physical chills which retard my work more seriously. I had hoped to have the manuscript well out of my hands before we left this place at the end of the month, but the return of my dyspeptic troubles makes me unable to reckon on such a result.

It will be a good plan, I think, to quicken the publication

Letter to John Blackwood, 4th Aug.

towards the end; but we feel convinced that the slow plan of publication has been of immense advantage to the book in deepening the impression it produces. Still I shudder a little to think what a long book it will be—not so long as 'Vanity Fair' or 'Pendennis,' however, according to my calculation.

How good the articles on French manners and domestic life are in 'Maga.' The spirit in which they are written is excellent.

The manuscript of 'Middlemarch' bears the following inscription:

"To my dear Husband, George Henry Lewes, in this nineteenth year of our blessed union."

Mrs Cross, Sept.

I am tired of behaving like an ungrateful wretch—making no sign in answer to affectionate words which have come to me with cheering effect. And I want to tell you and Mr Hall (alas! for the dear old name[1] which had such cherished associations) that I long too much to see you all at Six-Mile Bottom, to give up utterly the prospect of that good. We imagine that the place is near Ipswich, which is no more than an hour and fifty minutes from London. If so, the journey would be easily managed, and would be worth taking for the sake of one whole day and two half days with you—just as if you were the hour nearer, at Weybridge—before we set our faces towards Germany. I am not hopeless that we might do that in the second week of September, if you are not quite disgusted with the thought of me as a person who is always claiming pity for small ailments, and also if Mr Hall can secure me against being shot from the other side of the hedge by the Prince of Wales,[2] while we are discussing plantations.

I dare not count much on fulfilling any project, my life for the last year having been a sort of nightmare, in which I have been scrambling on the slippery bank of a pool, just keeping my head above water. But I shall be the happier for having told you that I delight in the double invitation for the sake of the love it assures me of, and that I do want to see you all.

You are all gloriously well, I hope, and Alkie looking more and more cherubic, and Emily and Florence blooming. My best love to all. Particular regards to J., and regrets that we were not on his route from Brindisi. I read his paper on New York with much interest and satisfaction.

[1] Mr W. H. Bullock had changed his name to Hall.

[2] The Six-Mile Bottom shooting had been let to H.R.H. that year.

You are often among my imaged companions both in dreaming and waking hours.

We start in search of health this afternoon. Our destination, to be reached about the end of next week, is Homburg, where we shall not gamble, but drink the waters and cultivate repose of mind. Letter to Alex. Main, 18th Sept.

I am at a very low ebb, and during the last week I have run down at a quicker rate into a nervous condition in which the chirping of the grasshopper—if it were to be heard in these parts—would be a noticeable addition to the sounds already irritating me. My dear husband, I am thankful to say, is in better case, and does everything for me that can be done by proxy. I think you can divine something of his—not superhuman but—exquisitely human goodness.

'Middlemarch' is done—all except a small finale, which I prefer reserving a little. The rest I hope to see the last little proof of at the beginning of next week.

It was a delightful surprise to see your handwriting when we went to inquire at the *Poste Restante*. We had on the whole a fortunate journey, and are especially grateful to Mr Hall for suggesting the route by Trèves, where we spent two nights and an exquisite day. I was continually reminded of Rome when we were wandering in the outskirts in search of the antiquities, and the river banks are a loveliness into the bargain which Rome has not. We had even an opportunity of seeing some dissipation, for there happened to be an excellent circus, where we spent our evening. The pretty country through which we passed had an additional interest for us about Libramont. Mrs Cross, Oct., from Homburg.

The air, the waters, the plantations here, are all perfect—"only man is vile." I am not fond of denouncing my fellow-sinners, but gambling being a vice I have no mind to, it stirs my disgust even more than my pity. The sight of the dull faces bending round the gaming-tables, the raking up of the money, and the flinging of the coins towards the winners by the hard-faced croupiers, the hateful, hideous women staring at the board like stupid monomaniacs—all this seems to me the most abject presentation of mortals grasping after something called a good, that can be seen on the face of this little earth. Burglary is heroic compared with it. I get some satisfaction in looking on from the sense that the thing is going to be put down. Hell is the only right name for such places.

It was cruel to find the bitter cold just set in as we

Letter to Mrs Cross, Oct., from Homburg.

arrived. For two days we were as cold as in clear winter days at Berlin. There are no amusements for the evening here, and the pleasure of listening to the excellent band in the afternoons is diminished by the chillness which makes one fear to sit down in the open air. But we like being idle, and the days pass easily.

It is good to have in our memories the two happy days at Six-Mile Bottom; and the love that surrounded me and took care of me there is something very precious to believe in among hard-faced strangers. Much gratitude for the anticipated letter that will come to tell us more news of you by-and-by.

John Blackwood, 4th Oct.

At last I begin a letter which is intended not as a payment but as an acknowledgment of debt. It will have at least the recommendation of requiring no answer. After some perfect autumnal days we are languishing with headache from two days' damp and mugginess, and feel it almost as much work as we are equal to, to endure our *malaise*. But on the whole we are not sorry that we came to this place rather than any other. On dry days the air is perfect, and the waters are really an enticing drink. Then there is a wood close by where we can wander in delicious privacy: which is really better than the company here, save and except a few friends whom we found at first, and who have now moved off to Baden. The Kursaal is to me a hell, not only for the gambling but for the light and heat of the gas, and we have seen enough of its monstrous hideousness. There is very little dramatic *Stoff* to be picked up by watching or listening. The saddest thing to be witnessed is the play of a young lady, who is only twenty-six years old, and is completely in the grasp of this mean, money-making demon. It made me cry to see her young fresh face among the hags and brutally stupid men around her. Next year, when the gambling has vanished, the place will be delightful: there is to be a subvention from Government to keep up the beautiful grounds; and it is likely that there will be increase enough in the number of decent visitors to keep the town tolerably prosperous. One attraction it has above other German baths that I have seen, is the abundance of pleasant apartments to be had, where one can be as peaceful as the human lot allows in a world of pianos.

We brought no books with us, but have furnished our table with German books which we bought at Frankfort—from learned writing about Menschliche Sprache and Vernunft, down to Kotzebue's comedies, so that we have em-

ployment for the rainy hours when once our heads are clear of aches. The certainty that the weather is everywhere else bad, will help our resolution to stay here till the 12th at least. In the meantime, we hope to have the proof of the finale to 'Middlemarch.' Letter to John Blackwood, 4th Oct.

I am rejoiced to learn from Mr William's letter that Mr Simpson has returned from his excursion in good condition. That must be a comfort to you, both for friendship and for work's sake.

We mean to return by Paris, and hope that the weather will not drive us away from health and pleasure-seeking until the end of the month. I fear, from the accounts of your Scottish weather, that you will have enjoyed Strathtyrum less than usual, and will be resigned to Edinburgh before your proper time. How one talks about the weather! It is excusable here, where there is no grave occupation, and no amusement for us, who don't gamble, except seeking health in walks and water drinking.

I had meant to write to you again from Germany, but I was hindered from doing so by the uncertainty of our plans, which vacillated between further wanderings in South Germany and the usual dreary railway journeying by Strasburg to Paris. As it was, we left Homburg on the 13th, and had ten days of delicious autumnal weather and quietude at Stuttgart and Carlsruhe—ten days which made the heart of our enjoyment. We still hesitated whether we should go to Augsburg, and even Munich, making our way home through Germany and Belgium, and turning our shoulders on Paris. Our evil genius persuaded us to go to Paris, and to make the journey by night—whence came headache and horrible disgust with the shops of the Rue de la Paix and the Boulevard. After going to Versailles in the rain, seeing the sad ruins of the Hôtel de Ville, missing the Théâtre Français, and getting 'Patrie' in exchange, we rushed away to this place, where we are trying to recover the sense of benefit from our change, which forsook us on quitting old Germany. We have an affinity for what the world calls "dull places," and always prosper best in them. We are sure to be at home next week, and I hope before long to have some news of you there—some dear faces coming to bring it. We shall linger here a few days, and take a favourable time for crossing, but our patience will hardly last beyond Friday. Mrs Cross, 27th Oct., from Boulogne.

We returned yesterday evening from six weeks' absence in Germany, and I found your dear, sad letter among the Mrs Wm. Smith, 1st Nov.

Letter to Mrs Wm. Smith, 1st Nov.

many awaiting me. I prize very highly the fact that you like to write to me and bear me in your mind as one who has a certain fellowship in your sorrow; and I do trust that this letter may reach you in time to prevent you from thinking, even for a moment, that I could be indifferent about responding to any word you send me. I shall address it to the care of Blackwood & Sons, because I imagine you to be by this time in Edinburgh with that delightful friend Mrs Stirling, whom I had much kindness from many years ago, when I was on a visit to Mr and Mrs George Combe. She took me to hear Dr Guthrie and Dr Candlish, and through her I saw Craigcrook. I like to think of those hours and her pleasant talk.

Mr Lewes, I am thankful to say, has been getting more robust for the last two years, and is very bright and active. I think there is hardly any one left to whom he would so willingly have written or talked about the subjects which are filling his mind, as that dear one who has gone from your side, but is perpetually present in your consciousness. To-day I have been reading the memorial article in 'Blackwood,' and have been hoping that there is nothing in it which jars on your feeling. Everybody will think as I do—that the bits from your pen are worth all the rest. I have been especially moved, though, by the two stanzas quoted at the end. Mr Lewes judges that the writer of the article did not personally know your husband, and wishes that more special touches had been given. I know, dear friend, that the sorrow is irremediable; but the pain—the anguish—will become less sharp, and life will be less difficult. You will think of things to do such as he would approve of your doing, and every day will be sacred with his memory—nay, his presence. There is no pretence or visionariness in saying that he is still part of you. Mr Lewes sends his affectionate regards, which you will not reject. We mention your name to each other with a certain tenderness, as if your sorrow somehow belonged to our love for each other. But I hardly dare to think of what these words which I have written mean. Sometimes in the midst of happiness I cry suddenly at the thought that there must come a parting. Are not you and I very near to one another?—I mean in feeling.

Alex. Main, 4th Nov.

On Thursday evening we arrived at home, and found your letter awaiting us as one of the signs that the thought of us had remained behind in some good hearts while we were away. This morning our debt to you has risen by all the value of your second letter—no slight value in a world

which is apt to give praise in general, and remember nothing in particular which merited the praise. I think I have told you before that I care for the finger pointing to the right passage more than for any superlative phrases; and your finger points well. Letters to Alex. Main, 4th Nov.

I have finished my book ('Middlemarch'), and am thoroughly at peace about it—not because I am convinced of its perfection, but because I have lived to give out what it was in me to give, and have not been hindered by illness or death from making my work a whole, such as it is. When a subject has begun to grow in me, I suffer terribly until it has wrought itself out—become a complete organism; and then it seems to take wing and go away from me. *That* thing is not to be done again—that life has been lived. I could not rest with a number of unfinished works on my mind. When they—or rather, when a conception has begun to shape itself in written words, I feel that it must go on to the end before I can be happy about it. Then I move away and look at it from a distance without any agitations.

I am going now to bathe my mind in deep waters—going to read Mr Lewes's manuscript ('Problems of Life and Mind'), which has been storing itself up for me, and to take up various studies which have been to sleep since I have found my strength hardly enough for 'Middlemarch.' I easily sink into mere absorption of what other minds have done, and should like a whole life for that alone.

This is an egotistic note, such as your warm sympathy has the blame of luring me into. You will not count the I's—which judicious persons make a rule of cutting out from their manuscript, when it is meant for critical readers. Good-bye, dear friend.

I am uncomfortably haunted by the fear that in writing rather hurriedly to you by lamplight one evening, when the dizziness of the sea-passage had not quite subsided, I either left out words which I had meant to write, or put in such as very meagrely represented my regard for you, and—what I was still more anxious to tell you of—the intense comfort I have found in the response which your mind has given to every "deliverance" of mine. Whatever I wrote then, please translate into this assurance: that the thought of your letters, with all the evidence they contain of no smallest effort on my part at truthful expression being thrown away, has been a sustainment to me quite next to that of my husband's sympathy. If I failed to say that quite clearly, I should fail in what is to me a very sweet and precious 14th Nov

Letter to Alex. Main, 14th Nov.

duty—a chief act of religion. Do you remember those words of Ajax which I put into English as a motto for a chapter in 'Felix Holt'?[1] That is what I mean by a chief act of religion.

Please let the consciousness of this good you have been to me count as some balance against cares which I feel sure that you have had as your frequent companions. I am confident that your emotions recognise this logic of inferring your comfort from another's good.

There is nothing else I wanted to say, but I could not resist my longing to rectify any oversight in my former letter which might leave my gratitude unexpressed.

We are in our usual train of home procedures—thinking, reading, talking much *en tête-à-tête*, and hoping that there are many others in the world who are as happy as we are. One is too sure of the many who are not at all happy. Do you not take great interest in the tremendous European change which is being prepared by the new attitude of Common Labour? The centre of gravity is slowly changing, and will not pause because people of taste object to the disturbance of their habits.

Miss Sara Hennell, 19th Nov.

I will impute your total silence towards me for many, many months to your preoccupation with the work now announced, and will not believe that a greeting from me at this time of the year will be less welcome than of old. I remember that last year one of your prettily-expressed wishes was, that I should write another book and—I think you added—send it to you to read. On the strength of this remembrance, you will be one of the three exceptional people to whom we order 'Middlemarch' to be sent. But do not write to me about it, because until a book has quite gone away from me, and become entirely of the *non-ego*—gone thoroughly from the wine-press into the casks—I would rather not hear or see anything that is said about it.

Cara sent me word that you were looking, as usual, very pretty, and showing great energy on interesting occasions. But this was two months ago, and some detailed news from yourself would be a delightful gift.

I am getting stronger, and showing some meagre benefit

[1] "Yea, it becomes a man
To cherish memory, where he had delight;
For kindness is the natural birth of kindness.
Whose soul records not the great debt of joy,
Is stamped for ever an ignoble man."
—SOPHOCLES: *Ajax*.

from being indulged in all possible ways. Mr Lewes makes a martyr of himself in writing all my notes and business letters. Is not that being a sublime husband? For all the while there are studies of his own being put aside—studies which are a seventh heaven to him. Letters to Miss Sara Hennell, 19th Nov.

Is there any one who does not need patience? For when one's outward lot is perfect, the sense of inward imperfection is the more pressing.

You are never long without entering into my thoughts, though you may send nothing fresh to feed them. But I am ashamed of expressing regard for my friends, since I do no earthly thing for them.

A kiss to you on your birthday!—with gratitude for your delightful letter, such as only you can write me. How impossible it is to *feel* that we are as old as we are. Sometimes it seems a little while since you and I were walking over the Radford fields, with the youth in our limbs, talking and laughing with that easy companionship which it is difficult to find in later life. I am busy now reading Mr Lewes's manuscript, which has been accumulating fast during my 'Middlemarch' time. Did I tell you that in the last two years he has been mastering the principles of mathematics? That is an interesting fact, impersonally, at his age. Old Professor Stowe—Mrs H. B. Stowe's husband—sent me this story, which is almost better than Topsy. He heard a schoolmaster asking a little black girl the usual questions about creation—who made the earth, the sea, &c. At last came, "And who made you?" Some deliberation was necessary, after which she said, "Nobody; *I was so afore"!* Expect to be immensely disappointed with the close of 'Middlemarch.' But look back to the Prelude. I wish I could take the wings of the morning every now and then to cheer you with an hour's chat, such as you feel the need of, and then fly back on the wings of the wind. I have the most vivid thoughts of you, almost like a bodily presence; but these do you no good, since you can only believe that I have them—and you are tired of believing after your work is done. 22d Nov.

Before your letter came, Mr Lewes had been expressing to me his satisfaction (and he is very hard to satisfy with articles on me) in the genuineness of judgment, wise moderation, and excellent selection of points in 'Maga's' review of 'Middlemarch.' I have just now been reading the review myself—Mr Lewes had meant at first to follow his rule of not allowing me to see what is written about John Blackwood, 1st Dec.

Letter to John Blackwood, 1st Dec.

myself—and I am pleased to find the right moral note struck everywhere, both in remark and quotation. Especially I am pleased with the writer's sensibility to the pathos in Mr Casaubon's character and position, and with the discernment he shows about Bulstrode. But it is a perilous matter to approve the praise which is given to our own doings.

I think that such an article as that which you hint at on the tone of the Bar is very desirable. We are usually at one on points of feeling. Is it not time now to insist that ability and not lying is the force of a barrister—that he has not to make himself a bad actor in order to put a case well, but to get the clearness and breadth of vision which will enable him to handle the evidence effectively? Untruthfulness usually ends by making men foolish. I have never read 'Spiritual Wives,' but judging from the extracts which have come before me, it must be a nasty book. Still, if people will be censors, let them weigh their words. I mean that the words were unfair by the disproportionateness of the condemnation which everybody with some conscience must feel to be one of the great difficulties in denouncing a particular person. Every unpleasant dog is only one of many, but we kick him because he comes in our way, and there is always some want of distributive justice in the kicking.

I shall be agreeably surprised if there is a respectable subscription for the four volumes. Already the numbers taken have been satisfactorily large, considering the indisposition of the public to buy books by comparison with other wares, and especially to buy novels at a high price. I fancy every private copy has done duty for a circle. Friends of mine in the country have implied that they lent their copies to all the readers in their neighbourhood. A little fuss of advertisement, together with the reviews, will perhaps create a few more curious inquirers after the book, and impress its existence on the slower part of the reading world. But really the reading world is, after all, very narrow, as, according to the 'Spectator,' the "comfortable" world also is—the world able to give away a sovereign without pinching itself. Those statistics just given about incomes are very interesting.

J. W. Cross, 11th Dec.

A thousand thanks for your kind interest in our project, and for the trouble you have taken in our behalf. I fear the land buying and building[1] is likely to come to nothing, and our construction to remain entirely of the

[1] A site offered near Shere, in Surrey.

aerial sort. It is so much easier to imagine other people doing wise things than to do them one's self! Practically, I excel in nothing but paying twice as much as I ought for everything. On the whole, it would be better if my life could be done for me, and I could look on. However, it appears that the question of the land at Shere may remain open until we can discuss it with you at Weybridge; and there is no telling what we may not venture on with your eyes to see through. Letter to J. W. Cross, 11th Dec.

But, oh dear, I don't like anything that is troublesome under the name of pleasure.

I have had the news that you are safely landed at Pooree, so now I can write with some courage. I have got some comfort—I trust it is not false comfort—out of the probability that there will be much good mingled with the evil of this winter's exile for you. You must be the richer for it mentally, and your health may be the better—and then, you will be back again in the late spring. In this way I make myself contented under the incompleteness of our life without you, and I am determined not to grumble at my share of the loss which falls so sadly on Dr Congreve and the children. Dr Congreve kindly let me know when you had got through the trials of the Red Sea, rather better than might have been expected; and Sophie tells me that you speak of the brilliant colouring in your new world as quite equal to any description you had read. Beyond that all is a blank to me except the fact of your arrival at Pooree, and all my feeling is taken up with the joy there must have been in the meeting with Mr Geddes. You find it very difficult to write in the heat—so don't make the thought of me disagreeable by associating it with a claim on you for a letter. I will be grateful for scraps from your correspondence with home, and wait for my turn when you come back to us. For ourselves, we think our little grand-daughter, Blanche, the perfection of a baby. She is, dispassionately speaking, very pretty, and has a cooing, chanting song of her own which it makes me happy to hear. Mr Lewes goes on at his writing with as much interest as ever, and is bringing the first part of his work into its final shape. Since we came home I have been reading his manuscript, which has been piling itself up in preparation for my leisure, and I have been wearing my gravest philosophic cap. Altogether we are dangerously happy. You remember Mrs Blank of Coventry? You know hers was another name for astonishing cleverness in that town. Now, of course, she is old, and her Mrs Congreve, 12th Dec.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 12th Dec.

cleverness seems to have a mouldy flavour. *Apropos* of the seventh book of 'Middlemarch'—which you may not have read, but never mind—Mrs Blank, having lain awake all night from compassion for Bulstrode, said, "Poor, dear creature, after he had done so much for that wretch, sitting up at night and attending on him! *and I don't believe it was the brandy that killed him:* and what is to become of Bulstrode now,—he has nobody left but Christ!" I think this is worth sending to India, you see: it is a little bit of old Coventry life that may make you and Emily laugh with all the more lively memory in the midst of your strange scenery. But there is a hovering terror while I write to you from far off, lest my trivialities should find you when you are ill or have some cause for being sad. In any case, however, you will take my letter for a simple proof that I dwell on you and Emily as images constantly present in my mind, and very often moving to the foreground in my contemplation. Mr Lewes is one with me in many affectionate thoughts about you, and your names are often on our lips. We are going to pass the Christmas week with our friends at Weybridge; and I shall be glad to escape the London aspects of that season,—aspects that are without any happy association for me. Mr Lewes has just been in to speak to me, and begs me to say that he hopes baby is raised to the n^{th} power. You see the lofty point of view from which he regards the world at present. But there is enough of the sap of affection in him to withstand all the dryness of the dryest mathematics, and he has very hearty regards for you all, including Mr Geddes, not as a matter of course, but with special emphasis. Good-bye dear, dear friend. May it give you some little satisfaction to think of me as yours always lovingly.

Mrs Wm. Smith, 18th Dec.

Your letter was very welcome to me. I wanted to know how you were; and I think that I discern in your words some growth of courage to face the hard task—it is a hard task—of living a separate life. I reckon it a great good to me that any writing of mine has been taken into companionship by you, and seemed to speak with you of your own experience. Thank you for telling me of that.

This weather, which is so melancholy in the privation it must cause to those who are worst off in the world, adds a little weight to everybody's griefs. But I trust that you find it a comfort, not an oppression, to be among friends who make a little claim on your attention. When you go to How, please tell me all about the place, and whom you have

near you, because I like to be able to imagine your circumstances. Letter to Mrs Wm. Smith, 18th Dec.

I have been, and am still, reading Mr Lewes's manuscript,—and I often associate this with your dear husband, to whom I imagine mine would have liked to send his proofs when the matter had reached the printing stage.

We are both very well, and Mr Lewes is enjoying his morning at his desk. He likes very much to be included in your love, and has always thought you one of the most charming women among our acquaintance. Please not to say that he has bad taste in women. We both cherish very tender thoughts of your sorrow, dear friend. Let me always be assured that you think of me as yours affectionately.

We have to thank you for two things especially. First, for the good bargain you have made for 'Middlemarch' with Australia; and secondly, for the trouble you have kindly taken with the MS., which has come to us safely in its fine Russian coat. Mr Simpson, 18th Dec.

The four volumes, we imagine, must have been subscribed long ago; and we should be glad to know, if it were convenient—perhaps even if it were *in*convenient—what are the figures representing the courage of "the trade" in the matter of a 42s. novel, which has already been well distributed.

We both hope that your health is well confirmed, and that you are prepared for Christmas pleasures, among which you would probably, like Caleb Garth, reckon the extra "business" which the jolly season carries in its hinder wallet.

CHAPTER XVII.

Jan. 1.—At the beginning of December, the eighth and last book of 'Middlemarch' was published, the three final numbers having been published monthly. No former book of mine has been received with more enthusiasm—not even 'Adam Bede'; and I have received many deeply affecting assurances of its influence for good on individual minds. Hardly anything could have happened to me which I could regard as a greater blessing, than the growth of my spiritual existence when my bodily existence is decaying. The merely egoistic satisfactions of fame are easily nullified by Journal, 1873.

Journal. toothache, and *that* has made my chief consciousness for the last week. This morning, when I was in pain, and taking a melancholy breakfast in bed, some sweet-natured creature sent a beautiful bouquet to the door for me, bound round with the written wish that "Every year may be happier and happier, and that God's blessing may ever abide with the immortal author of 'Silas Marner.'" Happily my dear husband is well, and able to enjoy these things for me. That he rejoices in them is my most distinct personal pleasure in such tributes.

Letter to Alex. Main, New Year's Day, 1873. Your affectionate greeting to me and Mr Lewes was very sweet to our feelings. We found it on our return from the country, where we had been to spend our Christmas. Unhappily, I brought back a sad face-ache from cold, which has since turned into sore-throat, and has kept me a dolorous prisoner, occupied chiefly in bearing pain. This is my small share of the world's sorrow. In all other respects we are as happy as even your generous regard could desire us to be. For Mr Lewes's health is just now untroubled, and with those who are nearest to us all is well.

Until this evening I have not felt equal to writing even a brief note; but now that I am a little relieved, my first desire is to thank you for a whole year's sympathy, of which your last letter was the closing chord. I trust that it will always be a satisfactory thought to you that you came as a cheering faith-creating influence to me when I was writing 'Middlemarch' under all the obstructions of feeble health, occasionally even of illness that made me fear lest I should never be able to carry out my conception. Always, a letter from you gave me proof that I had made myself understood, and that no care to say the right word would be thrown away. Amid all the irremediable trials of existence, men and women can nevertheless greatly help each other; and while we can help each other it is worth while to live. Let it increase your confidence in this sort of value which your life may always have, that you have really helped me simply by writing out your thoughts and feelings to me.

A week or two ago I had a letter from some corner of London, beginning "I am a lawyer's clerk, young and poor and ignorant," and ending with a prayer for a cheaper edition of 'Middlemarch,' "but not too cheap," lest paper and print should be bad—and men of the writer's class were willing to pinch for the sake of paying for a book they wanted. You may imagine that I am more encouraged by such a letter than by many laudatory notices.

It was very pleasant to have your greeting on the New Year, though I was keeping its advent in melancholy guise. I am relieved now from the neuralgic part of my ailment, and am able to write something of the hearty response I feel to your good wishes. Letter to John Blackwood, 3d Jan.

We both hope that the coming year may continue to you all the family joys which must make the core of your happiness, without underrating golf and good contributors to 'Maga.' Health has to be presupposed as the vehicle of all other good, and in this respect you may be possibly better off in '73 than in '72, for I think you have had several invalidings within the last twelve months.

Mr Langford wrote yesterday that he knew of an article on 'Middlemarch' being in preparation for the 'Times,' which certainly was never before so slow in noticing a book of mine. Whether such an article will affect the sale favourably seems eminently uncertain, and can only complicate Mr Simpson's problem.

We have been glad to welcome our good friend, Mr Anthony Trollope, after his long absence. He is wonderfully full of life and energy, and will soon bring out his two thick volumes on Australian colonies.

My friendly Dutch publishers lately sent us a handsome row of volumes—George Eliot's 'Romantische Werke,' with an introduction, in which comparisons are safely shrouded for me in the haze of Dutch, so that if they are disadvantageous, I am not pained.

Please give my best wishes for the coming year to Mr William Blackwood.

At last I break my silence, and thank you for your kind care about me. I am able to enjoy my reading at the corner of my study fire, and am at that unpitiable stage of illness which is counterbalanced by extra petting. I have been fearing that you too may be undergoing some *malaise* of a kindred sort, and I should like to be assured that you have quite got through the troubles which threatened you. Mrs Cross, 4th Jan.

How good you have all been to me, and what a disappointing investment of affection I have turned out! But those evening drives, which perhaps encouraged the face-ache, have left me a treasure of picture and poetry in my memory quite worth paying for, and in these days all prices are high.

The new year began very prettily for me at half-past eight in the morning with a beautiful bouquet, left by an unknown

at our door, and an inscription asking that "God's blessing might ever abide with the immortal author of 'Silas Marner.'"

Letter to Miss Wellington (now Mrs Rollins), Brooklyn, U.S.A., 16th Jan.

The signs of your sympathy sent to me across the wide water have touched me with the more effect because you imply that you are young. I care supremely that my writing should be some help and stimulus to those who have probably a long life before them.

Mr Lewes has carefully read through the articles which were accompanied by your kind letter, and he has a high opinion of the feeling and discernment exhibited in them. Some concluding passages which he read aloud to me are such as I register among the grounds of any encouragement in looking backward on what I have written, if not in looking forward to any future writing.

Thank you, dear young friend, whom I shall probably never know otherwise than in this spiritual way. And certainly, apart from those relations in life which bring daily opportunities of lovingness, the most satisfactory of all ties is this effective invisible intercourse of an elder mind with a younger.

That quotation in your letter, from Hawthorne's book, offers an excellent type, both for men and women, in the value it assigns to that order of work which is called subordinate, but becomes ennobling by being finely done. Yours, with sincere obligation.

P.S.—By the way, Mr Lewes tells me that you ascribe to me a hatred of blue eyes,—which is amusing, since my own eyes are blue-grey. I am not in any sense one of the "good haters"; on the contrary, my weaknesses all verge towards an excessive tolerance and a tendency to melt off the outlines of things.

Charles Ritter, 11th Feb

Much gratitude for your letter of the 7th telling me your impressions of 'Middlemarch.' I count spontaneous words such as yours among my most precious encouragements; indeed, after my husband's sympathy, letters from those personally unknown to me are the only testimonies to the effect of my writing on which I thoroughly rely. . . . After one has had much experience as a writer, praise, as such, is incapable of stirring any fibre of joy. What one's soul thirsts for is the word which is the reflex of one's own aim and delight in writing—the word which shows that what one meant has been perfectly seized, that the emotion which stirred one in writing is repeated in the mind of the reader.

I am much pleased with the colour and the lettering of the guinea edition, and the thinner paper makes it delightfully handy. Let us hope that some people still want to read it, since a friend of ours, in one short railway bit to and fro, saw two persons reading the paper-covered numbers. Now is the moment when a notice in the 'Times' might possibly give a perceptible impulse. Letters to John Blackwood, 25th Feb.

Kohn, of Berlin, has written to ask us to allow him to reprint 'The Spanish Gypsy' for £50, and we have consented.[1] Some Dresdener, who has translated poems of Tennyson's, asked leave to translate 'The Spanish Gypsy' in 1870, but I have not heard of his translation appearing.

The rain this morning is welcome, in exchange for the snow, which in London has none of its country charms left to it. Among my books, which comfort me in the absence of sunshine, is a copy of the 'Handy Royal Atlas,' which Mr Lewes has got for me. The glorious index is all the more appreciated by me, because I am tormented with German historical atlases which have no index, and are covered with names swarming like ants on every map.

The catalogue coming in the other day renewed my longing for the cheap edition of Lockhart's novels, though I have some compunction in teasing your busy mind with my small begging. I should like to take them into the country, where our days are always longer for reading.

I have a love for Lockhart because of Scott's Life, which seems to me a perfect biography. How different from another we know of!

After your kind words, I will confess that I should very much like to have the 'Manual of Geography' by Mackay, and Baynes's 'Port Royal Logic.' 28th Feb.

Apropos of the 'Lifted Veil,' I think it will not be judicious to reprint it at present. I care for the idea which it embodies, and which justifies its painfulness. A motto which I wrote on it yesterday perhaps is a sufficient indication of that idea:—

> "Give me no light, great heaven, but such as turns
> To energy of human fellowship;
> No powers save the growing heritage
> That makes completer manhood."

But it will be well to put the story in harness with some other productions of mine, and not send it forth in its dismal loneliness. There are many things in it which I would willingly say over again, and I shall never put them in any

[1] See footnote, p. 487.

Letter to John Blackwood, 28th Feb.

other form. But we must wait a little. The question is not in the least one of money, but of care for the best effect of writing, which often depends on circumstances, much as pictures depend on light and juxtaposition.

I am looking forward with interest to 'Kenelm Chillingly,' and thinking what a blessed lot it is to die on just finishing a book, if it could be a good one. I mean it is blessed only to quit activity when one quits life.

Mrs Wm. Smith, 1st March.

If I had been quite sure of your address, I should have written to you even before receiving your dear letter, over which I have been crying this morning. The prompting to write to you came from my having ten days ago read your Memoir—brief yet full—of the precious last months before the parting. Mrs P. Taylor brought me her copy as a loan. But may I not beg to have a copy of my own? It is to me an invaluable bit of writing,—the inspiration of a great sorrow, born of a great love, has made it perfect; and ever since I read it, I have felt a strengthening companionship from it. You will perhaps think it strange when I tell you that I have been more cheerful since I read the record of his sweet mild heroism, which threw emphasis on every blessing left in his waning life, and was silent over its pangs. I have even ventured to lend this copy, which is not my own, to a young married woman of whom I am very fond, because I think it is an unforgettable picture of that union which is the ideal of marriage, and which I desire young people to have in their minds as a goal.

It is a comfort in thinking of you that you have two lovable young creatures with you. I have found quite a new interest in young people since I have been conscious that I am getting older; and if all personal joy were to go from me as it has gone from you, I could perhaps find some energy from that interest, and try to teach the young. I wish, dear friend, it were possible to convey to you the sense I have of a great good in being permitted to know of your happiness, and of having some communion with the sorrow which is its shadow. Your words have a consecration for me, and my husband shares my feeling. He sends his love along with mine. He sobbed with something which is a sort of grief better worth having than any trivial gladness, as he read the printed record of your love. He, too, is capable of that supreme self-merging love.

John Blackwood, 14th March.

This is good news about the guinea edition, but I emphatically agree with you that it will be well to be cautious in further printing. I wish you could see a letter I had from

California the other day, apparently from a young fellow, and beginning, "Oh, you dear lady! I, who have been a Fred Vincy ever so long, . . . have played vagabond and ninny ever since I knew the meaning of such terms," &c., &c. Letter to John Blackwood, 14th March.

I am sorry to infer, from what you say about being recommended to go to a German bath, that you have been out of health lately. There really is a good deal of curative virtue in the air, waters, and exercise one gets at such places; and if the boredom were not strong enough to counteract the better influences, it would be worth while to endure.

That phrase of Miss Stuart's—"fall flat on the world"—is worth remembering. I should think it is not likely to prove prophetic, if she is at all like her cousin, whose fair piquant face remains very vividly before me. The older one gets, the more one delights in these young things, rejoicing in their joys.

The Ministerial crisis interests me, though it does not bring me any practical need for thinking of it, as it does to you. I wish there were some solid, philosophical Conservative to take the reins—one who knows the true functions of stability in human affairs, and, as the psalm says, "Would also practise what he knows."

I suppose my hesitation about writing to you to tell you of a debt I feel towards you is all vanity. If you did not know me, you might think a great deal more of my judgment than it is worth, and I should feel bold in that possibility. But when judgment is understood to mean simply one's own impression of delight, one ought not to shrink from making one's small offering of burnt clay because others can give gold statues. Edward Burne-Jones, 20th March.

It would be narrowness to suppose that an artist can only care for the impressions of those who know the methods of his art as well as feel its effects. Art works for all whom it can touch. And I want in gratitude to tell you that your work makes life larger and more beautiful to me. I mean that historical life of all the world, in which our little personal share often seems a mere standing-room from which we can look all round, and chiefly backward. Perhaps the work has a strain of special sadness in it—perhaps a deeper sense of the tremendous outer forces which urge us, than of the inner impulse towards heroic struggle and achievement; but the sadness is so inwrought with pure, elevating sensibility to all that is sweet and beautiful in the story of man

Letter to Edward Burne-Jones, 20th March.

and in the face of the earth, that it can no more be found fault with than the sadness of mid-day, when Pan is touchy like the rest of us. Don't you agree with me that much superfluous stuff is written on all sides about purpose in art? A nasty mind makes nasty art, whether for art or any other sake; and a meagre mind will bring forth what is meagre. And some effect in determining other minds there must be, according to the degree of nobleness or meanness in the selection made by the artist's soul.

Your work impresses me with the happy sense of noble selection and of power determined by refined sympathy. That is why I wanted to thank you in writing, since lip-homage has fallen into disrepute.

I cannot help liking to tell you a sign that my delight must have taken a little bit of the same curve as yours. Looking, *apropos* of your picture, into the "Iphigenia in Aulis," to read the chorus you know of, I found my blue pencil-marks made seven years ago (and gone into that forgetfulness which makes my mind seem very large and empty)—blue pencil-marks made against the dance-loving Kithara and the footsteps of the muses and the nereids dancing on the shining sands. I was pleased to see that my mind had been touched in a dumb way by what has touched yours to fine utterance.

Mrs Congreve, 15th April.

Welcome back to Europe! What a comfort to see your handwriting dated from San Remo—to think that Dr Congreve's anxieties about your voyage are at an end, and that you are once more in the post which is more specially and permanently yours! Mr Lewes finds fault with your letter for not telling enough; but the mere fact of your safety seems to fill it quite full for me, and I can think of no drawbacks—not even of the cold, which I hope is by this time passing away for you, as it is for us. You must be so rich in memories that we and our small ordinary news must appear very flat to you, but we will submit to be a little despised by you if only we can have you with us again. I have never lost the impression of Dr Congreve's look when he paid us his farewell visit, and spoke of his anxiety about your voyage, fearing that you had started too late; and that impression gives me all the keener sympathy with the repose I trust he is feeling. About ourselves I have only good news to tell. We are happier than ever, and have no troubles. We are searching for a country house to go to at the end of May or earlier. I long for the perfect peace and freedom of the country again. The hours seem to stretch

themselves there, and to hold twice as much thought as one can get into them in town, where acquaintances and small claims inevitably multiply. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 15th April

Imagine us nearly as we were when we last saw you—only a little older—with unchanged affection for you, and undimmed interest in whatever befalls you. Do not tax yourself to write unless you feel a pleasure in that imperfect sort of communication. I will try not to fear evil if you are silent, but you know that I am glad to have something more than hope to feed on.

It gives me a deep satisfaction to think that your correspondence with M. Ritter is a mutual good. He is not, I imagine, a young man; and this makes the relation between you the more interesting to me. I delight in sweet interchange between an elder and a younger life. I am much helped by his reception of the Epilogue to 'Middlemarch,' for some one had written a half-doubt whether there ought to have been an epilogue at all; and my readily echoing distrust had taken up the doubt. You will be glad to hear that the guinea form of the book goes off with amazing rapidity —amazing, because nobody seems to know anybody else who buys books, so that the disappearance of editions is a mysterious case of absorption. Alex. Main, 22d April.

Good-bye. Keep the highest ambition, which doesn't mind worn edges to its coat, and is bent on the quality rather than the rank of its work.

It was a cordial to me this morning to learn that you have the project of going with your young friend to Cambridge at the end of the autumn. I could not have thought of anything better to wish for on your behalf, than that you should have the consciousness of helping a younger life. I know, dear friend, that so far as you directly are concerned with this life, the remainder of it can only be patience and resignation. But we are not shut up within our individual life, and it is one of the gains of advancing age that the good of young creatures becomes a more definite intense joy to us. With that renunciation for ourselves which age inevitably brings, we get more freedom of soul to enter into the life of others: what we can never learn they will know, and the gladness which is a departed sunlight to us is rising with the strength of morning to them. Mrs Wm. Smith, 25th April

I am very much interested in the fact of young women studying at Cambridge, and I have lately seen a charming specimen of the pupils at Hitchin—a very modest lovely girl, who distinguished herself in the last examination. One

Letter to Mrs Wm. Smith, 25th April.

is anxious that in the beginning of a higher education for women, the immediate value of which is chiefly the social recognition of its desirableness, the students should be favourable subjects for experiment, — girls or young women whose natures are large and rich enough not to be used up in their efforts after knowledge.

Mr Lewes is very well, and goes on working joyously. Proofs come in slowly, but he is far from being ready with all the manuscript which will be needed for his preliminary volume—the material which has long been gathered requiring revision and suggesting additions.

Do think it a privilege to have that fine *physique* of yours, instead of a headachy dyspeptic frame such as many women drag through life. Even in irremediable sorrow it is a sort of blasphemy against one's suffering fellow-beings to think lightly of any good which they would be thankful for in exchange for something they have to bear.

Journal.

May 19.—We paid a visit to Cambridge at the invitation of Mr Frederick Myers, and I enjoyed greatly talking with him and some others of the Trinity men. In the evenings we went to see the boat-race, and then returned to supper and talk—the first evening with Mr Henry Sidgwick, Mr Jebb, Mr Edmund Gurney; the second, with young Balfour, young Lyttelton, Mr Jackson, and Edmund Gurney again. Mrs and Miss Huth were also our companions during the visit. On the Tuesday morning we breakfasted at Mr Henry Sidgwick's with Mr Jebb, Mr W. G. Clark, Mr Myers, and Mrs and Miss Huth.

May 22.—We went to the French play at the Princess's, and saw Plessy and Desclée in "Les idées de Madame Aubray." I am just finishing again Aristotle's 'Poetics,' which I first read in 1856.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 25th May.

Our plans have been upset by the impossibility of finding a house in the country that is suitable to us; and weariness of being deluded into journeys of investigation by fanciful advertisements, has inclined Mr Lewes for the present to say that we will go abroad. Still I have nothing to tell that is absolutely settled, and I must ask you, when you return, to send a note to this house. If I am in England, it will be forwarded to me, and you will get a prompt answer. If I am silent, you will conclude that I am gone abroad. I thing it is at the end of June that you are to come home?

Here we have been wearing furs and velvet, and having fires all through the past week, chiefly occupied by Mr Lewes and me in a visit to Cambridge. We were invited

ostensibly to see the boat-race, but the real pleasure of the visit consisted in talking with a hopeful group of Trinity young men. On Monday we had a clear cold day, more like the fine weather of mid-winter than any tradition of May time. I hope that you have had no such revisiting of winter at San Remo. How much we should enjoy having you with us to narrate everything that has happened to you in the last eventful half year! I shall feel the loss of this as an immediate prospect to be the greatest disadvantage in our going abroad next month—if we go. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 25th May.

Thanks for your letter. What you say of 'Romola' is a great comfort to me. It is a good while now since I read the book, but about two months ago I was looking through the 'Sayings,' and on running my eyes over those from 'Romola' I felt some wonder that any one should think I had written anything better. Alex. Main, 1st June.

I am much interested in all you tell me about your youthful companions. You understand that I necessarily care most about the impression my books make on the young. Mr Lewes has been wont to say that neither the very young nor the ignorant could care about my writing—that its significance must escape them, and that the aspects of life which it presents would not interest them. As to the ignorant, I should think that this judgment must be true; but facts seem to be contradicting it in relation to the young. And this makes me glad.

Thanks for sending me word of poor Miss Rebecca Franklin's death. It touches me deeply. She was always particularly good and affectionate to me, and I had much happiness in her as my teacher. Mrs Bray, 2d June.

In September a house near Chislehurst will be open to us—a house which we think of ultimately making our sole home, turning our backs on London. But we shall be allowed to have it furnished for a year on trial.

June.—In the beginning of June we paid a visit to Mr Jowett at Oxford, meeting there Mr and Mrs Charles Roundell, then newly married. We stayed from Saturday to Monday, and I was introduced to many persons of interest,—Professor T. Green, Max Müller, Thompson, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, a Mr Wordsworth, the grandson of the poet, who had spent some time in India, and a host of others. Journal.

June 23.—Started for the Continent. Fontainebleau, Plombières, &c.

I feel myself guilty that I have allowed the vicissitudes of travelling to hinder me from writing to you, for the Letter to Mrs Congreve, 9th Aug.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 9th Aug.

chance that a letter from me might be welcome to you in what I have been imagining as the first weeks of your return to England and the house in Mecklenburgh Square. I am sure that I should not have been guilty in this way if I had been at any time able to say where you should send me an answer which I could call for at a *Poste Restante*. But we have been invariably uncertain as to the length of our stay in any one place, and as to our subsequent route; and I confess that I shrink from writing a letter full of my own doings, without the prospect of getting some news in return. I am usually in a state of fear rather than of hope about my absent friends; and I dread lest a letter written in ignorance about them should be ill-timed. But at last all fears have become weaker than the uneasy sense that I have omitted to send you a sign of your loved presence in my thoughts, and that you may have lost a gleam of pleasure through my omission.

We left home on the 23d of June, with a sketch of a journey in our minds which included Grenoble, the Grande Chartreuse, Aix les Bains, Chambéry, and Geneva. The last place I wished to get to, because my friend Mme. D'Albert is not likely to live much longer, and I thought that I should like to see her once more. But during a short stay at Fontainebleau I began to feel that lengthy railway journeys were too formidable for us old weak creatures, and, moreover, that July and August were not the best months for those southern regions. We were both shattered, and needed quiet rather than the excitement of seeing friends and acquaintances—an excitement of which we had been having too much at home—so we turned aside by easy stages to the Vosges, and spent about three weeks at Plombières and Luxeuil. We shall carry home many pleasant memories of our journey—of Fontainebleau, for example, which I had never seen before; then of the Vosges, where we count on going again. Erckmann-Chatrian's books had been an introduction to the lovely region; and several of them were our companions there. But what small experiences these are compared with yours; and how we long for the time when you will be seated with us at our country house (Blackbrook, near Bromley, is the name of the house), and tell us as much as you can think of about this long year in which we have been deprived of you. If you receive this letter in time to write me a line which would reach me by the 15th, I shall be most grateful if you will give me that undeserved indulgence.

On our return yesterday from our nine weeks' absence, I found a letter from Mr Main, in which he shows some anxiety that I should write you the "formal sanction" you justly require before admitting extracts from 'Middlemarch' in the new edition of the 'Sayings.' I have no objection, if you see none, to such an enlargement of the volume, and I satisfy our good Mr Main's promptitude by writing the needed consent at once. Letter to John Blackwood, 24th Aug.

We used our plan of travel as "a good thing to wander from," and went to no single place (except Fontainebleau) to which we had beforehand projected going.

Our most fortunate wandering was to the Vosges—to Plombières and Luxeuil—which have made us in love with the mode of life at the *Eaux* of France, as greatly preferable to the ways of the German *Bad*.

We happened to be at Nancy just as the Germans were beginning to quit it, and we saw good store of *tricolores* and paper lanterns ready in the shop windows for those who wished to buy the signs of national rejoicing. I can imagine that, as a Prussian lady told us, the Germans themselves were not at all rejoiced to leave that pretty town for "les bords de la Spree," where, in French dialogue, all Germans are supposed to live.

Sept. 4.—Went to Blackbrook, near Bickley. Journal.

I quite assent to your proposal that there should be a new edition of 'Middlemarch' in one volume, at 7s. 6d.—to be prepared at once, but not published too precipitately. Letter to John Blackwood, 19th Sept.

I like your project of an illustration; and the financial arrangements you mention are quite acceptable to me.

For one reason especially I am delighted that the book is going to be reprinted—namely, *that I can see the proof-sheets and make corrections.* Pray give orders that the sheets be sent to me. I should like the binding to be of a rich sober colour, with very plain Roman lettering. It might be called a "revised edition."

Thanks for the extract from Mr Collins's letter. I did not know that there was really a Lowick, in a Midland county too. Mr Collins has my gratitude for feeling some regard towards Mr Casaubon, in whose life *I* lived with much sympathy.

When I was at Oxford, in May, two ladies came up to me after dinner: one said, "How could you let Dorothea marry *that* Casaubon?" The other, "Oh, I understand her doing that, but why did you let her marry the other fellow, whom I cannot bear?" Thus two "ardent ad-

Letter to John Blackwood, 19th Sept.

mirers" wished that the book had been quite different from what it is.

I wonder whether you have abandoned—as you seemed to agree that it would be wise to do—the project of bringing out my other books in a cheaper form than the present 3s. 6d., which, if it were not for the blemish of the figure illustrations, would be as pretty an edition as could be, and perhaps as cheap as my public requires. Somehow, the cheap books that crowd the stalls are always those which look as if they were issued from Pandemonium.

Mrs Cross, 11th Oct.

I am rather ashamed of our grumblings. We are really enjoying the country, and have more than our share of everything. George has happy mornings at his desk now, and we have fine bracing air to walk in—air which I take in as a sort of nectar. We like the bits of scenery round us better and better as we get them by heart in our walks and drives. The house, with all its defects, is very pretty, and more delightfully secluded, without being remote from the conveniences of the world, than any place we have before thought of as a possible residence for us.

I am glad that you have been seeing the Cowper Temples. My knowledge of them has not gone beyond dining with them at Mrs Tollemache's, and afterwards having a good conversational call from them; but they both struck me very agreeably.

Mr Henry Sidgwick is a chief favourite of mine—one of whom his friends at Cambridge say that they always expect him to act according to a higher standard than they think of attributing to any other chief man, or of imposing on themselves. "Though we kept our own fellowships without believing more than he did," one of them said to me, "we should have felt that Henry Sidgwick had fallen short if he had not renounced his."

J. W. Cross, Sunday, 20th Oct.

The chances of conversation were against my being quite clear to you yesterday as to the cases in which it seems to me that conformity is the higher rule. What happened to be said or not said is of no consequence in any other light than that of my anxiety not to appear what I should *hate to be*—which is surely not an ignoble egoistic anxiety, but belongs to the worship of the Best.

All the great religions of the world, historically considered, are rightly the objects of deep reverence and sympathy—they are the record of spiritual struggles, which are the types of our own. This is to me pre-eminently true of Hebrewism and Christianity, on which my own youth was nour-

ished. And in this sense I have no antagonism towards any religious belief, but a strong outflow of sympathy. Every community met to worship the highest Good (which is understood to be expressed by God) carries me along in its main current; and if there were not reasons against my following such an inclination, I should go to church or chapel, constantly, for the sake of the delightful emotions of fellowship which come over me in religious assemblies—the very nature of such assemblies being the recognition of a binding belief or spiritual law, which is to lift us into willing obedience, and save us from the slavery of unregulated passion or impulse. And with regard to other people, it seems to me that those who have no definite conviction which constitutes a protesting faith, may often more beneficially cherish the good within them and be better members of society by a conformity, based on the recognised good in the public belief, than by a nonconformity which has nothing but negatives to utter. *Not*, of course, if the conformity would be accompanied by a consciousness of hypocrisy. That is a question for the individual conscience to settle. But there is enough to be said on the different points of view from which conformity may be regarded, to hinder a ready judgment against those who continue to conform after ceasing to believe in the ordinary sense. But with the utmost largeness of allowance for the difficulty of deciding in special cases, it must remain true that the highest lot is to have definite beliefs about which you feel that "necessity is laid upon you" to declare them, as something better which you are bound to try and give to those who have the worse.

Letter to J. W. Cross, Sunday, 20th Oct.

It was a cheerful accompaniment to breakfast this morning to have a letter from you, with the pretty picture you suggested of Miss Blackwood's first ball. I am glad that I have seen the "little fairy," so as to be able to imagine her.

John Blackwood, 5th Nov.

We are both the better for the delicious air and quiet of the country. We too, like you, were sorry to quit the woods and fields for the comparatively disturbed life which even we are obliged to lead in town. Letters requesting interviews can no longer be made void by one's absence; and I am much afflicted by these interruptions, which break up the day without any adequate result of good to any mortal. In the country the days have broad spaces, and the very stillness seems to give a delightful roominess to the hours.

Is it not wonderful that the world can absorb so much 'Middlemarch' at a guinea the copy? I shall be glad to

Letter to John Blackwood, 5th Nov.

hear particulars, which, I imagine, will lead to the conclusion that the time is coming for the preparation of a 7s. 6d. edition. I am not fond of reading proofs, but I am anxious to correct the sheets of this edition, both in relation to mistakes already standing, and to prevent the accumulation of others in the reprinting.

I am slowly simmering towards another big book; but people seem so bent on giving supremacy to 'Middlemarch,' that they are sure not to like any future book so well. I had a letter from Mr Bancroft (the American Minister at Berlin) the other day, in which he says that everybody in Berlin reads 'Middlemarch.' He had to buy two copies for his house; and he found the Rector of the University, a stupendous mathematician, occupied with it in the solid part of the day. I am entertaining you in this graceful way about myself, because you will be interested to know what are the chances for our literature abroad.

That Ashantee business seems to me hideous. What is more murderous than stupidity? To have a husband gone on such an expedition, is a trial that passes my imagination of what it is possible to endure in the way of anxiety.

We are looking forward to the "Inkerman" volume as something for me to read aloud.

Madame Bodichon, 11th Nov.

During the latter part of our stay at Blackbrook, we had become very fond of the neighbourhood. The walks and drives round us were delightfully varied—commons, wooded lanes, wide pastures—and we felt regretfully that we were hardly likely to find again a country house so secluded in a well-inhabited region.

We have seen few people at present. The George Howards are come from a delicious lonely *séjour* in a tower of Bamborough Castle!—and he has brought many sketches home. That lodging would suit you, wouldn't it? A castle on a rock washed by the sea seems to me just a paradise for you.

We have been reading John Mill's 'Autobiography,' like the rest of the world. The account of his early education, and the presentation of his father, are admirable; but there are some pages in the latter half that one would have liked to be different.

Mrs Cross, 6th Dec.

Our wish to see you after all the long months since June, added to your affectionate invitation, triumphs over our disinclination to move. So, unless something should occur to make the arrangement inconvenient to you, we will join the

dear party on your hearth in the afternoon of the 24th, and stay with you till the 26th. Letter to Mrs Cross 6th Dec.

Notwithstanding my trust in your words, I feel a lingering uneasiness lest we should be excluding some one else from enjoying Christmas with you.

J.'s friend, Dr Andrew Clark, has been prescribing for Mr Lewes—ordering him to renounce the coffee which has been a chief charm of life to him, but being otherwise mild in his prohibitions.

I hear with much comfort that you are better, and have recovered your usual activity. Please keep well till Christmas, and then love and pet me a little, for that is always very sweet.

In writing any careful presentation of human feelings, you must count on that infinite stupidity of readers who are always substituting their crammed notions of what ought to be felt, for any attempt to recall truly what they themselves have felt under like circumstances. We are going to spend Christmas Eve and Christmas Day with our friends at Weybridge. Mrs Bray, 22d Dec.

We have been spending our Christmas in the country, and it is only on my return that I got your kind note, with its pretty symbols of remembrance. Such little signs are very sweet, coming from those whom one loves well, in spite of long separation. I am very glad to have seen you in your new home, and to be able to imagine you among your household treasures,—especially to imagine both you and your husband in enjoyable health. We have been invalidish lately, and have put ourselves under the discipline of Dr Andrew Clark, who is not one of the "three meat meals and alcohol" physicians, but rather one of those who try to starve out dyspepsia. Mrs Peter Taylor, 28th Dec.

We both send our kind regards to Mr Taylor, and hope that he may remain robust for his parliamentary campaign. Life, I trust, will deal gently with you in future, dear friend, and give you years of peace after your period of anxiety and of parting from old places and habits.

Jan. 1.—The happy old year in which we have had constant enjoyment of life, notwithstanding much bodily *malaise*, is gone from us for ever. More than in any former year of my life, love has been poured forth to me from distant hearts, and in our home we have had that finish to domestic comfort which only faithful kind servants can give. Our children are prosperous and happy,—Charles evidently growing in mental efficiency; we have abundant wealth for more Journal, 1874.

Journal. than our actual needs; and our unspeakable joy in each other has no other alloy than the sense that it must one day end in parting. My dear husband has a store of present and prospective good in the long work which is likely to stretch through the remaining years of his intellectual activity; and there have not been wanting signs that what he has already published is being appreciated rightly by capable persons. He is thinner than ever, but still he shows wonderful elasticity and nervous energy. I have been for a month rendered almost helpless for intellectual work by constant headache, but am getting a little more freedom. Nothing is wanting to my blessings but the uninterrupted power of work. For as to all my unchangeable imperfections I have resigned myself.

Jan. 17.—I received this morning from Blackwood the account of 'Middlemarch' and of 'The Spanish Gypsy' for 1873. Of the guinea edition of 'Middlemarch,' published in the spring, 2434 copies have been sold. Of the 'Spanish Gypsy' 292 copies have been sold during 1873, and the remaining copies are only 197. Thus out of 4470 which have been printed, 4273 have been distributed.

Letter to Mrs Wm. Smith, 12th Feb. We have received the volume—your kind and valuable gift—and I have read it aloud with Mr Lewes, all except the later pages, which we both feel too much to bear reading them in common. You have given a deeply interesting and, we think, instructive picture, and Mr Lewes has expressed his wish that it had not been restricted to a private circulation. But I understand your shrinking from indiscriminate publicity, at least in the first instance. Perhaps, if many judges on whom you rely concur with Mr Lewes, you will be induced to extend the possible benefit of the volume. I care so much for the demonstration of an intense joy in life on the basis of "plain living and high thinking," in this time of more and more eager scrambling after wealth and show. And then there are exquisite bits which you have rescued from that darkness to which his self-depreciation condemned them. I think I never read a more exquisite little poem than the one called "Christian Resignation"; and Mr Lewes, when I read it aloud, at once exclaimed, "How very fine! Read it again!" I am also much impressed with the wise mingling of moderation with sympathy in that passage, given in a note, from the article on Greg's 'Political Essays.'

What must have been the effort which the writing cost you I can—not fully but—almost imagine. But believe, dear friend, that in our judgment you have not poured out

these recollections in a cry of anguish all in vain. I feel roused and admonished by what you have told, and if I—then others.

Letter to John Blackwood, 20th Feb.

I imagined you absorbed by the political crisis, like the rest of the world except the Lord Chief-Justice, who must naturally have felt his summing-up deserving of more attention. I, who am no believer in salvation by ballot, am rather tickled that the first experiment with it has turned against its adherents.

I have been making what will almost certainly be my last corrections of 'The Spanish Gypsy,' and that causes me to look forward with special satisfaction to the probable exhaustion of the present edition. The corrections chiefly concern the quantity of the word Zincálo, which ought to be Zíncalo; but there are some other emendations, and altogether they make a difference to more than seventy pages. But it would still be worth while to retain the stereotypes, replacing simply the amended pages, there being about 400 in the whole book. I am sadly vexed that I did not think of having these corrections ready for the German reprint.

I have been compunctious lately about my having sprinkled cold water on the proposal suggested by Mr Simpson, of bringing out my novels in a cheaper way—on thinner paper and without illustrations. The compunction was roused by my happening, in looking at old records, to alight on some letters, one especially, written by a working man, a certain E. Hall,[1] more than ten years ago, begging me to bring out my books in a form cheap enough to let a poor man more easily "get a read of them." Hence if you and Mr Simpson see good to revive the design in question, I am perfectly in accord.

You did send me a copy of Lord Lytton's 'Fables'—many thanks for doing so. Mr Lewes had seen several of them in manuscript, and thought well of their merits. I am reading them gradually. They are full of graceful fancies and charming verse. So far as cleverness goes, it seems to me he can do almost anything; and the leanings of his mind are towards the best things. The want I feel is of more definiteness and more weight. The two stanzas to his wife placed before "Far and Near" are perfect.

I think I have never written to you since I wanted to tell you that I admired very much the just spirit in which the

[1] See *ante*, p. 265.

Letters to John Blackwood, 20th Feb.

notice of Mill's 'Autobiography' was written in the Magazine. Poor Dickens's latter years wear a melancholy aspect, do they not? But some of the extracts from his letters in the last volume have surprisingly more freshness and naturalness of humour than any of the letters earlier given. Still, something should be done by dispassionate criticism towards the reform of our national habits in the matter of literary biography. Is it not odious that as soon as a man is dead his desk is raked, and every insignificant memorandum, which he never meant for the public, is printed for the gossiping amusement of people too idle to re-read his books? "He gave the people of his best. His worst he kept, his best he gave;" but there is a certain set, not a small one, who are titillated by the worst and indifferent to the best. I think this fashion is a disgrace to us all. It is something like the uncovering of the dead Byron's club-foot.

Mr Lewes is in a more flourishing condition than usual, having been helped by Dr Andrew Clark, who ministers to all the brain workers. I have been ill lately,—weeks of *malaise* having found their climax in lumbar-neuralgia, or something of that sort, which gave fits of pain severe enough to deserve even a finer name.

My writing has not been stimulated as Scott's was under circumstances of a like sort, and I have nothing to tell you securely.

Please give an expression of my well-founded sympathy to Mr William Blackwood. My experience feelingly convinces me of the hardship there must be in his. I trust I shall hear of the lameness as a departed evil.

6th March.

I send you by this post a small collection of my poems, which Mr Lewes wishes me to get published in May.

Such of them as have been already printed in a fugitive form have been received with many signs of sympathy, and every one of those I now send you represents an idea which I care for strongly, and wish to propagate as far as I can. Else I should forbid myself from adding to the mountainous heap of poetical collections.

The form of volume I have in my eye is a delightful duodecimo edition of Keats's poems (without the "Endymion") published during his life: just the volume to slip in the pocket. Mine will be the least bit thicker.

I should like a darkish-green cover, with Roman lettering. But you will consider the physique and price of the book, and kindly let me know your thoughts.

I fear the fatal fact about your story[1] is the absence of God and hell. "My dear madam, you have not presented motives to the children!" It is really hideous to find that those who sit in the scribes' seats have got no further than the appeal to selfishness which they call God. The old Talmudists were better teachers. They make Rachel remonstrate with God for His hardness, and remind Him that she was kinder to her sister Leah than He to His people — thus correcting the traditional God by human sympathy. However, we must put up with our contemporaries, since we can neither live with our ancestors nor with posterity. Letter to Mrs Bray, 25th March.

It is cheering to see the programme of your new society. There certainly is an awakening of conscience about animals in general as our fellow-creatures—even the vogue of Balaam's ass is in that sense a good sign. A lady wrote to me the other day, that when she went to church in the island of Sark, the sermon turned on that remonstrant hero or heroine.

I can imagine how great an encouragement you feel from the enthusiasm generously expressed in Mr C.'s letter. It is always an admirable impulse to express a deeply felt admiration, but it is also possible that you have some grateful readers who do not write to you. I have heard men whose greatest delight is literature, say that they should never dream of writing to an author on the ground of his books alone. Miss Sara Hennell, 27th March.

Poor Mr Francis Newman must be aged now, and rather weary of the world and explanations of the world. He can hardly be expected to take in much novelty. I have a sort of affectionate sadness in thinking of the interest which, in far-off days, I felt in his 'Soul' and 'Phases of Faith,' and of the awe I had of him as a lecturer on mathematics at the Ladies' College. How much work he has done in the world which has left no deep conspicuous mark, but has probably entered beneficially into many lives!

How glorious this opening spring is! At this moment even London is so beautiful, that I come home filled with the Park landscapes, and see them as a background to all my thoughts. Your account of Mr George Dawson is rather melancholy. I remember him only as a bright, vigorous, young man—such as perhaps his sons are now. I imagine it is his fortune, or rather misfortune, to have talked too much and too early about the greatest things. 23d April.

[1] 'Paul Bradley.'

Letter to Miss Mary Cross, 11th May.

I could not dwell on your sweet gift[1] yesterday—I should perhaps have begun to cry, which would not have been *convenable* in a hostess. For I have been in a suffering, depressed condition lately, so your good loving deed has come just at the right time, when I need the helpfulness that love brings me,—and my heart turns to you with grateful blessing this Monday morning.

I have been looking at the little paintings with a treble delight, because they were done for *me*, because you chose for them subjects of my "making," and because they are done with a promising charm of execution (which Mr Lewes feels as well as I). It gives me special gladness that you have this sort of work before you. Some skill or other with the hands is needful for the completeness of the life, and makes a bridge over times of doubt and despondency.

Perhaps it will please you to know that nineteen years ago, when Mr Lewes and I were looking at a print of Goethe's statue by Rietschl, which stands on a pedestal ornamented with *bassi relievi* of his characters, I said (little believing that my wish would ever be fulfilled), "How I should like to be surrounded with creatures of my own making!" And yesterday, when I was looking at your gift, that little incident recurred to me. Your love seemed to have made me a miniature pedestal.

I was comforted yesterday that you and J. had at least the pleasure of hearing Bice Trollope sing, to make some amends for the long cold journey. Please do not any of you forget that we shall only be three weeks more in this corner of the world, and that we want to see you as often as you care to come.

Best love to all, the mother being chief among the all.

Alex. Main, 18th May.

Your affectionate letters are very cheering to me. Though your praise is to be measured by your own enthusiasm rather than by my merit—by your own fulness rather than by mine—there is always this satisfaction for me, less alarmingly due to my vanity—namely, that what you quote and emphasise is almost always what I most felt and believed in when I wrote it.

Give us an account of your studies, and how your activity has hitherto shaped itself, and what you look forward to with the most yearning. I think you have a strong faith, as I have, in the influences of a life apart from authorship, and in that dignity of work which comes from the thoroughness of doing, rather than from the *order* of the work.

[1] A vase with paintings from 'Romola' on tiles.

'Agatha' was written after a visit to that St Märgen described at the beginning of the poem. There was really an aged woman among those green hills who suggested the picture of Agatha. Letter to Alex. Main, 13th May.

Mr Lewes is down-stairs working at his desk, else he would send his love to you. We laughed at your prediction that he would call your letter "one of Main's screeds." He has really used that word, but you can hardly imagine how pleased he is with a "screed" which has me for its subject. His happy nature assimilates all agreeable things, and especially any tribute to me.

May 19.—This month has been published a volume of my poems—'Legend of Jubal, and other Poems.' On the first of June we go into the country to the cottage, Earlswood Common, for four months, and I hope there to get deep shafts sunk in my prose book. My health has been a wretched drag on me during this last half year. I have lately written "a symposium." Journal.

I have so much trust in your love for us, that I feel sure you will like to know of our happiness in the secure peace of the country, and the good we already experience in soul and body from the sweet breezes over hill and common, the delicious silence, and the unbroken spaces of the day. Just now the chill east wind has brought a little check to our pleasure in our long afternoon drives; and I could wish that Canon Kingsley and his fellow-worshippers of that harsh divinity could have it reserved entirely for themselves as a tribal god. Letter to Mrs Cross, 14th June.

We think the neighbourhood so lovely, that I must beg you to tell J. we are in danger of settling here unless he makes haste to find us a house in your "country-side"—a house with undeniable charms, on high ground, in a strictly rural neighbourhood (water and gas laid on, nevertheless), to be vacant precisely this autumn!

My philosopher is writing away with double *verve* in a projecting window, where he can see a beautiful green slope crowned and studded with large trees. I, too, have an agreeable corner in another room. Our house has the essentials of comfort, and we have reason to be contented with it.

I confess that my chief motive for writing about ourselves is to earn some news of you, which will not be denied me by one or other of the dear pairs of hands always ready to do us a kindness.

Our Sunday is really a Sabbath now—a day of thorough

Letter to Mrs Cross, 14th June.

peace. But I shall get hungry for a sight of some of the Sunday visitors before the end of September.

I include all my family in a spiritual embrace, and am always yours lovingly.

John Blackwood, 16th June.

We are revelling in the peace of the country, and have no drawback to our delight except the cold winds, which have forced us to put on winter clothing for the last four or five days.

Our wide common is very breezy, and the wind makes mournful music round our walls. But I should think it is not possible to find a much healthier region than this round Reigate and Redhill; and it is prettier than half the places one crosses the Channel to see. We have been hunting about for a permanent country home in the neighbourhood, but no house is so difficult to get as one which has at once seclusion and convenience of position, which is neither of the suburban villa style nor of the grand hall and castle dimensions.

The restoration of the Empire (in France), which is a threatening possibility, seems to me a degrading issue. In the restoration of the monarchy I should have found something to rejoice at, but the traditions of the empire, both first and second, seem to my sentiment bad. Some form of military despotism must be, as you say, the only solution where no one political party knows how to behave itself. The American pattern is certainly being accepted as to senatorial manners. I daresay you have been to Knebworth, and talked over French matters with Lord Lytton. We are grieved to hear from him but a poor account of sweet Lady Lytton's health and spirits. She is to me one of the most charming types of womanliness, and I long for her to have all a woman's best blessings.

The good news about the small remainder of 'Jubal' is very welcome, and I will write at once to Mr Simpson to send him my two or three corrections, and my wishes about the new edition. The price of the book will well bear a thicker and a handsomely tinted paper, especially now it has proved movable; and I felt so much the difference to the eye and touch of the copies on rich tinted paper, that I was much vexed with myself for having contributed to the shabby appearance of the current edition by suggesting the thin Keats volume as a model. People have become used to more luxurious editions; and I confess to the weakness of being affected by paper and type in something of the same subtle way I am affected by the odour of a room.

Many thanks for Lord Neaves's pleasant little book, which is a capital example of your happily-planned publication. Letter to John Blackwood, 16th June.

I came down here half poisoned by the French theatre, but I am flourishing now, and am brewing my future big book with more or less (generally less) belief in the quality of the liquor which will be drawn off. The secured peacefulness and the pure air of the country make our time of double worth; and we mean to give no invitations to London friends desirous of change. We are selfishly bent on dual solitude.

I am so glad to know from your kind letter that you are interesting yourself, with Madame Belloc, in the poor workhouse girls. You see my only social work is to rejoice in the labours of others, while I live in luxurious remoteness from all turmoil. Of course you have seen Mrs Senior's report. I read it, and thought it very wise, very valuable in many ways, and since then she has sent me word how much she has been worried about it by (as I imagine) obstructive officials. Mrs Peter Taylor, 1st July.

We are revelling in our country peacefulness, in spite of the chills and rain—driving about every day that the weather will allow, and finding in each drive new beauties of this loveliest part of a lovely country. We are looking out for a house in this neighbourhood as a permanent retreat—not with the idea of giving up our London house, at least for some years, but simply of having a place to which we may come for about six months of the year, and perhaps finally shrink into altogether.

Only the day before your letter came to me I had been saying—"I wonder how our dear Mrs William Smith is?"—so that your impulse to write to me satisfied a need of mine. I cannot help rejoicing that you are in the midst of lovely scenery again, for I had had a presentiment that Cambridge was anti-pathetic to you; and indeed I could not have imagined that you would be in the right place there, but for the promised helpfulness of your presence to a young friend. Mrs Wm. Smith, 1st July.

You tell me much that is interesting. Your picture of Mr and Mrs Stirling, and what you say of the reasons why one may wish even for the anguish of being *left* for the sake of waiting on the beloved one to the end—all that goes to my heart of hearts. It is what I think of almost daily. For death seems to me now a close, real experience, like the approach of autumn or winter, and I am glad to find that advancing life brings this power of imagining the

Letter to Mrs Wm. Smith, 1st July.

nearness of death I never had till of late years. I remember all you told me of your niece's expected marriage, and your joy in the husband who has chosen her. It is wealth you have—that of several sweet nieces to whom being with you is a happiness. You can feel some sympathy in their cheerfulness, even though sorrow is always your only private good—can you not, dear friend?—and the time is short at the utmost. The blessed reunion, if it may come, must be patiently waited for; and such good as you can do others, by loving looks and words, must seem to you like a closer companionship with the gentleness and benignity which you justly worshipped while it was visibly present, and still more perhaps now it is veiled, and is a memory stronger than vision of outward things. We are revelling in the sweet peace of the country, and shall remain here till the end of September.

Mr Lewes sends his affectionate remembrances with mine. I am scribbling while he holds my bed candle, so pray forgive any incoherency.

Madame Bodichon, 17th July.

I have two questions to ask of your benevolence. First, Was there not some village near Stonehenge where you stayed the night, nearer to Stonehenge than Amesbury? Secondly, Do you know anything specific about Holmwood *Common* as a place of residence? It is ravishingly beautiful: is it in its higher part thoroughly unobjectionable as a site for a dwelling?

It seems that they have been having the heat of Tophet in London, whereas we have never had more than agreeable sunniness, this common being almost always breezy. And the country around us must, I think, be the loveliest of its undulating woody kind in all England.

I remember, when we were driving together last, something was said about my disposition to melancholy. I ought to have said then, but did not, that I am no longer one of those whom Dante found in hell border because they had been sad under the blessed sunlight.[1] I am uniformly cheerful now—feeling the preciousness of these moments, in which I still possess love and thought.

Mrs Burne-Jones, 3d Aug.

It was sweet of you to write me that nice long letter. I was athirst for some news of you. Life, as you say, is a big thing. No wonder there comes a season when we cease to look round and say, "How shall I enjoy?"—but as in a

[1] "Tristi fummo
Nell' aer dolce, che dal sol s' allegra."
—*Inferno*, c. vii. 121, 122.

country which has been visited by the sword, pestilence, and famine, think only how we shall help the wounded, and how find seed for the next harvest—how till the earth, and make a little time of gladness for those who are being born without their own asking. I am so glad of what you say about the Latin. Go on conquering and to conquer a little kingdom for yourself there. Letter to Mrs Burne Jones, 3d Aug.

We are, as usual, getting more than our share of peace and other good, except in the matter of warmth and sunshine. Our common is a sort of ball-room for the winds, and on the warmest days we have had here we have found them at their music and dancing. They roar round the corners of our house in a wintry fashion, while the sun is shining on the brown grass.

Thanks for sending me the good news. The sale of 'Middlemarch' is wonderful "out of all whooping," and considered as manifesting the impression made by the book, is more valuable than any amount of immediate distribution. I suppose there will be a new edition of 'The Spanish Gypsy' wanted by Christmas; and I have a carefully corrected copy by me, containing my final alterations, to which I desire to have the stereotyped plates adjusted. John Blackwood, 8th Aug.

As to confidence in the work to be done, I am somewhat in the condition suggested to Armgart, "How will you bear the poise of eminence with dread of falling?" And the other day, having a bad headache, I did what I have sometimes done before at intervals of five or six years—looked into three or four novels to see what the world was reading. The effect was paralysing, and certainly justifies me in that abstinence from novel-reading which, I fear, makes me seem supercilious or churlish to the many persons who send me their books, or ask me about their friends' books. To be delivered from all doubts as to one's justification in writing at this stage of the world, one should have either a plentiful faith in one's own exceptionalness, or a plentiful lack of money. Tennyson said to me, "Everybody writes so well now;" and if the lace is only machine-made, it still pushes out the hand-made, which has differences only for a fine fastidious appreciation. To write indifferently after having written well—that is, from a true, individual store which makes a special contribution—is like an eminent clergyman spoiling his reputation by lapses, and neutralising all the good he did before. However this is superfluous stuff to write to you. It is only a sample of the way in which de-

Letter to John Blackwood, 8th Aug.

pression works upon me. I am not the less grateful for all the encouragement I get.

I saw handsome Dean Liddell at Oxford. He is really a grand figure. They accuse him of being obstructive to much-needed reforms. For my own part, I am thankful to him for his share in 'Liddell and Scott' and his capital little Roman history. *Apropos* of books and St Andrews, I have read aloud to Mr Lewes Professor Flint's volume, and we have both been much pleased with its conscientious presentation and thorough effort at fairness.

We have enjoyed the country as we always do; but we have been, for our constitutions, a little unfortunate in the choice of a spot, which is the windiest of the windy. That heat which we have read and heard of has hardly been at all felt by us; and we have both suffered a little from chills. You will perceive from my letter I am just now possessed by an evil spirit in the form of headache; but on the whole I am much the stronger for the peace and the delicious air, which I take in as a conscious addition to the good of living.

We have been near buying a little country hermitage on Holmwood Common—a grand spot, with a view hard to match in our flat land. But we have been frightened away by its windiness. I rather envy Major Lockhart and the rest of the Golfian enthusiasts: to have a seductive idleness which is really a healthy activity, is invaluable to people who have desk-work.

Mrs H. B. Stowe, 11th Nov.

I feel rather disgraced by the fact that I received your last kind letter nearly two months ago. But a brief note of mine, written immediately on hearing of you from Mrs Fields, must have crossed yours and the Professor's kind letters to me; and I hope it proved to you that I love you in my heart.

We were in the country then, but soon afterwards we set out on a six weeks' journey, and we are but just settled in our winter home.

Those unspeakable troubles in which I necessarily felt more for *you* than for any one else concerned, are, I trust, well at an end, and you are enjoying a time of peace. It was like your own sympathetic energy to be able, even while the storm was yet hanging in your sky, to write to me about my husband's books. Will you not agree with me that there is one comprehensive Church whose fellowship consists in the desire to purify and ennoble human life, and where the best members of all narrower Churches may call themselves brother and sister in spite of differences? I am

writing to your dear husband as well as to you, and in answer to his question about Goethe, I must say, for my part, that I think he had a strain of mysticism in his soul,— of so much mysticism as I think inevitably belongs to a full poetic nature—I mean the delighted bathing of the soul in emotions which overpass the outlines of definite thought. I should take the "Imitation" as a type (it is one which your husband also mentions), but perhaps I might differ from him in my attempt to interpret the unchangeable and universal meanings of that great book. Letter to Mrs H. B. Stowe, 11th Nov.

Mr Lewes, however, who has a better right than I to a conclusion about Goethe, thinks that he entered into the experience of the mystic—as in the confessions of the *Schöne Seele*—simply by force of his sympathetic genius, and that his personal individual bent was towards the clear and plastic exclusively. Do not imagine that Mr Lewes is guided in his exposition by theoretic antipathies. He is singularly tolerant of difference, and able to admire what is unlike himself.

He is busy now correcting the proofs of his second volume. I wonder whether you have headaches and are rickety as we are, or whether you have a glorious immunity from those ills of the flesh. Your husband's photograph looks worthy to represent one of those wondrous Greeks who wrote grand dramas at eighty or ninety.

I am decidedly among the correspondents who may exercise their friends in the virtue of giving and hoping for nothing again. Otherwise I am unprofitable. Yet believe me, dear friend, I am always with lively memories of you, yours affectionately.

We have spent this year in much happiness, and are sorry to part with it. From the beginning of June to the end of September we had a house in Surrey, and enjoyed delicious quiet with daily walks and drives in the lovely scenery round Reigate and Dorking. October we spent in a country visit to friends (Six-Mile Bottom), and in a journey to Paris, and through the Ardennes homeward, finishing off our travels by some excursions in our own country, which we are ready to say we will never quit again—it is so much better worth knowing than most places one travels abroad to see. We make ourselves amends for being in London by going to museums to see the wonderful works of men; and the other day I was taken over the Bank of England and to Woolwich Arsenal—getting object-lessons in my old age, you perceive. Mr Lewes is half through the proof-correcting Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Nov.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Nov.

of his second volume; and it will be matter of rejoicing when the other half is done, for we both hate proof-correcting (do you?)—the writing always seems worse than it really is when one reads it in patches, looking out for mistakes.

Hon. Mrs Ponsonby (now Lady Ponsonby), 10th Dec.

My books have for their main bearing a conclusion the opposite of that in which your studies seem to have painfully imprisoned you—a conclusion without which I could not have cared to write any representation of human life—namely, that the fellowship between man and man which has been the principle of development, social and moral, is not dependent on conceptions of what is not man: and that the idea of God, so far as it has been a high spiritual influence, is the ideal of a goodness entirely human (*i.e.*, an exaltation of the human).

Have you quite fairly represented yourself in saying that you have ceased to pity your suffering fellow-men, because you can no longer think of them, as individualities of immortal duration, in some other state of existence than this of which you know the pains and the pleasures?—that you feel less for them now you regard them as more miserable? And, on a closer examination of your feelings, should you find that you had lost all sense of quality in actions—all possibility of admiration that yearns to imitate—all keen sense of what is cruel and injurious—all belief that your conduct (and therefore the conduct of others) can have any difference of effect on the wellbeing of those immediately about you (and therefore on those afar off), whether you carelessly follow your selfish moods, or encourage that vision of others' needs which is the source of justice, tenderness, sympathy in the fullest sense? I cannot believe that your strong intellect will continue to see, in the conditions of man's appearance on this planet, a destructive relation to your sympathy: this seems to me equivalent to saying that you care no longer for colour, now you know the laws of the spectrum.

As to the necessary combinations through which life is manifested, and which seem to present themselves to you as a hideous fatalism, which ought logically to petrify your volition—have they, *in fact*, any such influence on your ordinary course of action in the primary affairs of your existence as a human, social, domestic creature? And if they don't hinder you from taking measures for a bath, without which you know that you cannot secure the delicate cleanliness which is your second nature, why should they hinder you from a line of resolve in a higher strain of duty

Letter to the Hon. Mrs Ponsonby (now Lady Ponsonby), 10th Dec.

to your ideal, both for yourself and others? But the consideration of molecular physics is not the direct ground of human love and moral action, any more than it is the direct means of composing a noble picture or of enjoying great music. One might as well hope to dissect one's own body and be merry in doing it, as take molecular physics (in which you must banish from your field of view what is specifically human) to be your dominant guide, your determiner of motives, in what is solely human. That every study has its bearing on every other is true; but pain and relief, love and sorrow, have their peculiar history which make an experience and knowledge over and above the swing of atoms.

The teaching you quote as George Sand's would, I think, deserve to be called nonsensical if it did not deserve to be called wicked. What sort of "culture of the intellect" is that which, instead of widening the mind to a fuller and fuller response to all the elements of our existence, isolates it in a moral stupidity? — which flatters egoism with the possibility that a complex and refined human society can continue, wherein relations have no sacredness beyond the inclination of changing moods? — or figures to itself an æsthetic human life that one may compare to that of the fabled grasshoppers who were once men, but having heard the song of the Muses could do nothing but sing, and starved themselves so till they died and had a fit resurrection as grasshoppers; "and this," says Socrates, "was the return the Muses made them."

With regard to the pains and limitations of one's personal lot, I suppose there is not a single man, or woman, who has not more or less need of that stoical resignation which is often a hidden heroism, or who, in considering his or her past history, is not aware that it has been cruelly affected by the ignorant or selfish action of some fellow-being in a more or less close relation of life. And to my mind, there can be no stronger motive, than this perception, to an energetic effort that the lives nearest to us shall not suffer in a like manner from *us*.

The progress of the world—which you say can only come at the right time—can certainly never come at all save by the modified action of the individual beings who compose the world; and that we can say to ourselves with effect, "There is an order of considerations which I will keep myself continually in mind of, so that they may continually be the prompters of certain feelings and actions," seems to me

Letter to the Hon. Mrs Ponsonby (now Lady Ponsonby), 10th Dec.

as undeniable as that we can resolve to study the Semitic languages and apply to an Oriental scholar to give us daily lessons. What would your keen wit say to a young man who alleged the physical basis of nervous action as a reason why he could not possibly take that course?

As to duration and the way in which it affects your view of the human history, what is really the difference to your imagination between infinitude and billions when you have to consider the value of human experience? Will you say that since your life has a term of threescore years and ten, it was really a matter of indifference whether you were a cripple with a wretched skin disease, or an active creature with a mind at large for the enjoyment of knowledge, and with a nature which has attracted others to you?

Difficulties of thought—acceptance of what is, without full comprehension—belong to every system of thinking. The question is to find the least incomplete.

When I wrote the first page of this letter, I thought I was going to say that I had not courage to enter on the momentous points you had touched on, in the hasty, brief form of a letter. But I have been led on sentence after sentence—not, I fear, with any inspiration beyond that of my anxiety. You will at least pardon any ill-advised things I may have written on the prompting of the moment.

Alex. Main, 2d Jan. 1875.

Your New Year's affectionate greeting was very sweet and welcome to us. I missed nothing cordial and cheering in your letter except some assurance that this epoch finds you in outward peace and comfort, as well as in inward steadfastness and joy in all goodness. It is your general fault to say nothing about that more solid measurable self which, however inferior and troublesome, is yet an inseparable companion of the more spiritual Alexander Main. I trust that you are free from domestic trouble, and that your days are passed in satisfactory work.

On the other hand, you usually want to know our bodily condition, and I can tell you now that we are both *un*usually well, having escaped cold in spite of the severe weather which has made victims of so many delicate and elderly persons.

This is the fourth year, I think, since your first letter, asking about the pronunciation of 'Romola,' reached me in the country. How the little twig planted then has burgeoned and blossomed!—the best of blossoms being, as you say, the spiritual relation of conscious sympathy.

I want very much to be assured of your perpetual striving

after excellence in all such ways as your life offers a path for; because your excellence in anything is likely to bear fruit after our work is finished. You know I care as much for what is called private work as for public, and believe in its incalculable efficacy. Letter to Alex. Main, 2d Jan.

I am delighted with what you write about my husband's books. Imagine a man as objectively absorbed as it is possible to be in the work he is doing *for its own sake*, quite free from oblique glances at minor results, knowing nothing of jealousy, and open as day to sympathies in the work of others. You have then imagined my husband. He gets more pleasure out of any work of mine than I do, and he especially enjoys the delicacy of your appreciations. Charles Ritter, 3d Jan.

I suffer always increasingly from doubt as to the quality of what I am actually doing. Just now I am writing a new novel (which will not be ready for a long while to come), but if it were not for his firmness of opinion as to the worth of what is already written I could not carry out my intention. In this way he has always supported me—by his unreserved sympathy and the independence of his judgment.

I trust that your health is undisturbed by the severity of the winter, and that your life has as equable a flow of happiness as we susceptible mortals can reasonably expect in the vast entanglements of the world.

Jan. 13.—Here is a great gap since I last made a record. But the time has been filled full of happiness. A second edition of 'Jubal' was published in August; and the fourth edition of 'The Spanish Gypsy' is all sold. This morning I received a copy of the fifth edition. The amount of copies sold of 'Middlemarch' up to 31st December is between 19,000 and 20,000. Journal.

Yesterday I also received the good news that the engagement between Emily Cross and Mr Otter is settled.

The last year has been crowded with proofs of affection for me, and of value for what work I have been able to do. This makes the best motive or encouragement to do more; but, as usual, I am suffering much from doubt as to the worth of what I am doing, and fear lest I may not be able to complete it so as to make it a contribution to literature, and not a mere addition to the heap of books. I am now just beginning the part about 'Deronda,' at page 234.

Your letter was a deeply-felt pleasure to me last night; and I have one from Emily this morning, which makes my joy in the prospect of your union as thorough as it could well be. I could not wish either her words or yours to be Letter to Francis Otter, 13th Jan.

Letter to Francis Otter, 13th Jan.

in the least different. Long ago, when I had no notion that the event was probable, my too hasty imagination had prefigured it and longed for it. To say this, is to say something of the high regard with which all I have known of you has impressed me—for I hold our sweet Emily worthy of one who may be reckoned among the best. The possibility of a constantly growing blessedness in marriage is to me the very basis of good in our mortal life; and the believing hope that you and she will experience that blessedness, seems to enrich me for the coming years. I shall count it among my strengthening thoughts that you both think of me with affection, and care for my sympathy. Mr Lewes shares in all the feelings I express, and we are rejoicing together.

Mrs Peter Taylor, 15th Jan.

Please never wonder at my silence, or believe that I bear you in any the less lively remembrance because I do not write to you.

Writing notes is the *crux* of my life. It often interferes with my morning hours (before 1 o'clock), which is the only time I have for quiet work. For certain letters are unavoidable demands; and though my kind husband writes them for me whenever he can, they are not all to be done by proxy.

That glorious bit of work of yours about the Home for Girls[1] is delightful to hear of. Hardly anything is more wanted, I imagine, than homes for girls in various employments—or rather for unmarried women of all ages.

I heard also the other day that your name was among those of the ladies interested in the beginning of a union among the bookbinding women, which one would like to succeed and spread.

I hope, from your ability to work so well, that you are in perfect health yourself. Our friend Barbara, too, looks literally the pink of wellbeing, and cheers one's soul by her interest in all worthy things.

Hon. Mrs Ponsonby (now Lady Ponsonby), 30th Jan.

I should urge you to consider your early religious experience as a portion of valid knowledge, and to cherish its emotional results in relation to objects and ideas which are either substitutes or metamorphoses of the earlier. And I think we must not take every great physicist — or other "ist"—for an apostle, but be ready to suspect him of some crudity concerning relations that lie outside his special studies, if his exposition strands us on results that seem to stultify the most ardent, massive experience of mankind, and hem up the best part of our feelings in stagnation.

[1] Bessborough Gardens.

Last night I finished reading aloud to Mr Lewes the "Inkerman" volume, and we both thank you heartily for the valuable present. It is an admirable piece of writing: such pure, lucid English is what one rarely gets to read. The masterly marshalling of the material is certainly in contrast with the movements described. To my non-military mind, the Inkerman affair seems nothing but a brave blundering into victory. Great traits of valour—Homeric movements—but also a powerful lack of brains in the form of generalship. I cannot see that the ordering up of the two 18-pounder guns was a vast mental effort, unless the weight of the guns is to be counted in the order as well as in the execution. But the grand fact of the thousands beaten by the hundreds remains under all interpretation. Why the Russians, in their multitudinous mass, should have chosen to retreat into Sebastopol moving at their leisure, and carrying off all their artillery, seems a mystery in spite of General Dannenberg's memorable answer to Mentschikoff. Letter to John Blackwood, 7th Feb.

There are some splendid movements in the story—the tradition of the Minden Yell, the "Men, remember Albuera," and the officer of the 77th advancing with, "Then I will go myself," with what followed, are favourite bits of mine. My mind is in the anomalous condition of hating war and loving its discipline which has been an incalculable contribution to the sentiment of duty.

I have not troubled myself to read any reviews of the book. My eye caught one in which the author's style was accused of affectation. But I have long learned to apply to reviewers an aphorism which tickled me in my childhood—"There must be some such to be some of all sorts." Pray tell Mr Simpson that I was much pleased with the new dress of 'The Spanish Gypsy.'

The first part of 'Giannetto' raised my interest, but I was disappointed in the unravelling of the plot. It seems to me neither really nor ideally satisfactory. But it is a long while since I read a story newer than 'Rasselas,' which I reread two years ago, with a desire to renew my childish delight in it, when it was one of my best loved companions. So I am a bad judge of comparative merits among popular writers. I am obliged to fast from fiction, and fasting is known sometimes to weaken the stomach. I ought to except Miss Thackeray's stories, which I cannot resist when they come near me—and bits of Mr Trollope, for affection's sake. You would not wonder at my fasting, if you knew how deplorably uncalled for, and "everything-that-it-should-

not-be," my own fiction seems to me in times of inward and outward fog—like this morning when the light is dim on my paper.

Letter to the Hon. Mrs Ponsonby (now Lady Ponsonby), 11th Feb.

Do send me the papers you have written—I mean as a help and instruction to me. I need very much to know how ideas lie in other minds than my own, that I may not miss their difficulties while I am urging only what satisfies myself. I shall be deeply interested in knowing exactly what you wrote at that particular stage. Please remember that I don't consider myself a teacher, but a companion in the struggle of thought. What can consulting physicians do without pathological knowledge?—and the more they have of it, the less absolute—the more tentative—are their procedures.

You will see by the 'Fortnightly,' which you have not read, that Mr Spencer is very anxious to vindicate himself from neglect of the logical necessity that the evolution of the abstraction "society" is dependent on the modified action of the units; indeed he is very sensitive on the point of being supposed to teach an enervating fatalism.

Consider what the human mind *en masse* would have been if there had been no such combination of elements in it as has produced poets. All the philosophers and *savants* would not have sufficed to supply that deficiency. And how can the life of nations be understood without the inward life of poetry—that is, of emotion blending with thought?

But the beginning and object of my letter must be the end—please send me your papers.

Mrs Wm. Smith, 10th May.

We cannot believe that there is reason to fear any painful observations on the publication of the memoir in one volume with 'Gravenhurst' and the Essays. The memoir is written with exquisite judgment and feeling; and without estimating too highly the taste and carefulness of journalists in their ordinary treatment of books, I think that we may count on their not being impressed otherwise than respectfully and sympathetically with the character of your dear husband's work, and with the sketch of his pure elevated life. I would also urge you to rely on the fact that Mr Blackwood thinks the publication desirable, as a guarantee that it will not prove injudicious in relation to the outer world—I mean the world beyond the circle of your husband's especial friends and admirers. I am grieved to hear of your poor eyes having been condemned to an inaction which, I fear, may have sadly increased the vividness of that inward seeing, already painfully strong in you. There

has been, I trust, always some sympathetic young companionship to help you—some sweet voice to read aloud to you, or to talk of those better things in human lots which enable us to look at the good of life a little apart from our own particular sorrow. Letter to Mrs Wm. Smith, 10th May.

The doctors have decided that there is nothing very grave the matter with me; and I am now so much better, that we even think it possible I may go to see Salvini in the "Gladiator" to-morrow evening. This is to let you know that there is no reason against your coming, with or without Margaret, at the usual time on Friday. Mrs Burne-Jones, 11th May.

Your words of affection in the note you sent me are very dear to my remembrance. I like not only to be loved, but also to be told that I am loved. I am not sure that you are of the same mind. But the realm of silence is large enough beyond the grave. This is the world of light and speech, and I shall take leave to tell you that you are very dear.

You are right—there is no time, but only the sense of not having time: especially when, instead of filling the days with useful exertion, as you do, one wastes them in being ill, as I have been doing of late. However, I am better now, and will not grumble. Thanks for all the dear words in your letter. Be sure I treasure the memory of your faithful friendship which goes back—you know how far. Mrs Peter Taylor, 14th May.

Your letters are always "a good message from a far country," and we value every assurance you give us of your welfare or of our share in furthering it. Alex. Main, 26th May.

Our plans for the year do not now include a journey to the Continent, which Mr Lewes had only thought of as a sanitary measure for me. What we are bent on is, to spend the next four or five months in the country, working, and breathing the fresh air. There is an unexpected hitch about a house which we had thought ourselves sure of, but if this difficulty can be surmounted we shall leave London next week.

We have been much interested lately in seeing Salvini, a genuinely great actor, play Othello. And on Monday we are hoping to see him in "Hamlet." I wish you could have the same enjoyment. Great art, in any kind, inspirits me and makes me feel the worth of devoted effort; but from bad pictures, bad books, vulgar music, I come away with a paralysing depression.

Mr Lewes is going to republish some interesting little retrospects of actors which he wrote nearly ten years ago

Letter to Alex. Main, 26th May.

in the 'Pall Mall Gazette.' He remembers Edmund Kean —who, you know, died in 1832.

I wish I had time to think of something better to tell you, but I hear the footstep of a visitor to lunch, and must close my poor despatch. It will have answered your question about our movements, and also it will have assured you that you are always one of the valued possessions in our spiritual estate.

Frederic Harrison, 1st June.

If you could, some day this week or the beginning of next, allow me half an hour's quiet *tête-à-tête*, I should be very much obliged by such a kindness.

The trivial questions I want to put could hardly be shapen in a letter so as to govern an answer that would satisfy my need. And I trust that the interview will hardly be more troublesome to you than writing.

I hope, when you learn the pettiness of my difficulties, you will not be indignant, like a great doctor called in to the favourite cat.

Mrs Peter Taylor, 9th Aug.

We admire our bit of Hertfordshire greatly; but I should be glad of more breezy common land and far-reaching outlooks. For fertility, wealth of grand trees, parks, mansions, and charming bits of stream and canal, our neighbourhood can hardly be excelled. Perhaps we are too much in the valley, and have too large a share of mist, which often lies white on our meadows in the early evening. But who has not had too much moisture in this calamitously wet cold summer.

Mr Lewes is very busy, but not in zoologising. We reserve that for October, when we mean to go to the coast for a few weeks. It is a long while since I walked on broad sands and watched the receding tide; and I look forward agreeably to a renewal of that old pleasure.

I am not particularly flourishing in this pretty region, probably owing to the low barometer. The air has been continually muggy, and has lain on one's head like a thick turban.

J. W. Cross, 14th Aug.

What a comfort that you are at home again and well![1] The sense of your nearness has been so long missing to us, that we had begun to take up with life as inevitably a little less cheerful than we remembered it to have been formerly, without thinking of restoration.

My box is quite dear to me, and shall be used for stamps, as you recommend, unless I find another use that will lead me to open it and think of you the oftener. It is

[1] I had been abroad for six weeks.

very precious to me that you bore me in your mind, and took that trouble to give me pleasure—in which you have succeeded. Letter to J. W. Cross, 14th Aug.

Our house here is rather a fine, old, brick, Georgian place, with a lovely bit of landscape; but I think we have suffered the more from the rainy, close weather, because we are in a valley, and can see the mists lie in a thick white stratum on our meadows. Mr Lewes has been, on the whole, flourishing and enjoying—writing away with vigour, and making a discovery or theory at the rate of one per diem.

Of me you must expect no good. I have been in a piteous state of debility in body and depression in mind. My book seems to me so unlikely ever to be finished in a way that will make it worth giving to the world, that it is a kind of glass in which I behold my infirmities.

That expedition on the Thames would be a great delight, if it were possible to us. But our arrangements forbid it. Our loving thanks to Mr Druce, as well as to you, for reviving the thought. We are to remain here till the 23d of September; then to fly through town, or at least only perch there for a night or so, and then go down to the coast, while the servants clean our house. We expect that Bournemouth will be our destination.

Let us have news of you all again soon. Let us comfort each other while it is day, for the night cometh.

I don't mind how many letters I receive from one who interests me as much as you do. The receptive part of correspondence I can carry on with much alacrity. It is writing answers that I groan over. Please take it as a proof of special feeling that I declined answering your kind inquiries by proxy. The Hon. Mrs Ponsonby (now Lady Ponsonby), 19th Aug.

This corner of Hertfordshire is as pretty as it can be of the kind. There are really rural bits at every turn. But for my particular taste I prefer such a region as that round Haslemere—with wide furzy commons and a grander horizon. Also I prefer a country where I don't make bad blood by having to see one public-house to every six dwellings—which is literally the case in many spots around us. My gall rises at the rich brewers in Parliament and out of it, who plant these poison shops for the sake of their million-making trade, while probably their families are figuring somewhere as refined philanthropists or devout evangelicals and ritualists.

You perceive from this that I am dyspeptic and disposed to melancholy views. In fact I have not been flourishing—

Letter to the Hon. Mrs Ponsonby (now Lady Ponsonby), 19th Aug.

but I am getting a little better; grateful thanks that you will care to know it. On the whole the sins of brewers, with their drugged ale and devil's traps, depress me less than my own inefficiency. But every fresh morning is an opportunity that one can look forward to for exerting one's will. I shall not be satisfied with your philosophy till you have conciliated necessitarianism—I hate the ugly word—with the practice of willing strongly, willing to will strongly, and so on, that being what you certainly can do and have done about a great many things in life, whence it is clear that there is nothing in truth to hinder you from it—except you will say the absence of a motive. But that absence I don't believe in, in your case—only in the case of empty barren souls.

Are you not making a transient confusion of intuitions with innate ideas? The most thorough experientialists admit intuition—*i.e.*, direct impressions of sensibility underlying all proof—as necessary starting-points for thought.

Journal.

Oct. 10.—On the 15th June, we went to a house we had taken at Rickmansworth. Here, in the end of July, we received the news that our dear Bertie had died on June 29th. Our stay at Rickmansworth, though otherwise peaceful, was not marked by any great improvement in health from the change to country instead of town—rather the contrary. We left on 23d September, and then set off on a journey into Wales, which was altogether unfortunate on account of the excessive rain.

Letter to John Blackwood, 10th Oct.

I behaved rather shabbily in not thanking you otherwise than by proxy for the kind letter you sent me to Rickmansworth, but I had a bad time down there, and did less of everything than I desired. Last night we returned from our trip—a very lively word for a journey made in the worst weather; and since I am, on the whole, the better for a succession of small discomforts in hotels, and struggling walks taken under an umbrella, I have no excuse for not writing a line to my neglected correspondents.

You will laugh at our nervous caution in depositing our MSS. at the Union Bank before we set out. We could have borne to hear that our house had been burnt down, provided no lives were lost, and our unprinted matter, our *œuvres inédites*, were safe out of it.

About *my* unprinted matter, Mr Lewes thinks it will not be well to publish the first part till February. The four first monthly parts are ready for travelling now. It will be well to begin the printing in good time, so that I may not

be hurried with the proofs; and I must beg Mr Simpson to judge for me in that matter with kind carefulness. Letter to John Blackwood, 10th Oct.

I can't say that I am at all satisfied with the book, or that I have a comfortable sense of doing in it what I want to do; but Mr Lewes *is* satisfied with it, and insists that since he is as anxious as possible for it to be fine, I ought to accept his impressions as trustworthy. So I resign myself.

I read aloud the 'Abode of Snow' at Rickmansworth, to our mutual delight; and we are both very much obliged to you for the handsome present. But what an amazing creature is this Andrew Wilson, to have kept pluck for such travelling while his body was miserably ailing! One would have said that he had more than the average spirit of hardy men to have persevered, even in good health, after a little taste of the difficulties he describes.

The arrangements as to the publication of my next book are already determined on. Ever since 'Adam Bede' appeared, I have been continually having proposals from the proprietors or editors of periodicals, but I have always declined them, except in the case of 'Romola,' which appeared in the 'Cornhill,' and was allowed to take up a varying and unusual number of pages. I have the strongest objection to cutting up my work into little bits; and there is no motive to it on my part, since I have a large enough public already. But, even apart from that objection, it would not now be worth the while of any magazine or journal to give me a sum such as my books yield in separate publication. I had £7000 for 'Romola,' but the mode in which 'Middlemarch' was issued brings in a still larger sum. I ought to say, however, that the question is not entirely one of money with me: if I could gain more by splitting my writing into small parts, I would not do it, because the effect would be injurious as a matter of art. So much detail I trouble you with to save misapprehension. Mrs Peter Taylor, 20th Oct.

Your enjoyment of the proofs cheers me greatly; and pray thank Mrs Blackwood for her valuable hints on equine matters. I have not only the satisfaction of using those hints,—I allow myself the inference that where there is no criticism on like points, I have made no mistake. John Blackwood, 18th Nov.

I should be much obliged to Mr Simpson—whom I am glad that Gwendolen has captivated—if he would rate the printers a little about their want of spacing. I am anxious that my poor heroes and heroines should have all the advantage that paper and print can give them.

Letter to John Blackwood, 18th Nov.

It will perhaps be a little comfort to you to know that poor Gwen is spiritually saved, but "so as by fire." Don't you see the process already beginning? I have no doubt you do, for you are a wide-awake reader.

But what a climate to expect good writing in! Skating in the morning and splashy roads in the afternoon is just typical of the alternation from frigid to flaccid in the author's bodily system, likely to give a corresponding variety to the style.

Miss Sara Hennell, 20th Nov.

I get my head from under the pressure of other matters, like a frog from under the water, to send you my November greeting. My silence through the rest of the months makes you esteem me the more, I hope, seeing that you yourself hate letter-writing—a remarkable exception to the rule that people like doing what they can do well, if one can call that a rule of which the reverse seems more frequent—namely, that they like doing what they do ill.

We stayed till nearly the end of September at the house we had taken in Hertfordshire. After that we went into Wales for a fortnight, and were under umbrellas nearly the whole time.

I wonder if you all remember an old governess of mine who used to visit me at Foleshill—a Miss Lewis? I have found her out. She is living at Leamington, old, but cheerful, and so delighted to be remembered with gratitude. How very old we are all getting! But I hope you don't mind it any more than I do. One sees so many contemporaries, that one is well in the fashion. The approach of parting is the bitterness of age.

John Blackwood, 15th Dec.

Your letter is an agreeable tonic, very much needed, for that wretched hindrance of a cold last week has trailed after it a series of headaches worse than itself. An additional impression, like Mr Langford's, of the two volumes, is really valuable, as a sign that I have not so far failed in relation to a variety of readers. But you know that in one sense I count nothing done as long as anything remains to do; and it always seems to me that the worst difficulty is still to come. In the sanest, soberest judgment, however, I think the third volume (which I have not yet finished) would be regarded as the difficult bridge. I will not send you any more MS. until I can send the whole of vol. iii.

We think that Mr Simpson has conducted our Australian business admirably. Remembering that but for his judgment and consequent activity we might have got no publication at all in that quarter, we may well be content with £200.

Mr Lewes has not got the life of Heine, and will be much pleased and obliged by your gift. Letter to John Blackwood, 15th Dec.

Major Lockhart's lively letter gives one a longing for the fresh breezy life and fine scenery it conjures up. You must let me know when there is a book of his, because when I have done my own I shall like to read something else by him. I got much pleasure out of the two books I did read. But when I am writing, or only thinking of writing, fiction of my own, I cannot risk the reading of other English fiction. I was obliged to tell Anthony Trollope so, when he sent me the first part of his 'Prime Minister,' though this must seem sadly ungracious to those who don't share my susceptibilities.

Apparently there are wild reports about the subject-matter of 'Deronda,'—among the rest, that it represents French life! But that is hardly more ridiculous than the supposition that after refusing to go to America, I should undertake to describe society there! It is wonderful how 'Middlemarch' keeps afloat in people's minds. Somebody told me that Mr Henry Sidgwick said it was a bold thing to write another book after 'Middlemarch'; and we must prepare ourselves for the incalculableness of the public reception in the first instance. I think I have heard you say, that the chief result of your ample experience has been to convince you of that incalculableness.

What a blow for Miss Thackeray—the death of that sister to whom she was so closely bound in affection.

Dec. 25.—After our return from Wales in October I grew better, and wrote with some success. For the last three weeks, however, I have been suffering from a cold and its effects so as to be unable to make any progress. Meanwhile the two first volumes of 'Daniel Deronda' are in print, and the first book is to be published on February 1st. I have thought very poorly of it myself throughout, but George and the Blackwoods are full of satisfaction in it. Each part as I see it before me *im Werden* seems less likely to be anything else than a failure; but I see on looking back this morning—Christmas Day—that I really was in worse health and suffered equal depression about 'Romola'; and, so far as I have recorded, the same thing seems to be true of 'Middlemarch.' Journal.

I have finished the fifth book, but am not far on in the sixth, as I hoped to have been,—the oppression under which I have been labouring having positively suspended my power of writing anything that I could feel satisfaction in.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Letter to John Blackwood, 17th March 1876.

We have just come in from Weybridge, but are going to take refuge there again on Monday, for a few days more of fresh air and long, breezy afternoon walks. Many thanks for your thoughtfulness in sending me the cheering account of sales.

Mr Lewes has not heard any complaints of not understanding Gwendolen, but a strong partisanship for and against her. My correspondence about the misquotation of Tennyson has quieted itself since the fifth letter. But one gentleman has written me a very pretty note, taxing me with having wanted insight into the technicalities of Newmarket, when I made Lush say—"I will *take* odds." He judges that I should have written—"I will lay odds." On the other hand, another expert contends that the case is one in which Lush would be more likely to say, "I will take odds." What do you think? I told my correspondent that I had a dread of being righteously pelted with mistakes that would make a cairn above me—a monument and a warning to people who write novels without being omniscient and infallible.

Mr Lewes is agitating himself over a fifth reading of revise, Book VI., and says he finds it more interesting than on any former reading. It is agreeable to have a home criticism of this kind! But I am deep in the fourth volume, and cannot any longer care about what is past and done for—the passion of the moment is as much as I can live in.

We had beautiful skies with our cold, and only now and then a snow shower. It is grievous to read of the suffering elsewhere from floods.

Madame Bodichon, 30th March.

I am well pleased that 'Deronda' touches you. I *wanted* you to prefer the chapter about Mirah's finding; and I hope you will also like her history in Part III., which has just been published.

We want very much to get away, but I fear we shall hardly be able to start till the end of May. At present we think of the Maritime Alps as a destination for the warm summer—if we have such a season this year; but we shall wander a little on our way thither, and not feel bound to accomplish anything in particular. Meanwhile we are hearing some nice music occasionally; and we are going to see Tennyson's play, which is to be given on the 15th. The

occasion will be very interesting, and I should be very sorry to miss it. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 30th March.

We have been getting a little refreshment from two flights between Sundays to Weybridge. But we have had the good a little drained from us by going out to dinner two days in succession. At Sir James Paget's I was much interested to find that a gentle-looking, clear-eyed, neatly-made man was Sir Garnet Wolseley; and I had some talk with him, which quite confirmed the impression of him as one of those men who have a power of command by dint of their sweet temper, calm demeanour, and unswerving resolution. The next subject that has filled our chat lately has been the Blue Book on Vivisection, which you would like to look into. There is a great deal of matter for reflection in the evidence on the subject, and some good points have been lately put in print, and conversation that I should like to tell you of if I had time. Professor Clifford told us the other Sunday that Huxley complained of his sufferings from "the profligate lying of virtuous women."

April 12.—On February 1st began the publication of 'Deronda,' and the interest of the public, strung from the first, appears to have increased with Book III. The day before yesterday I sent off Book VII. The success of the work at present is greater than that of 'Middlemarch' up to the corresponding point of publication. What will be the feeling of the public as the story advances, I am entirely doubtful. The Jewish element seems to me likely to satisfy nobody. I am in rather better health — having, perhaps, profited by some eight days' change at Weybridge. Journal.

Your sympathetic letter is a welcome support to me in the rather depressed condition which has come upon me, from the effect, I imagine, of a chill taken in the sudden change from mildness to renewed winter. You can understand how trying it is to have a week of incompetence at the present stage of affairs. I am rather concerned to see that the part is nearly a sheet smaller than any of the other parts. But Books V. and VI. are proportionately thick. It seemed inadmissible to add anything after the scene with Gwendolen; and to stick anything in not necessary to development between the foregoing chapters, is a form of "matter in the wrong place" particularly repulsive to my authorship's sensibility. Letter to John Blackwood, 18th April.

People tell us that the book is enormously discussed, and I must share with you rather a neat coincidence which pleased us last week. Perhaps you saw what Mr Lewes

Letter to John Blackwood, 18th April.

told me of—namely, that [a critic] opined that the scenes between Lush and Grandcourt were not *vraisemblable*,—were of the imperious feminine, not the masculine, character. Just afterwards Mr Lewes was chatting with a friend, who, without having read the [criticism], or having the subject in the least led up to by Mr Lewes, said that he had been at Lady Waldegrave's, where the subject of discussion had been 'Deronda'; and Bernal Osborne, delivering himself on the book, said that the very best parts were the scenes between Grandcourt and Lush. Don't you think that Bernal Osborne has seen more of the Grandcourt and Lush life than that critic has seen? But several men of experience have put their fingers on those scenes as having surprising verisimilitude; and I naturally was peculiarly anxious about such testimony, where my construction was founded on a less direct knowledge.

We are rather vexed, now it is too late, that I did not carry out a sort of incipient intention to expunge a motto from Walt Whitman which I inserted in Book IV. Of course the whole is irrevocable by this time; but I should have otherwise thought it worth while to have a new page, not because the motto itself is objectionable to me,—it was one of the finer things which had clung to me from among his writings,—but because, since I quote so few poets, my selection of a motto from Walt Whitman might be taken as a sign of a special admiration, which I am very far from feeling. How imperfectly one's mind acts in proof-reading! Mr Lewes had taken up Book IV. yesterday, to re-read it for his pleasure merely; and though he had read it several times before, he never till yesterday made a remark against taking a motto from Walt Whitman. I, again, had continually had an *appetency* towards removing the motto, and had never carried it out—perhaps from that sort of flaccidity which comes over me about what *has been* done, when I am occupied with what *is being* done.

People in their eagerness about my characters are quite angry, it appears, when their own expectations are not fulfilled—angry, for example, that Gwendolen accepts Grandcourt, &c., &c.

One reader is sure that Mirah is going to die very soon, and, I suppose, will be disgusted at her remaining alive. Such are the reproaches to which I make myself liable. However, that you seem to share Mr Lewes's strong feeling of Book VII. being no falling off in intensity makes me brave. Only endings are inevitably the least satisfactory

part of any work in which there is any merit of development. Letter to John Blackwood, 18th April.

I forgot to say that the "tephillin" are the small leather bands or phylacteries, inscribed with supremely sacred words, which the Jew binds on his arms and head during prayer.

Any periphrasis which would be generally intelligible would be undramatic; and I don't much like explanatory footnotes in a poem or story. But I must consider what I can do to remedy the unintelligibility.

The printers have sadly spoiled the beautiful Greek name Kalonymos, which was the name of a celebrated family of scholarly Jews, transplanted from Italy into Germany in medieval times. But my writing was in fault.

Having a leisure half-hour unexpectedly this afternoon, I use it in writing to you, rather than trust to the time nearer our departure, which may be filled with small details of preparation. Even if you had not asked me, it would have been my impulse to send you a few lines, that I might thank you, with more directness than through my husband's report, for all your affectionate sympathy, and for the painstaking appreciation with which you continually cheer me. Generally, it is not good for me to be much within hearing of what is said about my books, until they are at a good distance from their birth and I am in the dispassionate mood towards them of a hen towards her feathered chickens. But some genuine signs of understanding which assure me that I have not missed my aim are a helpful blessing, and you are one who can give such signs. Alex. Main, 2d May.

Are you not sometimes made rather desponding by the reading of newspapers and periodicals? One cannot escape seeing and hearing something of political and literary criticism in one's need to know what one's fellow-men are doing, and all information is given in a soup of comment. The ignorance, the recklessness, the lack of any critical principles by which to distinguish what is matter of technical judgment and what of individual taste, the ridiculous absence of fundamental comparison, while hardly any judgment is passed without a futile and offensive comparison of one author with another,—"tired of all this," I sometimes shrink from every article that pretends to be critical—I mean, of other people's productions, not of course my own, for you know I am well taken care of by my husband, and am saved from getting my mind poisoned with print about myself.

I trust that all is well with you in more material and

Letter to Alex. Main, 2d May.

domestic matters. We get great pleasure now from the thought of young lives filled with joyous activity. We, too, are unspeakably happy in our activity, but we have the drawback of increasing susceptibility to fatigue. I am often painfully anxious about Mr Lewes's health — the anxiety that one must pay as the price of loving greatly.

This letter says little that I should like to say; but let it have a symbolic significance, and stand as an indirect sign that I am always,—Yours with sincere regard.

Mrs H. B. Stowe, 6th May.

Your letter was one of the best cordials I could have. Is there anything that cheers and strengthens more than the sense of another's worth and tenderness? And it was that sense that your letter stirred in me, not only by the words of fellowship and encouragement you give directly to me, but by all you tell me of your own feeling under your late painful experience. I had felt it long since I had heard of your and the Professor's wellbeing; but I need not say one word to you of the reasons why I am not active towards my distant friends except in thought. I *do* think of them, and have a tenacious memory of every little sign they have given me. Please offer my reverential love to the Professor, and tell him I am ruthlessly proud that I kept him out of his bed. I hope that both you and he will continue to be interested in my spiritual children. . My cares for them are nearly at an end, and in a few weeks we expect to set out on a Continental journey, as the sort of relaxation which carries one most thoroughly away from studies and social claims. You rightly divine that I am a little overdone, but my fatigue is due not to any excess of work so much as to the vicissitudes of our long winter, which have affected me severely, as they have done all delicate people. It is true that some nervous wear, such as you know well, from the excitement of writing, may have made me more susceptible to knife-like winds and sudden chills.

Though you tenderly forbade me to write in answer to your letter, I like to do it in these minutes when I happen to be free, lest hindrances should come in the indefinite future. I am the happier for thinking that you will have had this little bit of a letter to assure you that the sweet rain of your affection did not fall on a sandy place.

I make a delightful picture of your life in your orange-grove—taken care of by dear daughters. Climate enters into *my* life with an influence the reverse of what I like to think of in yours. Sunlight and sweet air make a new creature of me. But we cannot bear now to exile ourselves

from our own country, which holds the roots of our moral and social life. One fears to become selfish and emotionally withered by living abroad, and giving up the numerous connections with fellow-country men and women whom one can further a little towards both public and private good. Letter to Mrs H. B. Stowe, 6th May.

I wonder whether you ever suffered much from false writing (about your biography and motives) in the newspapers. I daresay that pro-slavery prints did not spare you. But I should be glad to think that there was less impudent romancing about you as a *citoyenne* of the States, than there appears to be about me as a stranger. But it is difficult for us English, who have not spent any time in the United States, to know the rank that is given to the various newspapers; and we may make the mistake of giving emphasis to some American journalism which is with you as unknown to respectable minds as a low-class newspaper with us.

When we come back from our journeying, I shall be interesting myself in the MS. and proofs of my husband's third volume of his "Problems," which will then go to press, and shall plunge myself into the mysteries of our nervous tissue, as the Professor has been doing into the mysteries of the middle ages. I have a cousinship with him in that taste—but how to find space in one's life for all the subjects that solicit one? My studies have lately kept me away from the track of my husband's researches, and I feel behindhand in my wifely sympathies. You know the pleasure of such interchange—husband and wife each keeping to their own work, but loving to have cognisance of the other's course.

God bless you, dear friend. Beg the Professor to accept my affectionate respect, and believe me always yours with love.

June 3.—Book V. published a week ago. Growing interest in the public, and growing sale, which has from the beginning exceeded that of 'Middlemarch.' The Jewish part apparently creating strong interest. Journal.

The useful "companion," which your loving care has had marked with my initials, will go with me, and be a constant sign of the giver's precious affection, which you have expressed in words such as I most value. Letter to J. W. Cross, 3d June.

Even success needs its consolations. Wide effects are rarely other than superficial, and would breed a miserable scepticism about one's work if it were not now and then for an earnest assurance such as you give me, that there are lives in which the work has done something "to strengthen the good and mitigate the evil."

Letter to J. W. Cross, 3d June.

I am pursued to the last with some bodily trouble—this week it has been sore throat. But I am emerging, and you may think of me next week as raising my "Ebenezer."

Love and blessings to you all.

The manuscript of 'Daniel Deronda' bears the following inscription :—

"To my dear Husband, George Henry Lewes.

"Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,

. . . . .

Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings."

Journal.

June 10.—We set off on our journey, intending to go to San Martino Lantosc in the Maritime Alps. But I was ill at Aix, where the heat had become oppressive, and we turned northwards after making a pilgrimage to Les Charmettes—stayed a few days at Lausanne, then at Vevey, where again I was ill ; then by Berne and Zurich to Ragatz, where we were both set up sufficiently to enjoy our life. After Ragatz to Heidelberg, the Klönthal, Schaffhausen, St Blasien in the Black Forest, and then home by Strasburg, Nancy, and Amiens, arriving September 1.

Letter to John Blackwood, 6th July, from Ragatz.

After much travelling, we seem to have reached the right place for our health and comfort ; and as we hope to stay here for at least a fortnight, I have begun to entertain selfish thoughts about you, and the possibility of having news from you. Our month's absence seems long to us—filled with various scenes and various ailments ; but to you, I daresay, the request for a letter to tell us what has happened will seem to have come before there is anything particular to tell.

This place seems to be one of the quietest baths possible. Such fashion as there is, is of a German, unimposing kind ; and the King of Saxony, who is at the twin hotel with this, is, I imagine, a much quieter kind of eminence than a London stockbroker. At present the company seems to be almost exclusively Swiss and German, but all the appliances for living and carrying on the "cure" are thoroughly generous and agreeable. We rose at five this morning, drank

our glasses of warm water, and walked till a quarter to seven, then breakfasted, and from half-past eight to eleven walked to Bad Pfeffers and back again, along a magnificent ravine where the Tamine boils down beneath a tremendous wall of rock, and where it is interesting to see the electric telegraph leaping from the summit, crossing the gulf, and then quietly running by the roadside till it leaps upward again to the opposite summit. Letters to John Blackwood, 6th July, from Ragatz.

You may consider us as generally ill-informed, and as ready to make much of a little news as any old provincial folk in the days when the stage-coach brought a single London paper to the village Crown or Red Lion. We have known that Servia has declared war against Turkey; and that Harriet Martineau is dead as well as George Sand.

Our weather has been uniformly splendid since we left Paris, with the exception of some storms, which have conveniently laid the dust.

We reached home only last night, and had scarcely taken our much-needed dinner before a parcel was brought in which proved to be 'Daniel Deronda' in the four bound volumes, and various letters, with other "missiles"—as an acquaintance of mine once quite naively called his own favours to his correspondents—which have at present only gone to swell a heap that I mean to make acquaintance with very slowly. Mr Lewes, however, is more eager than I, and he has just brought up to me a letter which has certainly gratified me more than anything else of the sort I ever received. It is from Dr Hermann Adler, the Chief Rabbi here, expressing his "warm appreciation of the fidelity with which some of the best traits of the Jewish character have been depicted by," &c., &c. I think this will gratify you. 2d Sept.

We are both the better for our journey, and I consider myself in as good case as I can ever reasonably expect. We can't be made young again, and must not be surprised that infirmities recur in spite of mineral waters and air 3000 feet above the sea-level. After Ragatz, we stayed at Stachelberg and Klönthal—two lovely places, where an English face is seldom seen. Another delicious spot, where the air is fit for the gods of Epicurus, is St Blasien, in the Schwarzwald, where also we saw no English or American visitors, except such as *übernachten* there and pass on. We have done exploits in walking, usually taking four or five hours of it daily.

I hope that you and yours have kept well, and have enjoyed the heat rather than suffered from it. I confess my-

Letter to John Blackwood, 2d Sept.

self glad to think that this planet has not become hopelessly chilly. Draughts and chills are my enemies, and but for them I should hardly ever be ailing.

The four volumes look very handsome on the outside. Please thank Mr William Blackwood for many kind notes he wrote me in the days of MS. and proofs — not one of which I ever answered or took notice of except for my own behoof.

Madame Bodichon, 6th Sept.

We got home again last Friday, much strengthened by our journey, notwithstanding vicissitudes. I suppose you will not be in town for ages to come, but I let you know that I am here in case you have anything to say to me by letter—about "objects."

After leaving Ragatz we still kept in Eastern Switzerland, in high valleys unvisited by the English; and in our homeward line of travel we paused in the Schwarzwald at St Blasien, which is a *Luft-kurort*, all green hills and pines with their tops as still as if it were the abode of the gods.

But imagine how we enjoy being at home again in our own chairs, with the familiar faces giving us smiles which are not expecting change in franc pieces!

We are both pretty well, but of course not cured of all infirmities. Death is the only physician, the shadow of his valley the only journeying that will cure us of age and the gathering fatigue of years. Still we are thoroughly lively and "spry."

I hope that the hot summer has passed agreeably for you, and not been unfavourable to your health or comfort. Of course a little news of you will be welcome, even if you don't particularly want to say anything to me.

2d Oct.

My blessing on you for your sweet letter, which I count among the blessings given to me. Yes; women can do much for the other women (and men) to come. My impression of the good there is in all unselfish efforts is continually strengthened. Doubtless many a ship is drowned on expeditions of discovery or rescue, and precious freights lie buried. But there was the good of manning and furnishing the ship with a great purpose before it set out.

We are going into Cambridgeshire this week, and are watching the weather with private views.[1]

[1] This was a visit to Six-Mile Bottom, where M. Turguenieff, who was a very highly valued friend of Mr and Mrs Lewes, had come to compare his experiences of Russian and English sport. I remember George Eliot telling me that she had never met any literary man whose society she enjoyed so thoroughly and so unrestrainedly as she did that of M. Turguenieff. They had innumerable bonds of sympathy.

I have had some very interesting letters both from Jews and from Christians about 'Deronda.' Part of the scene at the Club is translated into Hebrew in a German-Jewish newspaper. On the other hand, a Christian (highly accomplished) thanks me for embodying the principles by which Christ wrought and will conquer. This is better than the laudation of readers who cut the book up into scraps, and talk of nothing in it but Gwendolen. I meant everything in the book to be related to everything else there. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 2d Oct.

I quite enter into Miss Jekyll's view of negative beauty. Life tends to accumulate "messes" about one, and it is hard to rid one's self of them because of the associations attached. I get impatient sometimes, and long, as Andrew Fairservice would say, to "kaim off the fleas" as one does in a cathedral spoiled by monuments out of keeping with the pillars and walls.

Oct. 20.—Looking into accounts *apropos* of an offer from Blackwood for another ten years of copyright, I find that before last Christmas there had been distributed 24,577 copies of 'Middlemarch.' Journal.

"Evermore thanks" for your last letter, full of generous sympathy that can afford to be frank. The lovely photograph of the grandson will be carefully preserved. It has the sort of beauty which seems to be peculiarly abundant in America, at once rounded and delicate in form. Letter to Mrs H. B. Stowe,[1] 29th Oct.

I do hope you will be able to carry out your wish to visit your son at Bonn, notwithstanding that heavy crown of years that your dear Rabbi has to carry. If the sea voyage could be borne without much disturbance, the land journey might be made easy by taking it in short stages—the plan we always pursue in travelling. You see, I have an interested motive in wishing you to come to Europe again, since I can't go to America. But I enter thoroughly into the disinclination to move when there are studies that make each day too short. If we were neighbours, I should be in danger of getting troublesome to the revered Orientalist, with all kinds of questions.

As to the Jewish element in 'Deronda,' I expected from first to last, in writing it, that it would create much stronger resistance, and even repulsion, than it has actually met with. But precisely because I felt that the usual attitude of Christians towards Jews is—I hardly know whether to say more impious or more stupid, when viewed in the light

[1] This letter is in acknowledgment of a letter from Mrs Beecher Stowe on 'Daniel Deronda.'

Letter to Mrs H. B. Stowe, 29th Oct.

of their professed principles, I therefore felt urged to treat Jews with such sympathy and understanding as my nature and knowledge could attain to. Moreover, not only towards the Jews, but towards all Oriental peoples with whom we English come in contact, a spirit of arrogance and contemptuous dictatorialness is observable which has become a national disgrace to us. There is nothing I should care more to do, if it were possible, than to rouse the imagination of men and women to a vision of human claims in those races of their fellow-men who most differ from them in customs and beliefs. But towards the Hebrews we western people, who have been reared in Christianity, have a peculiar debt, and, whether we acknowledge it or not, a peculiar thoroughness of fellowship in religious and moral sentiment. Can anything be more disgusting than to hear people called "educated" making small jokes about eating ham, and showing themselves empty of any real knowledge as to the relation of their own social and religious life to the history of the people they think themselves witty in insulting? They hardly know that Christ was a Jew. And I find men, educated, supposing that Christ spoke Greek. To my feeling, this deadness to the history which has prepared half our world for us, this inability to find interest in any form of life that is not clad in the same coat-tails and flounces as our own, lies very close to the worst kind of irreligion. The best that can be said of it is, that it is a sign of the intellectual narrowness—in plain English, the stupidity—which is still the average mark of our culture.

Yes, I expected more aversion than I have found. But I was happily independent in material things, and felt no temptation to accommodate my writing to any standard except that of trying to do my best in what seemed to me most needful to be done; and I sum up with the writer of the Book of Maccabees—"If I have done well, and as befits the subject, it is what I desired; and if I have done ill, it is what I could attain unto."

Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov.

Any one who knows from experience what bodily infirmity is—how it spoils life even for those who have no other trouble—gets a little impatient of healthy complainants, strong enough for extra work and ignorant of indigestion. I at least should be inclined to scold the discontented young people who tell me in one breath that they never have anything the matter with them, and that life is not worth having—if I did not remember my own young discontent. It is remarkable to me that I have entirely lost my *personal*

melancholy. I often, of course, have melancholy thoughts about the destinies of my fellow-creatures, but I am never in that *mood* of sadness which used to be my frequent visitant even in the midst of external happiness. And this, notwithstanding a very vivid sense that life is declining and death close at hand. We are waiting with some expectation for Miss Martineau's Autobiography, which, I fancy, will be charming so far as her younger and less renowned life extends. All biography diminishes in interest when the subject has won celebrity—or some reputation that hardly comes up to celebrity. But autobiography at least saves a man or woman that the world is curious about from the publication of a string of mistakes called "Memoirs." It would be nice if we could be a trio—I mean you, Cara, and I—chatting together for an hour as we used to do when I had walked over the hill to see you. But that pleasure belongs to "the days that are no more." Will you believe that an accomplished man some years ago said to me that he saw no place for the exercise of *resignation*, when there was no personal divine will contemplated as ordaining sorrow or privation. He is not yet aware that he is getting old, and needing that unembittered compliance of soul with the inevitable which seems to me a full enough meaning for the word "resignation." Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov.

Dec. 1.—Since we came home at the beginning of September, I have been made aware of much repugnance, or else indifference, towards the Jewish part of 'Deronda,' and of some hostile as well as adverse reviewing. On the other hand, there have been the strongest expressions of interest—some persons adhering to the opinion, started during the early numbers, that the book is my best. Delightful letters have here and there been sent to me; and the sale both in America and in England has been an unmistakable guarantee that the public has been touched. Words of gratitude have come from Jews and Jewesses, and these are certain signs that I may have contributed my mite to a good result. The sale hitherto has exceeded that of 'Middlemarch,' as to the £2, 2s. four-volume form, but we do not expect an equal success for the guinea edition, which has lately been issued. Journal.

Dec. 11.—We have just bought a house in Surrey, and think of it as making a serious change in our life—namely, that we shall finally settle there and give up town.

This was a charming house — The Heights, Witley, near Godalming. It stands on a gentle hill, overlooking a lovely bit of characteristic English scenery. In the

foreground green fields, prettily timbered, undulate up to the high ground of Haslemere in front, with Blackdown (where Tennyson lives) on the left hand, and Hind Head on the right—"Heights that laugh with corn in August, or lift the plough-team against the sky in September." Below, the white steam-pennon flies along in the hollow. The walks and drives in the neighbourhood are enchanting. A land of pine-woods and copses, village greens and heather-covered hills, with the most delicious old red or grey brick, timbered cottages nestling among creeping roses—the sober-coloured tiles of their roofs, covered with lichen, offering a perpetual harmony to the eye. The only want in the landscape is the want of flowing water. About the house there are some eight or nine acres of pleasure-ground and gardens. It quite fulfilled all expectations, as regards beauty and convenience of situation, though I am not quite sure that it was bracing enough for health.

Journal. *Dec.* 15.—At the beginning of this week I had deep satisfaction from reading in the 'Times' the report of a lecture on 'Daniel Deronda,' delivered by Dr Hermann Adler to the Jewish working men,—a lecture showing much insight, and implying an expectation of serious benefit. Since then I have had a delightful letter from the Jewish Theological Seminary at Breslau, written by an American Jew, named Isaacs, who excuses himself for expressing his feeling of gratitude on reading 'Deronda,' and assures me of his belief that it has even already had an elevating effect on the minds of some among his people—predicting that the effect will spread.

I have also had a request from Signor Bartolommeo Aquarone, of Siena, for leave to translate 'Romola,' and declaring that, as one who has given special study to the history of San Marco, and has written a life of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, he cares that 'Romola' should be known to his countrymen, for their good. *Magnificat anima mea!* And last night I had a letter from Dr Benisch, editor of the 'Jewish Chronicle,' announcing a copy of the paper containing an article written by himself on reading 'Deronda' (there have long ago been two articles in the same journal reviewing the book), and using strong words as to the effect the book is producing. I record these signs, that I may look back on them if they come to be confirmed.

Dec. 31.—We have spent the Christmas with our friends at Weybridge, but the greater part of the time I was not

THE HEIGHTS, WITLEY. *From a Sketch by Mrs. Allingham.*

well enough to enjoy greatly the pleasures their affection prepared for us.

Farewell 1876!

Jan. 1.—The year opens with public anxieties. First, about the threatening war in the East; and next, about the calamities consequent on the continued rains. As to our private life, all is happiness, perfect love, and undiminished intellectual interest. G.'s third volume is about half-way in print. Journal, 1877.

I don't know that I ever heard anybody use the word "meliorist" except myself. But I begin to think that there is no good invention or discovery that has not been made by more than one person. Letter to James Sully, 19th Jan.

The only good reason for referring to the "source" would be, that you found it useful for the doctrine of meliorism to cite one unfashionable confessor of it in the face of the fashionable extremes.

What are we to do about 'Romola'? It ought to range with the cheap edition of my books—which, *exceptis excipiendis*, is a beautiful edition—as well as with any handsomer series which the world's affairs may encourage us to publish. The only difficulty lies in the illustrations required for uniformity. The illustrations in the other volumes are, as Mr Lewes says, not queerer than those which amuse us in Scott and Miss Austen, with one exception—namely, that where Adam is making love to Dinah, which really enrages me with its unctuousness. I would gladly pay something to be rid of it. The next worst is that of Adam in the wood with Arthur Donnithorne. The rest are endurable to a mind well accustomed to resignation. And the vignettes on the title-pages are charming. But if an illustrator is wanted, I know one whose work is exquisite—Mrs Allingham. John Blackwood, 30th Jan.

This is not a moment for new ventures, but it will take some time to prepare 'Romola.' I should like to see proofs, feeling bound to take care of my text; and I have lately been glancing into a book on Italian things, where almost every citation I alighted on was incorrectly printed. I have just read through the cheap edition of 'Romola,' and though I have only made a few alterations of an unimportant kind—the printing being unusually correct—it would be well for me to send this copy to be printed from. I think it must be nearly ten years since I read the book before, but there is no book of mine about which I more thoroughly feel that I could swear by every sentence as having been written with

Letter to John Blackwood, 30th Jan.

my best blood, such as it is, and with the most ardent care for veracity of which my nature is capable. It has made me often sob with a sort of painful joy as I have read the sentences which had faded from my memory. This helps one to bear false representations with patience; for I really don't love any gentleman, who undertakes to state my opinions, well enough to desire that I should find myself all wrong in order to justify his statement.

I wish, whenever it is expedient, to add "The Lifted Veil" and "Brother Jacob," and so fatten the volume containing "Silas Marner," which would thus become about 100 pp. thicker.

William Allingham, 8th March.

Mr Lewes feels himself innocent of dialect in general, and of Midland dialect in especial. Hence I presume to take your reference on the subject as if it had been addressed to me. I was born and bred in Warwickshire, and heard the Leicestershire, North Staffordshire, and Derbyshire dialects during visits made in my childhood and youth. These last are represented (mildly) in 'Adam Bede.' The Warwickshire talk is broader, and has characteristics which it shares with other Mercian districts. Moreover, dialect, like other living things, tends to become mongrel, especially in a central, fertile, and manufacturing region, attractive of migration; and hence the Midland talk presents less interesting relics of elder grammar than the more northerly dialects.

Perhaps, unless a poet has a dialect ringing in his ears, so as to shape his metre and rhymes according to it at one jet, it is better to be content with a few suggestive touches; and I fear that the stupid public is not half grateful for studies in dialect beyond such suggestions.

I have made a few notes, which may perhaps be not unacceptable to you in the absence of more accomplished aid:—

1. The vowel always a double sound, the *y* sometimes present, sometimes not; either *aäl* or *yaäl*. *Hither* not heard except in *c'moother*, addressed to horses.

2. *Thou* never heard. In general, the 2d person singular not used in Warwickshire except occasionally to young members of a family, and then always in the form of *thee—i.e.*, *'ee*. For the *emphatic* nominative, *yo*, like the Lancashire. For the accusative, *yer*, without any sound of the *r*. The demonstrative *those* never heard among the common people (unless when caught by infection from the parson, &c.) *Self* pronounced *sen*. The *f* never heard in *of*, nor the *n* in *in*.

3. Not *y*ear but 'ear. On the other hand, with the usual "compensation," head is pronounced *y*ead.

4. "A gallows little chap as e'er ye see."
5. Here's *to* you, maäster.
   Saäm to yo.

Letter to Mrs Bray, 20th March.

You must read Harriet Martineau's 'Autobiography.' The account of her childhood and early youth is most pathetic and interesting; but, as in all books of the kind, the charm departs as the life advances, and the writer has to tell of her own triumphs. One regrets continually that she felt it necessary not only to tell of her intercourse with many more or less distinguished persons—which would have been quite pleasant to everybody—but also to pronounce upon their entire merits and demerits, especially when, if she had died as soon as she expected, these persons would nearly all have been living to read her gratuitous rudenesses. Still I hope the book will do more good than harm. Many of the most interesting little stories in it about herself and others she had told me (and Mr Atkinson) when I was staying with her, almost in the very same words. But they were all the better for being told in her silvery voice. She was a charming talker, and a perfect lady in her manners as a hostess.

We are only going to bivouac in our Surrey home for a few months, to try what alterations are necessary. We shall come back to this corner in the autumn. We don't think of giving up London altogether at present, but we may have to give up life before we come to any decision on that minor point.

Madame Bodichon, 15th May.

Pray bring Madame Mario to see us again. But bear in mind that on Sunday the 27th—which probably will be our last Sunday in London — Holmes the violinist is coming to play, with Mrs Vernon Lushington to accompany him. Don't mention to any one else that they are coming, lest the audience should be larger than he wishes.

We are working a little too hard at "pleasure" just now. This morning we are going for the third time to a Wagner rehearsal at 10 o'clock.

Miss Sara Hennell, 15th May.

I have not read, and do not mean to read, Mrs Chapman's volume, so that I can judge of it only by report. You seem to me to make a very good case for removing the weight of blame from her shoulders, and transferring it to the already burthened back of Harriet Martineau. But I confess that the more I think of the book, and all connected with it, the more it deepens my repugnance—or rather, creates a new repugnance in me—to autobiography, unless it can be so written as to involve neither self-glorification nor impeach-

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 15th May.

ment of others. I like that the "He, being dead, yet speaketh," should have quite another meaning than that. But however the blame may be distributed, it remains a grievously pitiable thing to me that man, or woman, who has cared about a future life in the minds of a coming generation or generations, should have deliberately, persistently mingled with that prospect the ignoble desire to perpetuate personal animosities, which can never be rightly judged by those immediately engaged in them. And Harriet Martineau, according to the witness of those well acquainted with facts which she represents in her Autobiography, was quite remarkably apt to have a false view of her relations with others. In some cases she gives a ridiculously inaccurate account of the tenor or bearing of correspondence held with her. One would not for a moment want to dwell on the weakness of a character on the whole valuable and beneficent, if it were not made needful by the ready harshness with which she has inflicted pain on others.

No; I did not agree with you about the Byron case. I understand by the teaching of my own egoism—and therefore I can sympathise with—any act of self-vindicating or vindictive rage under the immediate infliction of what is felt to be a wrong or injustice. But I have no sympathy with self-vindication, or the becoming a proxy in vindication, deliberately bought at such a price as that of vitiating revelations — which may even possibly be false. To write a letter in a rage is very pardonable—even a letter full of gall and bitterness, meant as a sort of poisoned dagger. We poor mortals can hardly escape these sins of passion. But I have no pity to spare for the rancour that corrects its proofs and revises, and lays it by chuckling with the sense of its future publicity.

Professor Kaufmann, 31st May.

Hardly, since I became an author, have I had a deeper satisfaction—I may say, a more heartfelt joy—than you have given me in your estimate of 'Daniel Deronda.'

I must tell you that it is my rule, very strictly observed, not to read the criticisms on my writings. For years I have found this abstinence necessary to preserve me from that discouragement as an artist which ill-judged praise, no less than ill-judged blame, tends to produce in me. For far worse than any verdict as to the proportion of good and evil in our work, is the painful impression that we write for a public which has no discernment of good and evil.

Certainly if I had been asked to choose *what* should be written about my books, and *who* should write it, I should

have sketched—well, not anything so good as what you have written, but an article which must be written by a Jew who showed not merely a sympathy with the best aspirations of his race, but a remarkable insight into the nature of art and the processes of the artistic mind. Letter to Professor Kaufmann, 31st May.

Believe me, I should not have cared to devour even ardent praise if it had not come from one who showed the discriminating sensibility, the perfect response to the artist's intention, which must make the fullest, rarest joy to one who works from inward conviction, and not in compliance with current fashions.

Such a response holds for an author not only what is best in "the life that now is," but the promise of "that which is to come." I mean, that the usual approximative narrow perception of what one has been intending and profoundly feeling in one's work, impresses one with the sense that it must be poor perishable stuff, without roots to take any lasting hold in the minds of men; while any instance of complete comprehension encourages one to hope that the creative prompting has foreshadowed, and will continue to satisfy, a need in other minds.

Excuse me that I write but imperfectly, and perhaps dimly, what I have felt in reading your article. It has affected me deeply; and though the prejudice and ignorant obtuseness which has met my effort to contribute something towards the ennobling of Judaism in the conceptions of the Christian community, and in the consciousness of the Jewish community, has never for a moment made me repent my choice, but rather has been added proof that the effort was needed—yet I confess that I had an unsatisfied hunger for certain signs of sympathetic discernment, which you only have given.

I may mention, as one instance, your clear perception of the relation between the presentation of the Jewish elements and those of English social life.

I write under the pressure of small hurries. For we are just moving into the country for the summer, and all things are in a vagrant condition around me. But I wished not to defer answering your letter to an uncertain opportunity.

I am greatly indebted to you for your letter. It has done something towards rousing me from what I will not call self-despair, but resignation to being of no use. Frederic Harrison, 14th June, from Witley.

I wonder whether you at all imagine the terrible pressure of disbelief in my own $\left\{ \begin{matrix} \text{duty} \\ \text{right} \end{matrix} \right\}$ to speak to the public,

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 14th June, from Witley.

which is apt with me to make all beginnings of work like a rowing against tide. Not that I am without more than my fair ounce of self-conceit and confidence that I know better than the critics, whom I don't take the trouble to read, but who seem to fill the air as with the smoke of bad tobacco.

But I will not dwell on my antithetic experiences. I only mention them to show why your letter has done me a service, and also to help in the explanation of my mental attitude towards your requests or suggestions.

I do not quite understand whether you have in your mind any plan of straightway constructing a liturgy to which you wish me to contribute in a direct way. That form of contribution would hardly be within my powers. But your words of trust in me as possibly an organ of feelings which have not yet found their due expression, is as likely as any external call could be to prompt such perfectly unfettered productions as that which you say has been found acceptable.

I wasted some time, three years ago, in writing (what I do not mean to print) a poetic dialogue embodying, or rather shadowing very imperfectly, the actual contest of ideas. Perhaps what you have written to me may promote and influence a different kind of presentation. At any rate, all the words of your letter will be borne in mind, and will enter into my motives.

We are tolerably settled now in our camping, experimental fashion. Perhaps before the summer is far advanced, you may be in our neighbourhood, and come to look at us. I trust that Mrs Harrison is by this time in her usual health. Please give my love to her, and believe me always, with many grateful memories, yours sincerely.

Madame Bodichon, 2d July.

It was a draught of real comfort and pleasure to have a letter written by your own hand, and one so altogether cheerful.[1] I trust that you will by-and-by be able to write me word of continued progress. Hardly any bit of the kingdom, I fancy, would suit your taste better than your neighbourhood of the Land's End. You are not fond of bushy midland-fashioned scenery. We are enjoying the mixture of wildness and culture extremely, and so far as landscape and air go, we would not choose a different home from this. But we have not yet made up our minds whether we shall keep our house or sell it.

Some London friends are also occasional dwellers in these parts. The day before yesterday we had Mr and Mrs Frederic Harrison, whose parents have a fine old Tudor house—

[1] Madame Bodichon had been dangerously ill.

Sutton Place—some three miles beyond Guildford. And do you remember Edmund Gurney? He and his graceful bride lunched with us the other day. And Miss Thackeray is married to-day to young Ritchie. I saw him at Cambridge, and felt that the nearly twenty years' difference between them was bridged hopefully by his solidity and gravity. This is one of several instances that I have known of lately, showing that young men with even brilliant advantages will often choose as their life's companion a woman whose attractions are chiefly of the spiritual order. Letter to Madame Bodichon, 2d July.

I often see you enjoying your sunsets and the wayside flowers.

I have to thank you doubly; first for your letter of the 15th, and next for the present of your translations from my books, which have reached us in all safety. Charles Ritter, 23d July

Pray count yourself among the helpful influences of my life, and believe that when I am recalling the reasons I have had for being of good courage, the possession of such a reader as yourself is, and will always be, one of my most precious remembrances. I feel quite sure, from having had an interview with you, that you are nervously sensitive enough to enter into all the difficulties of a too susceptible nature, easily repressed and even paralysed by signs of misunderstanding. And because of this ready sympathy, you can choose just the right means of cheering a rather morbidly diffident person like myself.

I hope that this letter may be sent on to you in some delicious nook, where your dear wife is by your side preparing to make us all richer with store of new sketches. I almost fear that I am implying unbecoming claims in asking you to send me a word or two of news about your twofold—nay, fourfold self. But you must excuse in me a presumption which is simply a feeling of spiritual kinship, bred by reading in the volume you gave me before we left town. William Allingham, 26th Aug.

That tremendous tramp—"Life, Death; Life, Death"[1]—makes me care the more, as age makes it the more audible to me, for those younger ones who are keeping step behind me.

I trust it will not be otherwise than gratifying to you to know, that your stirring article on 'Daniel Deronda' is now translated into English by a son of Professor Ferrier, who was a philosophical writer of considerable mark. It will be Professor Kaufmann, 12th Oct.

[1] Refers to a poem by W. Allingham, "The General Chorus," with a burden—

"Life, Death; Life, Death;
Such is the song of human breath."

Letter to Professor Kaufmann, 12th Oct.

issued in a handsomer form than that of the pamphlet, and will appear within this autumnal publishing season, Messrs Blackwood having already advertised it. Whenever a copy is ready, we shall have the pleasure of sending it to you. There is often something to be borne with in reading one's own writing in a translation, but I hope that in this case you will not be made to wince severely.

In waiting to send you this news, I seem to have deferred too long the expression of my warm thanks for your kindness in sending me the Hebrew translations of Lessing and the collection of Hebrew poems,—a kindness which I felt myself rather presumptuous in asking for, since your time must be well filled with more important demands. Yet I must further beg you, when you have an opportunity, to assure Herr Bacher that I was most gratefully touched by the sympathetic verses with which he enriched the gift of his work.

I see by your last letter that your Theological Seminary was to open on the 4th of this month, so that this too retrospective letter of mine will reach you when you are in the midst of your new duties. I trust that this new institution will be a great good to professor and students, and that your position is of a kind that you contemplate as permanent. To teach the young personally has always seemed to me the most satisfactory supplement to teaching the world through books; and I have often wished that I had such a means of having fresh living spiritual children within sight.

One can hardly turn one's thought towards Eastern Europe just now without a mingling of pain and dread; but we mass together distant scenes and events in an unreal way, and one would like to believe that the present troubles will not at any time press on you in Hungary with more external misfortune than on us in England.

Mr Lewes is happily occupied in his psychological studies. We both look forward to the reception of the work you kindly promised us, and he begs me to offer you his best regards.

The Hon. Mrs Ponsonby (now Lady Ponsonby), 17th Oct.

I like to know that you have been thinking of me, and that you care to write to me; and though I will not disobey your considerate prohibition so far as to try to answer your letter fully, I must content my soul by telling you that we shall be settled in the old place by the end of the first week in November, and that I shall be delighted to see you then. There are many subjects that I shall have a special pleasure in talking of with you.

Let me say now that the passage quoted from your friend's letter is one that I am most glad to find falling in with your own attitude of mind. The view is what I have endeavoured to represent in a little poem called "Stradivarius," which you may not have happened to read— Letter to the Hon. Mrs Ponsonby (now Lady Ponsonby), 17th Oct.

> "I say, not God Himself can make man's best
> Without best men to help Him."

And next, I think direct personal portraiture—or caricature—is a bastard kind of satire, that I am not disposed to think the better of because Aristophanes used it in relation to Socrates. Do you know that pretty story about Bishop Thirlwall? When somebody wanted to bring to him Forchhammer as a distinguished German writer, he replied, "No; I will never receive into my house the man who justified the death of Socrates!"

"Oh that we were all of one mind, and that mind good!" is an impossible-to-be-realised wish, and I don't wish it at all in its full extent. But I think it would be possible that men should differ speculatively as much as they do now, and yet be "of one mind" in the desire to avoid giving unnecessary pain, in the desire to do an honest part towards the general wellbeing, which has made a comfortable *nidus* for themselves, in the resolve not to sacrifice another to their own egoistic promptings. Pity and fairness — two little words which, carried out, would embrace the utmost delicacies of the moral life—seem to me not to rest on an unverifiable hypothesis, but on facts quite as irreversible as the perception that a pyramid will not stand on its apex.

I am so glad you have been enjoying Ireland in quiet. We love our bit of country, and are bent on keeping it as a summer refuge.

For many years I have renounced all anonymous writing, and with regard to the republication of small productions no longer current, I am anxious not to add to that calamity of our age—superfluous literature. A passage here and there may be worth selecting, but I should hardly overcome the scruples which hinder me from making up a volume out of occasional writings, which at best would not be so fruitful to the reader as some neglected work by one of our elder writers. Do you not mourn with me over the dissipation of man's time on ever-multiplying periodicals, and new books that say badly what was well said in our own language by some dead author whose contribution ought to live in our grateful consciousness. Charles Ritter, 20th Oct.

Letter to Charles Ritter, 20th Oct.

I am grieved to hear of M. Scherer's heavy domestic loss. But all France is a subject of grief now, is it not? One reads the 'Times' with more anxiety about the French question than about the Russo-Turkish War. The prospects of our Western civilisation seem more critically involved in the maintenance of the French Republic than in the results of the Bulgarian struggle—momentous as that too is felt to be by prophetic souls.

J. W. Cross, 6th Nov.

Apropos of authorship, I was a little uneasy on Sunday because I had seemed in the unmanageable current of talk to echo a too slight way of speaking about a great poet. I did not mean to say Amen when the 'Idylls of the King' seemed to be judged rather *de haut en bas*. I only meant that I should value for my own mind 'In Memoriam' as the chief of the larger works; and that while I feel exquisite beauty in passages scattered through the 'Idylls,' I must judge some smaller wholes among the lyrics as the works most decisive of Tennyson's high place among the immortals.

Not that my deliverance on this matter is of any moment, but that I cannot bear to fall in with the sickening fashion of people who talk much about writers whom they read little, and pronounce on a great man's powers with only half his work in their mind, while if they remembered the other half, they would find their judgments as to his limits flatly contradicted. Then, again, I think Tennyson's dramas such as the world should be glad of—and would be, if there had been no prejudgment that he could not write a drama.

Mrs Peter Taylor, 10th Nov.

Never augur ill because you do not hear from me. It is, you know, my profession *not* to write letters. Happily I can meet your kind anxiety by contraries. I have for two months and more been in better health than I have known for several years. This pleasant effect is due to the delicious air of the breezy Surrey hills; and further, to a friend's insistence on my practising lawn-tennis as a daily exercise.

We are in love with our Surrey house, and only regret that it hardly promises to be snug enough for us chilly people through the winter, so that we dare not think of doing without the warmer nest in town.

Journal.

Nov. 10.—We went to The Heights, Witley, at the beginning of June, after a delightful visit to Cambridge, and returned to this old home on the 29th October. We are at last in love with our Surrey house, and mean to

keep it. The air and abundant exercise have quite renovated my health, and I am in more bodily comfort than I have known for several years. But my dear husband's condition is less satisfactory, his headaches still tormenting him. Journal.

Since the year began several little epochs have marked themselves. Blackwood offered for another ten years' copyright of my works, the previous agreement for ten years having expired. I declined, choosing to have a royalty. G.'s third volume has been well received, and has sold satisfactorily for a book so little in the popular taste. A pleasant correspondence has been opened with Professor Kaufmann, now Principal of the Jewish Theological Seminary at Pesth; and his "Attempt at an Appreciation of 'Daniel Deronda'" has been translated into English by young Ferrier, son of Professor Ferrier.

A new Cabinet Edition of my works, including 'Romola,' has been decided on, and is being prepared; and there have been multiplied signs that the spiritual effect of 'Deronda' is growing. In America the book is placed above all my previous writings.

Our third little Hampstead grand-daughter has been born, and was christened Saturday the 3d—Elinor.

Yesterday Mr Macmillan came to ask me if I would undertake to write the volume on Shakspeare, in a series to be issued under the title "Men of Letters." I have declined.

Having a more secure freedom than I may have next week, I satisfy my eagerness to tell you that I am longing for the news of you which you have accustomed me to trust in as sure to come at this time of the year. You will give me, will you not, something more than an affectionate greeting? You will tell me how and where you have been, and what is the actual state of your health and spirits—whether you can still interest yourself in writing on great subjects without too much fatigue, and what companionship is now the most precious to you? We returned from our country home (with which we are much in love) at the beginning of this month, leaving it earlier than we wished because of the need to get workmen into it. Our bit of Surrey has the beauties of Scotland wedded to those of Warwickshire. During the last two months of our stay there, I was conscious of more health and strength than I have known for several years. Imagine me playing at lawn-tennis by the hour together! The world I live in is chiefly one that has Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 16th Nov.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 16th Nov.

grown around me in these later years, since we have seen so little of each other. Doubtless we are both greatly changed in spiritual as well as bodily matters, but I think we are unchanged in the friendship founded on early memories. I, for my part, feel increasing gratitude for the cheering and stimulus your companionship gave me, and only think with pain that I might have profited more by it if my mind had been more open to good influences.

Journal.

Nov. 26.—The other day we saw in the 'Times' that G.'s name had been proposed for the Rectorship of St Andrews. Blackwood writes me that in less than a month they have sold off all but 400 of the 5250 printed of 'Deronda'; and in October were sold 495 of the 3s. 6d. edition of 'Adam Bede.'

Our friend Dr Allbutt came to see us last week, after we had missed each other for three or four years.

Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones, 3d Dec.

I have been made rather unhappy by my husband's impulsive proposal about Christmas. We are dull old persons, and your two sweet young ones ought to find each Christmas a new bright bead to string on their memory, whereas to spend the time with us would be to string on a dark shrivelled berry. They ought to have a group of young creatures to be joyful with. Our own children always spend their Christmas with Gertrude's family; and we have usually taken our sober merry-making with friends out of town. Illness among these will break our custom this year; and thus *mein Mann*, feeling that our Christmas was free, considered how very much he liked being with you, omitting the other side of the question—namely, our total lack of means to make a suitably joyous meeting, a real festival, for Phil and Margaret. I was conscious of this lack in the very moment of the proposal, and the consciousness has been pressing on me more and more painfully ever since. Even my husband's affectionate hopefulness cannot withstand my melancholy demonstration.

So pray consider the kill-joy proposition as entirely retracted, and give us something of yourselves only on simple black-letter days, when the Herald Angels have not been raising expectations early in the morning.

I am not afraid of your misunderstanding one word. You know that it is not a little love with which I am yours ever.

J. W. Cross, 13th Dec.

Your note yesterday gave me much comfort, and I thank you for sparing the time to write it.

The world cannot seem quite the same to me, as long as

you are all in anxiety about her who is most precious to you[1]—in immediate urgent anxiety, that is. For love is never without its shadow of anxiety. We have this treasure in earthen vessels. Letter to J. W. Cross, 13th Dec.

I thank you most gratefully for your kind greeting and pretty Christmas gifts, and am sympathetically touched by your care for your poor Islanders and Coastmen. The analogy you find between the Celt and the Hebrew seems to me also not fanciful but real. Both have a literature which has been a fount of religious feeling and imagination to other races. But I hardly see how I can do anything, as an author, to further that appreciation of the Celts which is now interesting many highly instructed writers. A sincere author, before he undertakes to handle any subject, must have not only the outward appeal, but the inward vocation which consists in special fitness. Miss Charlotte Carmichael (now Mrs Stopes), 26th Dec.

I am delighted to see from your little paper, which gives an affecting picture of the men that must "win the bairnies' bread" by going forth into deep waters, how we are agreed in loving our incomparable Wordsworth.

Dec. 31.—To-day I say a final farewell to this little book, which is the only record I have made of my personal life for sixteen years and more. I have often been helped, in looking back in it, to compare former with actual states of despondency, from bad health or other apparent causes. In this way a past despondency has turned to present hopefulness. But of course, as the years advance, there is a new rational ground for the expectation that my life may become less fruitful. The difficulty is to decide how far resolution should set in the direction of activity, rather than in the acceptance of a more negative state. Many conceptions of work to be carried out present themselves, but confidence in my own fitness to complete them worthily is all the more wanting, because it is reasonable to argue that I must have already done my best. In fact, my mind is embarrassed by the number and wide variety of subjects that attract me, and the enlarging vista that each brings with it. Journal.

I shall record no more in this book, because I am going to keep a more business-like diary. Here ends 1877.

Yes, it is a comfort to me, in the midst of so many dispiriting European signs, that France has come so far through her struggle. And no doubt you are rejoicing too that London University has opened all its degrees to women. Letter to Madame Bodichon 17th Jan. 1878.

I think we know no reading more amusing than the

[1] The beginning of my mother's last illness.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 17th Jan.

'Times' just now. We are deep among the gravities. I have been reading aloud Green's first volume of his new, larger 'History of the English People;' and this evening have begun Lecky's 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century'—in fact, we are dull old fogies, who are ill informed about anything that is going on of an amusing kind. On Monday we took a youth to the pantomime, but I found it a melancholy business. The dear old story of "Puss in Boots" was mis-handled in an exasperating way, and every incident as well as pretence of a character turned into a motive for the most vulgar kind of dancing. I came away with a headache, from which I am only to-day recovered. It is too cruel that one can't get anything innocent as a spectacle for the children!

Mr Lewes sends his best love, but is quite barren of suggestions about books—buried in pink and lilac periodicals of a physiological sort, and preoccupied with the case of a man who has an artificial larynx, with which he talks very well.

What do you say to the phonograph, which can report gentlemen's bad speeches with all their stammering?

John Blackwood, 26th Jan.

I like to think of you and Mrs Blackwood taking your daughter to Rome. It will be a delightful way of reviving memories, to mingle and compare them with her fresh impressions, and in a spiritual sense to have what Shakspeare says is the joy of having offspring—"to see your blood warm while you feel it cold." I wish that and all other prospects were not marred by the threat of widening war.

Last night I finished reading Principal Tulloch's small but full volume on 'Pascal'—a present for which I am much obliged. It is admirably fair and dispassionate, and I should think will be an acceptable piece of instruction to many readers. The brief and graphic way in which he has made present and intelligible the position of the Port Royalists, is an example of just what is needed in such a series as the Foreign Classics. But of course they are the most fortunate contributors who have to write about the authors less commonly treated of, and especially when they are prepared to write by an early liking and long familiarity—as in the present case. I have read every line of appreciation with interest. My first acquaintance with Pascal came from his 'Pensées' being given to me, as a school prize, when I was fourteen; and I am continually turning to them now to revive my sense of their deep though broken wisdom. It is a pity that La Bruyère cannot be done justice to by any merely English presentation. There is a sentence of his

which touches with the finest point the diseased spot in the literary culture of our time—"Le plaisir de la critique nous ôte celui d'être vivement touchés de très belles choses." We see that our present fashions are old, but there is this difference, that they are followed by a greater multitude. Letter to John Blackwood, 26th Jan.

You may be sure I was very much cheered by your last despatch—the solid, unmistakable proof that my books are not yet superfluous.

As to my enjoyment of the "Two Grenadiers," it would have been impossible, but for the complete reduction of it to symbolism in my own mind, and my belief that it really touches nobody now as enthusiasm for the execrable Napoleon I. But I feel that the devotion of the common soldier to his leader (the sign for him of hard duty) is the type of all higher devotedness, and is full of promise to other and better generations. Mrs Burne-Jones, 23d March.

The royalties did themselves much credit.[1] The Crown Prince is really a grand-looking man, whose name you would ask for with expectation, if you imagined him no royalty. He is like a grand antique bust — cordial and simple in manners withal, shaking hands, and insisting that I should let him know when we next came to Berlin, just as if he had been a Professor Gruppe, living *au troisième*. *She* is equally good-natured and unpretending, liking best to talk of nursing soldiers, and of what her father's taste was in literature. She opened the talk by saying, "You know my sister Louise"—just as any other slightly embarrassed mortal might have done. We had a picked party to dinner—Dean of Westminster, Bishop of Peterborough, Lord and Lady Ripon, Dr Lyon Playfair, Kinglake (you remember 'Eothen'—the old gentleman is a good friend of mine), Froude, Mrs Ponsonby (Lord Grey's grand-daughter), and two or three more "illustrations;" then a small detachment coming in after dinner. It was really an interesting occasion. Mrs Bray, 7th June.

We go to Oxford to-morrow (to the Master of Balliol).

I hope we are not wrong in imagining you settled at Strathtyrum, with a fresh power of enjoying the old scenes after your exile, in spite of the abstinence from work—the chief sweetness of life. Mr Lewes, too, is under a regimen for gout, which casts its threatening shadow in the form of nightly cramps and inward *malaise*. He wants me to tell you something amusing,—a bit of Baboo English, from an Indian journal sent us by Lord Lytton. *Apropos* of Sir G. John Blackwood, 27th June, from Witley.

[1] Dinner at Mr Goschen's.

Letter to John Blackwood, 27th June, from Witley.

Campbell's rash statement that India was no good to England, the accomplished writer says, "But British House of Commons stripped him to pieces, and exposed his *cui bono* in all its naked hideousness"! After all, I think the cultivated Hindoo, writing what he calls English, is about on a par with the authors of leading articles on this side of the globe writing what *they* call English—accusing or laudatory epithets and phrases, adjusted to some dim standard of effect quite aloof from any knowledge or belief of their own.

Letter-writing, I imagine, is counted as "work" from which you must abstain; and I scribble this letter simply from the self-satisfied notion that you will like to hear from me. You see I have asked no questions, which are the torture-screws of correspondence. Hence you have nothing to answer. How glad I shall be of an announcement that "No further bulletins will be sent, Mr Blackwood having gone to golf again."

Mrs Peter Taylor, 18th July.

I thought you understood that I have grave reasons for not speaking on certain public topics. No request from the best friend in the world—even from my own husband—ought to induce me to speak when I judge it my duty to be silent. If I had taken a contrary decision, I should not have remained silent till now. My function is that of the *æsthetic*, not the doctrinal teacher—the rousing of the nobler emotions, which make mankind desire the social right, not the prescribing of special measures, concerning which the artistic mind, however strongly moved by social sympathy, is often not the best judge. It is one thing to feel keenly for one's fellow-beings; another to say, "This step, and this alone, will be the best to take for the removal of particular calamities."

John Blackwood, 30th July.

I did hope that by the time your military evolutions were over, we might see our way to enjoying the kind welcome which you and Mrs Blackwood have offered us. No expedition attracts us more than the projected visit to Strathtyrum. Unhappily, Mr Lewes continues to be troubled and depressed by symptoms that, with the recollection upon us of the crippling gout which once followed them, quite rob us of the courage to leave home. The journey and the excitement, which would be part of his pleasure if he were tolerably well, seem to him now dangerous to encounter,—and I am not myself robust enough to venture on a risk of illness to him, so that I cannot supply the daring he needs. We begin to think that we shall be obliged to defer our pleasure of seeing you in your own home—so promising of

walks and talks, such as we can never have a chance of in London—until we have the disadvantage of counting ourselves a year older. I am very sorry. But it is better to know that you are getting well, and we unable to see you, than to think of you as an invalid, unable to receive us. We must satisfy ourselves with the good we have—including the peace, and the promise of an abundant wheat harvest. Letter to John Blackwood, 30th July.

Please ask Mrs and Miss Blackwood to accept my best regards, and assure them that I counted much on a longer, quieter intercourse with them in a few sunny days away from hotels and callers.

Do not write when writing seems a task. Otherwise you know how well I like to have a letter from you.

Your translation seems generally closer than it is easy to make the rendering of poetic expression from one language into another, differing so much in genius as French and English. Charles Ritter, 11th Aug.

> "To make undying music in the world
> Breathing a beauteous order," &c.

The "music" here of course is analogical. Music is order in tones. The presence of the spirit is felt $\left\{ \begin{matrix} \text{in} \\ \text{by} \end{matrix} \right\}$ the beauteous order which he helps to create.

> "With widening retrospect that bred despair."

Life is necessarily a widening retrospect as we look back upon it—a journey which we "lay behind" us as we advance. To many of us—I hope not to you—it is a retrospect of broken resolutions which make each succeeding resolution less hopeful, and in this way breeds "despair." The words are precise, to one who has had the experience.

The word "dissolved" has no such fixed, narrowed associations in English as in French. Hamlet uses even the word "melt" without exciting ridicule or offence in this connection.

The "must be" you have rightly translated by "ce qui est immuable." The great division of our lot is that between what is immodifiable and is the object of resignation, and that which is modifiable by hopeful activity—by new conceptions and new deeds.

> "A worthier image for the sanctuary"

you have rightly understood. But to our English feeling "respect" is a poor word for *reverence*. Perhaps it is otherwise to one who thinks in French.

Letter to William Blackwood, 15th Aug.

We have certainly to pay for all our other happiness, which is a Benjamin's share, by many small bodily miseries. Mr Lewes continues ailing, and I am keeping him company with headache. "Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth," and keep a reserve of strength for the more evil days. Especially avoid breaking your neck in hunting. Mr Lewes did once try horseback, some years ago, but found the exercise too violent for him. I think a Highland sheltie would be the suitable nag, only he is very fond of walking; and between that and lawn-tennis he tires himself sufficiently.

I shall hope by-and-by to hear more good news about your uncle's health.

Mrs Burne-Jones, 26th Aug.

Shall you mind the trouble of writing me a few words of news about you and yours?—just to let me know how things are with you, and deliver me from evil dreams.

We have been so ailing in the midst of our country joys, that I need to hear of my friends being well, as a ground for cheerfulness—a bit of sugar in the cup of resignation. Perhaps this fine summer has been altogether delightful to you. Let me know this good, and satisfy the thirsty sponge of my affection. If you object to my phrase, please to observe that it is Dantesque—which will oblige you to find it admirable.

J. W. Cross, 26th Aug.

You remember the case of the old woman of whom her murderers confessed that they had beaten her to death, "partly with crowbars and partly with their fists." Well I have been beaten into silence since your kind letter, partly by visitors and partly by continual headache. I am a shade or two better this morning, and my soul has half awaked to run its daily stage of duty. Happily I was temporarily relieved from headache during our friends' (the Tom Trollopes') visit. We took them to see Tennyson, and they were delighted with the reading which he very amiably gave us. Then the Du Mauriers came to dine with us on the Thursday, and so the time was not, I hope, too languid for our visitors.

Mr Lewes continues to show improvement in health, so that the balance of good is not much altered by my deficit.

We shall be pleased to have any news of you, whether by post or person.

At this time I was in the habit of going over occasionally from Weybridge on Sundays. The shadow of trouble was on both our houses. My mother was in her last illness, and Mr Lewes was constantly ailing, though none of us then thought that he would be taken first. But

the sharing of a common anxiety contributed to make our friendship much more intimate. In our drives in the neighbourhood of Witley, Mr Lewes used sometimes to be suddenly seized with severe cramping pains. I think he was himself aware that something was seriously wrong, but the moment the pain ceased the extraordinary buoyancy of his spirits returned. Nothing but death could quench that bright flame. Even on his worst days he had always a good story to tell; and I remember on one occasion, in the drawing-room at Witley, between two bouts of pain, he sang through, with great *brio*, though without much voice, the greater portion of the tenor part in the "Barber of Seville"—George Eliot playing his accompaniment, and both of them thoroughly enjoying the fun.

They led a very secluded life at Witley—as always in their country retreats—but enjoyed the society of some of their neighbours. Sir Henry and Lady Holland, who lived next door; charming Mrs Thellusson and her daughter, Mrs Greville, who lived between Witley and Godalming, were especial friends. The Tennysons, too, and the Du Mauriers and Allinghams, were all within easy visiting distance. George Eliot's dislike of London life continued to increase with the increasing number of her acquaintance, and consequent demands on time. The Sunday receptions, confined to a small number of intimate friends in 1867, had gradually extended themselves to a great variety of interesting people.

These receptions have been so often and so well described, that they have hitherto occupied rather a disproportionate place in the prevalent conception of George Eliot's life. It will have been noticed that there is very little allusion to them in the letters; but owing to the seclusion of her life, it happened that the large majority of people, who knew George Eliot as an author, never met her elsewhere. Her *salon* was important as a meeting-place for many friends whom she cared greatly to see, but it was not otherwise important in her own life—for she was eminently *not* a typical mistress of a *salon*. It was difficult for her, mentally, to move from one person to another. Playing around many disconnected subjects, in talk, neither interested her nor amused her much. She took things too seriously, and seldom found the effort of entertaining compensated by the gain. Fortunately Mr Lewes supplied any qualities lacking in the

hostess. A brilliant talker, a delightful *raconteur*, versatile, full of resource in the difficulties of amalgamating diverse groups, and bridging over awkward pauses—he managed to secure for these gatherings most of the social success which they obtained. Many of the *réunions* were exceedingly agreeable and interesting, especially when they were not too crowded, when general conversation could be maintained. But the larger the company grew, the more difficult it was to manage, for the English character does not easily accommodate itself to the exigencies of a *salon*. There is a fatal tendency to break up into small groups.

The entertainment at The Priory was frequently varied by music when any good performer happened to be present. I think, however, that the majority of visitors delighted chiefly to come for the chance of a few words with George Eliot alone. When the drawing-room door opened, a first glance revealed her always in the same low arm-chair on the left-hand side of the fire. On entering, a visitor's eye was at once arrested by the massive head. The abundant hair, streaked with grey now, was draped with lace, arranged mantilla-fashion, coming to a point at the top of the forehead. If she were engaged in conversation, her body was usually bent forward with eager, anxious desire to get as close as possible to the person with whom she talked. She had a great dislike to raising her voice, and often became so wholly absorbed in conversation, that the announcement of an incoming visitor sometimes failed to attract her attention; but the moment the eyes were lifted up, and recognised a friend, they smiled a rare welcome—sincere, cordial, grave,—a welcome that was felt to come straight from the heart. Early in the afternoon, with only one or two guests, the talk was always general and delightful. Mr Lewes was quite as good in a company of three as in a company of thirty. In fact, he was better, for his *verve* was not in the least dependent on the number of his audience, and the flow was less interrupted. Conversation was no effort to him: nor was it to her, so long as the numbers engaged were not too many, and the topics were interesting enough to sustain discussion. But her talk, I think, was always most enjoyable *à deux*. It was not produced for effect nor from the lip, but welled up from a heart and mind intent on the one person with whom she happened to be

speaking. She was never weary of giving of her best, so far as the wish to give was concerned. In addition to the Sundays "at home," the Priory doors were open to a small circle of very intimate friends on other days of the week. Of evening entertainments there were very few, I think, after 1870. I remember some charming little dinners—never exceeding six persons; and one notable evening when the Poet Laureate read aloud "Maud," "The Northern Farmer," and parts of other poems. It was very interesting on this occasion to see the two most widely known representatives of contemporary English literature sitting side by side.

George Eliot would have enjoyed much in her London life if she had been stronger in health; but with her susceptible organisation, the *atmosphere* oppressed her both physically and mentally. She always rejoiced in escaping to the country.

The autumn days were beginning to close in now on the beautiful Surrey landscape, not without some dim half-recognised presage to her anxious mind of impending trouble.

Letter to Miss Maud Lewes,[1] Witley, 4th Sept.

My dear little Maudie,—I was very glad to have a letter from you this morning. I read it aloud to grandpapa before breakfast. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and Maudie was talking to us in her letter. We were very happy.

I will kiss baby for you. Her cheeks are pink, and she looks stronger than she did when she first came down. All the servants are fond of her, and very good to her. She tries to say a few words, but the only word she is clever in is Papa. There are a great many tall trees all round us, and sometimes there are squirrels with bushy tails running up them so fast that you could hardly catch sight of them. There are little snakes in the cucumber bed. They like to be there because it keeps them warm. Last year there were a great many moles, which are little black creatures with tiny white hands, and with these hands they scratch themselves holes for a long way under the ground, and throw out the earth in little hills above them. That spoils the grass, but the moles do not mean to be naughty. They are only working very hard to make themselves houses.

Grandpapa is better than he was, and has not so many pains in his poor toes. You never had any pains in your

[1] Mr Charles Lewes's little daughter, aged four.

Letter to Miss Maud Lewes, Witley, 4th Sept.

toes, Maudie. I know you are very sorry that grandpapa should have pains. He sends his love and kisses to you and Blanche, and so do I. And you must kiss papa and mamma for us, and tell them that we long very much to hear that you are all quite settled in Elm Cottage. When we see you again you will be taller than you were when we said "Good-bye" to you at Hampstead. For little girls grow as the flowers do, and get taller and taller, and their faces a little larger. But grandpapa and grandmamma would know you were their little Maudie if they met you quite alone in the street without mamma, and they would want you to come with them, and they would take care of you. They would know you because your little nose and mouth and eyes and your hair are not just exactly like other little girls', and still more because they would remember how you say "Grandpapa." I have written this letter quite plainly, as if I thought you could read it. But I know you are not able to read it yet. Miss Smith will be so good as to read it to you. Now good-bye, my dear Maudie. Here are all the kisses you are to give. Mamma, * *. Papa, * *. Blanche, * *. And these * * you must keep for yourself.—Your loving

GRANDMAMMA.

John Blackwood, 24th Sept.

I am not inclined to let you rest any longer without asking you to send me some account of yourself, for it is long since I got my last news from Edinburgh. I should like to know that you have continued to gather strength, and that you have all been consequently more and more enjoying your life at Strathtyrum. It is an ugly theory that happiness wants the contrast of illness and anxiety, but I know that Mrs Blackwood must have a new comfort in seeing you once more with your usual strength.

We have had "a bad time" in point of health; and it is only quite lately that we have both been feeling a little better. The fault is all in our own frames, not in our air or other circumstances; for we like our house and neighbourhood better and better. The general testimony and all other arguments are in favour of this district being thoroughly healthy. But we both look very haggard in the midst of our blessings.

Are you not disturbed by yesterday's Indian news? One's hopes for the world's getting a little rest from war are continually checked. Every day, after reading the 'Times,' I feel as if all one's writing were miserably trivial stuff in the presence of this daily history. Do you think there are per-

sons who admire Russia's "mission" in Asia as they did the mission in Europe? Letter to John Blackwood, 24th Sept.

Please write me anything that comes easily to the end of your pen, and make your world seem nearer to me. Good Mr Simpson, I hope, lets you know that he is prospering in his pursuit of pleasure without work—which seems a strange paradox in association with my idea of him.

The days pass by without my finding time to tell you what I want to tell you—how delighted I was to have a good account of you. But every bright day—and we have had many such—has made me think the more of you, and hope that you were drawing in strength from the clear sweet air. I miss so much the hope that I used always to have of seeing you in London, and talking over everything just as we used to do—in the way that will never exactly come with any one else. How unspeakably the lengthening of memories in common endears our old friends! The new are comparatively foreigners, with whom one's talk is hemmed in by mutual ignorance. The one cannot express, the other cannot divine. Madame Bodichon, 15th Oct.

We are intensely happy in our bit of country—as happy as the cloudy aspect of public affairs will allow any one who cares for them to be, with the daily reading of the 'Times.'

A neighbour of ours was reciting to me yesterday some delicious bits of dialogue with a quaint Surrey woman—*e.g.*, "Oh ma'am, what I have gone through with my husband. He is so uneddicated—he never had a tail-coat in his life!"

When Mr Lewes sent you my MS.[1] the other morning, he was in that state of exhilarated activity which often comes with the sense of ease after an attack of illness which had been very painful. In the afternoon he imprudently drove out, and undertook, with his usual eagerness, to get through numerous details of business, over-fatigued himself, and took cold. The effect has been a sad amount of suffering from feverishness and headache, and I have been in deep anxiety—am still very unhappy, and only comforted by Sir James Paget's assurances that the actual trouble will be soon allayed. John Blackwood, 23d Nov., from The Priory.

I have been telling the patient about your letter and suggestion that he should send a form of slip as advertisement for the Magazine. He says—and the answer seems to have been a matter of premeditation with him—that it will be better not to announce the book in this way at once—"the Americans and Germans will be down on us." I cannot

[1] 'The Impressions of Theophrastus Such.'

Letter to John Blackwood, 23d Nov., from The Priory.

question him further at present, but I have no doubt he has been thinking about the matter, and we must not cross his wish in any way.

I have thought that a good form of advertisement, to save people from disappointment in a book of mine not being a story, would be to print the list of contents, which, with the title, would give all but the very stupid a notion to what form of writing the work belongs. But this is a later consideration. I am glad you were pleased with the opening.

Miss Sara Hennell, Sunday evening, 24th Nov.

For the last week I have been in deep trouble. Mr Lewes has been alarmingly ill. To-day Sir James Paget and Dr Quain pronounce him in all respects better, and I am for the first time comforted. You will not wonder now at my silence. Thanks for your affectionate remembrances.

John Blackwood, 25th Nov.

Mr Lewes continues sadly ill, and I am absorbed in nursing him. When he wrote about Parliament meeting, he was thinking that it would be called together at the usual time—perhaps February. The book can be deferred without mischief. I wish to add a good deal, but of course I can finish nothing now, until Mr Lewes is better. The doctors pronounced him in every respect better yesterday, and he had a quiet night, but since five o'clock this morning he has had a recurrence of trouble. You can feel for him and me, having so lately known what severe illness is.

Mr Lewes died on the 28th November 1878.

CHAPTER XIX.

For many weeks after Mr Lewes's death, George Eliot saw no one except Mr Charles Lewes, and the very few persons she was obliged to receive on necessary business. She read no letters, and wrote none, but at once began to occupy herself busily with Mr Lewes's unfinished MSS., in the arrangement of which work Mr Charles Lewes was able to assist her. The only entry in her diary on the 1st January 1879 is, "Here I and sorrow sit." At the end of two months this desolation had told terribly on her health and spirits; and on the last day of January she was greatly comforted by a visit from Sir James Paget—a friend for whom she had always had

the highest and most cordial regard during the many years she had known him. Meantime she had begun to write a few short notes, and she mentions in her journal of 2d January, "A kind letter from Professor Michael Foster of Cambridge, offering to help me on any physiological point;" and on the 19th January, "Ruminating on the founding of some educational instrumentality as a memorial to be called by his name." There are the following letters in January and February.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 7th Jan. 1879.

I bless you for all your goodness to me, but I am a bruised creature, and shrink even from the tenderest touch. As soon as I feel able to see anybody I will see *you*. Please give my love to Bessie,[1] and thank her for me—I mean for her sweet letter. I was a long while before I read any letters, but tell her I shall read hers again and again.

John Blackwood, 13th Jan.

It was a long while before I read any letters, and as yet I have written none, except such as business required of me. You will believe that this has not been for want of gratitude to all my friends for their goodness to me. I can trust to your understanding of a sorrow which has broken my life. I write now because I ought not to allow any disproportionate expense to be incurred about my printed sheets.

To me, now, the writing seems all trivial stuff; but since he wished it to be printed, and you seem to concur, I will correct the sheets (if you will send me the remainder) gradually as I am able, and they can be struck off and laid by for a future time. I submit this proposition to your judgment, not knowing what may be most expedient for your printing-office.

Thank you for all your kind words.

J. W. Cross, 22d Jan.

Some time, if I live, I shall be able to see you—perhaps sooner than any one else—but not yet. Life seems to get harder instead of easier.

30th Jan.

When I said "some time" I meant still a distant time. I want to live a little time, that I may do certain things for his sake. So I try to keep up my strength, and I work as much as I can to save my mind from imbecility. But that is all at present. I can go through anything that is mere business. But what used to be joy is joy no longer, and what is pain is easier because he has not to bear it.

I bless my friends for all their goodness to me. Please say so to all of them that you know, especially Mr Hall. Tell him I have read his letter again and again.

[1] Madame Belloc.

If you feel prompted to say anything, write it to me.

Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones, 4th Feb.

Do not believe that your love is lost upon me, dear. I bless you for all your goodness to me, and keep every sign of it in my memory.

I have been rather ill lately, but my head is clearer this morning. The world's winter is going, I hope, but my everlasting winter has set in. You know that, and will be patient with me.

Madame Bodichon, 6th Feb.

Bless you for your loving thought. But for all reasons, bodily and mental, I am unable to move. I am entirely occupied with his manuscripts, and must be on this spot among all the books. Then, I am in a very ailing condition of body—cannot count on myself from day to day—and am not fit to undertake any sort of journey. I have never yet been outside the gate. Even if I were otherwise able, I could not bear to go out of sight of the things he used and looked on.

Bless you once more. If I could go away with *anybody*, I could go away with you.

J. W. Cross, 7th Feb.

I do need your affection. Every sign of care for me from the beings I respect and love, is a help to me. In a week or two I think I shall want to see you. Sometimes, even now, I have a longing, but it is immediately counteracted by a fear. The perpetual mourner—the grief that can never be healed—is innocently enough felt to be wearisome by the rest of the world. And my sense of desolation increases. Each day seems a new beginning—a new acquaintance with grief.

Saturday, 22d Feb.

If you happen to be at liberty to-morrow, or the following Friday, or to-morrow week, I hope I shall be well enough to see you. Let me know which day.

On Sunday the 23d February I saw her for the first time, and there is the following letter next day.

24th Feb

A transient absence of mind yesterday made me speak as if it were possible for me to entertain your thoughtful, kind proposal that I should move to Weybridge for a short time. But I cannot leave this house for the next two months,—if for no other reason, I should be chained here by the need of having all the books I want to refer to.

John Blackwood, 25th Feb.

Pray do not announce 'Theophrastus' in any way. It would be intolerable to my feelings to have a book of my writing brought out for a long while to come. What I wish to do is, to correct the sheets thoroughly, and then have them struck off and laid by till the time of publication comes. One reason which prompted me to set about the proofs—in

addition to my scruples about occupying the type—was that I was feeling so ill, I thought there was no time to be lost in getting done everything which no one else would do if I left it undone. But I am getting better, I think; and my doctors say there is nothing the matter with me to urge more haste than the common uncertainty of life urges on us all. Letters to John Blackwood, 25th Feb.

There is a great movement now among the Jews towards colonising Palestine, and bringing out the resources of the soil. Probably Mr Oliphant is interested in the work, and will find his experience in the West not without applicability in the East.

It is a satisfaction to you, I hope, that your son is about to be initiated in George Street. I trust he will one day carry on the good traditions of the name "John Blackwood."

I send the corrected sheets of 'Theophrastus,' and shall be much obliged if you will order a complete revise to be sent me before they are struck off. Whenever the book is published (I cannot contemplate its appearing before June, and if that is a bad time it must stand over till the autumn season), I beg you kindly to write for me a notice, to be printed on the fly-leaf, that the MS. was placed in your hands last November, or simply last year. 5th March.

I think you will enter into my feeling when I say, that to create a notion on the part of the public of my having been occupied in writing 'Theophrastus' would be repugnant to me. And I shrink from putting myself forward in any way.

I hope you are benefiting by the milder weather. I drive out a little now, but you must be prepared to see me a much changed creature. I think I should hardly know myself.

Your letter, which tells me that you are benefiting by the clear sunny air, is very welcome. Yes, here too the weather is more merciful, and I drive out most days. I am better bodily, but I never feel thoroughly comfortable in that material sense, and I am incredibly thin. As to my mind, I am full of occupation, but the sorrow deepens down instead of diminishing. I mean to go to Witley in a few months, that I may look again on the spots that he enjoyed, and that we enjoyed together, but I cannot tell beforehand whether I shall care to go again afterwards. Madame Bodichon, 5th March.

Everybody is very kind to me, and by-and-by I shall begin to see a few intimate friends. I can do or go through anything that is business or duty, but time and strength seem lacking for everything else. You must excuse my

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 5th March.

weakness, remembering that for nearly twenty-five years I have been used to find my happiness in his. I can find it nowhere else. But we can live and be helpful without happiness, and I have had more than myriads who were and are better fitted for it.

I am really very busy, and have been sadly delayed by want of health. One project I have entered on is to found a studentship, which will be called after his name. I am getting help from experienced men.

Journal.

March 8.—Gertrude[1] and the children came to tea.

March 9.—Mr Henry Sidgwick came to discuss the plan of the studentship.

March 13.—Professor Michael Foster came to discuss the studentship, and we arrived at a satisfactory clearness as to the conditions. He mentioned as men whom he had thought of as suitable trustees, Huxley, Pye Smith, Thiselton Dyer, Francis Balfour, and Henry Sidgwick.

March 22.—Mrs Congreve came again. Mrs Burne-Jones came.

Letter to Wm. Blackwood, 25th March.

I am so dissatisfied with 'Theophrastus' on reading the revise, that I have proposed to suppress it in this original form, and regenerate it whenever—if ever—I recover the power to do so. You see the cruel weather has travelled after you. It makes one feel every grievance more grievously in some respects, though to me the sunshine is in one sense sadder.

Journal.

March 30.—Mr Bowen (now Lord-Justice Bowen) came, Mr Spencer and J.

Letter to John Blackwood, 5th April.

After weighing what you have said, I agree to the publication of 'Theophrastus' in May. If you had at all suspected that the book would injure my influence, you would not have wished me to give it forth in its present form, and in the uncertainty of one's inner and outer life it is not well to depend on future capabilities. There are some things in it which I want to get said, and if the book turned out to be effective in proportion to my other things, the form would lend itself to a "second series"—supposing I lived and kept my faculties.

As to the price for the right of translating—you will judge. If you will kindly undertake these negotiations for me, I shall be thankful. And pray remember that I don't *want* the book to be translated, so that it will be well to wait for the application, and to ask a sufficient sum to put the publisher on his guard as to the selection of a translator.

[1] Mrs Charles Lewes.

But of course this little book cannot be paid for according to the difficulty of translation. Letter to John Blackwood, 5th April.

You see I have been so used to have all trouble spared me, that I am ready to cast it on any willing shoulders. But I am obliged now to think of business in many ways.

I am so glad to know that Mrs Blackwood has the comfort of a good report about you from the doctors. Perhaps it may seem to you the wrong order of sympathy to be glad for your sake in the *second* place.

April 8.—Mrs Stuart came. Journal.

Mrs Stuart was a devoted friend whose acquaintance had been formed some years before, through the presentation of some beautiful wood-carving which she had executed as an offering to George Eliot.

Dear Friends,—Will you come to see me some day? I am always in from my drive and at liberty by half-past four. Please do not say to any one that I am receiving visitors generally. Though I have been so long without making any sign, my heart has been continually moved with gratitude towards you. Letter to Frederic Harrison, 8th April.

Your letter was very welcome this morning, for I do not like to be very long without having some picture of you, and your words of affection are always sweet. Madame Bodichon, 8th April.

The studentship I mention is to supply an income to a young man who is qualified and eager to carry on physiological research, and would not otherwise have the means of doing so. Mr H. Sidgwick, Michael Foster, and other men of kindred mind, are helping me in settling the scheme. I have been determined in my choice of the studentship by the idea of what would be a sort of prolongation of *his* life. That there should always, in consequence of his having lived, be a young man working in the way he would have liked to work, is a memorial of him that comes nearest my feeling. It is to be at Cambridge to begin with, and we thought at first of affiliating it to the University: but now the notion is that it will be well to keep it free, so that the trustees may move it where and when they will. But the scheme is not yet draughted.

I am going to bring out one of the "Problems" in a separate volume at the beginning of May, and am now correcting the proofs.

My going to Witley is an experiment. I don't know how I shall bear being there; but I hope there will be nothing to hinder my *having you* there, if you will undertake the troublous journey for my sake.

Letter to John Blackwood, 9th April.

I enclose the proof of title-page and motto. Whether the motto (which is singularly apt and good) should be on the title-page or fly-leaf, I leave you to judge. Certainly everybody who does not read Latin will be offended by its claiming notice, and will consider that only the deepest-dyed pedantry could have found the motive for it. But I will not leave it out altogether.

I have had such various letters from time to time, asking me to reprint or write essays, that perhaps some of the public will not be disappointed that the volume is not a story. But that must be as it may; and if you think the acceptance dubious, it is much the better plan not to stereotype.

What energy there is in Mr Kinglake, in spite of the somewhat shattered health that his *Wesen* gives one the impression of! Among incidents of war that one can dwell on with anything like gladness, that account of the rescue of the colours at Isandlana is memorable, is it not?

I go out every day, drive beyond the ranks of hideous houses in the Kilburn outskirts, and get to lanes where I can walk, in perfect privacy, among the fields and budding hedgerows.

I hope Mr Julian Sturgis will take care of his writing, and do something lasting. He seems to me to have a strain above the common in him; and he is not writing for his bread—or even his butter. I don't know why I say this just now, except that I had it in my mind to say long ago, and it has just come uppermost as I was thinking of the Magazine.

Professor Kaufmann 17th April.

Your kind letter has touched me very deeply. I confess that my mind had, more than once, gone out to you as one from whom I should like to have some sign of sympathy with my loss. But you were rightly inspired in waiting till now, for during many weeks I was unable even to listen to the letters which my generous friends were continually sending me. Now, at last, I am eagerly interested in every communication that springs out of an acquaintance with my husband and his works.

I thank you for telling me about the Hungarian translation of his 'History of Philosophy;' but what would I not have given if the volumes could have come, even only a few days, before his death! For his mind was perfectly clear, and he would have felt some joy in that sign of his work being effective.

I do not know whether you will enter into the comfort I feel that he never knew he was dying, and fell gently asleep

after ten days of illness, in which the suffering was comparatively mild. Letter to Professor Kaufmann, 17th April.

One of the last things he did at his desk was to despatch a manuscript of mine to the publishers. The book (not a story, and not bulky) is to appear near the end of May, and as it contains some words I wanted to say about the Jews, I will order a copy to be sent to you.

I hope that your labours have gone on uninterruptedly for the benefit of others, in spite of public troubles. The aspect of affairs with us is grievous—industry languishing, and the best part of our nation indignant at our having been betrayed into an unjustifiable war in South Africa.

I have been occupied in editing my husband's MSS., so far as they are left in sufficient completeness to be prepared for publication without the obtrusion of another mind instead of his. A brief volume on 'The Study of Psychology' will appear immediately, and a further volume of psychological studies will follow in the autumn. But his work was cut short while he still thought of it as the happy occupation of far-stretching months. Once more let me thank you for remembering me in my sorrow.

I am in dreadful need of your counsel. Pray come to me when you can—morning, afternoon, or evening. J. W. Cross, 22d April.

From this time forward I saw George Eliot constantly. My mother had died in the beginning of the previous December—a week after Mr Lewes; and as my life had been very much bound up with hers, I was trying to find some fresh interest in taking up a new pursuit. Knowing very little Italian, I began Dante's "Inferno" with Carlyle's translation. The first time I saw George Eliot afterwards, she asked me what I was doing, and, when I told her, exclaimed, "Oh, I must read that with you." And so it was. In the following twelve months we read through the "Inferno" and the "Purgatorio" together—not in a *dilettante* way, but with minute and careful examination of the construction of every sentence. The prodigious stimulus of such a teacher (*cotanto maestro*) made the reading a real labour of love. Her sympathetic delight in stimulating my newly awakened enthusiasm for Dante, did something to distract her mind from sorrowful memories. The divine poet took us into a new world. It was a renovation of life. At the end of May I induced her to play on the piano at Witley for the first time; and she played regularly after that whenever I was

there, which was generally once or twice a-week, as I was living at Weybridge, within easy distance.

Besides Dante, we read at this time a great many of Sainte-Beuve's 'Causeries,' and much of Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Wordsworth. But I am anticipating. We will return to the correspondence in its order.

Letter to John Blackwood, 23d April.

When I shall be able to get to Witley is altogether uncertain. The cold winds make one less hungry for the country, but still it will be a relief to me, in some respects, to get away from town. I am much stronger than I was, and am again finding interest in this wonderful life of ours. But I am obliged to keep my doors closed against all but the few until I go away. You, however, I shall hope to see. I am founding a studentship of Physiology, to be called "The George Henry Lewes Studentship." It will be placed in the first instance at Cambridge, where there is the best physiological school in the kingdom. But the trustees (with my consent during my life) will have the power of moving it where they judge best. This idea, which I early conceived, has been a great stay to me. But I have plenty to think of—plenty of creatures depending on me, to make my time seem of some value. And there are so many in the world who have to live without any great enjoyment.

Journal.

April 26.—Mr and Mrs Hall came.

Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones, 3d May.

If you can come to me next week for a parting word, will you try to learn beforehand whether and when your husband can give me half-an-hour at the end of his working-day? I should like to see him before I go, which I hope to do soon after the 13th.

Journal.

May 6.—Mr and Mrs Call, Eleanor and Florence (Cross) came.

May 8.—Mr Burne-Jones came.

May 10.—Edith Simcox and Mr Pigott came.

May 13.—Dr Andrew Clark came, and gave me important suggestions about the studentship.

May 21.—Saw Mr Anthony Trollope.

May 22.—Came down to Witley—lovely mild day.

Letter to James Sully, 28th May.

Mr Lewes always wrote the dramatic criticisms in the 'Leader,' and for a year or two he occasionally wrote such criticisms in the 'Pall Mall.' Of the latter, the chief were reprinted in the little book on 'Actors, and the Art of Acting.' What was written in the 'Fortnightly' (1865-66) is marked by signature. The most characteristic contributions to the 'Cornhill' (1864-65) were "The Mental Condition of Babies," "Dangers and Delights of Tobacco," "Was Nero

a Monster?" "Shakspeare in France," and "Miseries of a Dramatic Author." Letter to James Sully, 28th May.

But after 1866 his contributions to any periodical were very scanty—confined to a few articles in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' one on "The Reign of Law," in the 'Fortnightly,' and the series on Darwin, now incorporated in 'The Physical Basis of Mind.' After these, his sole contributions were an article on Dickens (1872), two on Spiritualism and Mesmerism (1876), and one on "The Dread and Dislike of Science" (1878).

Charles, I think, mentioned to you my desire that you should do me the valuable service of looking over the proofs of the remaining volume of "Problems," and you were so generous as to express your willingness to undertake that labour. The printing will not begin till after the 16th,—Dr Michael Foster, who has also kindly offered to help me in the same way, not being sufficiently at leisure till after that date.

I have been rather ill again lately, but am hoping to benefit by the country quietude. You, too, I am sorry to hear, are not over strong. This will make your loan of mind and eyesight all the more appreciated by me.

Your letter full of details—just the sort of letter I like to have—has been among my comforts in these last damp, chill days. The first week I was not well, and had a troublesome attack of pain; but I am better, and try to make life interesting by always having something to do. Mrs Burne-Jones, 3d June.

I am wishing Margaret many happy returns of this day, and am making a picture of you all keeping the little *fête*. A young birthday, when the young creature is promising, is really a happy time: one can hope reasonably, and the elder ones may be content that gladness has passed onward from them into newer vessels. I should like to see the blue-eyed maid with her bangles on her arms.

Please give my love to all and sundry who make any sign of love for me; and any amount you like is ready for you to draw upon.

I am greatly obliged to you for sending me the paper you are to read to-day; and I appreciate it the more highly, because your diligence is in contrast with the general sluggishness of readers about any but idle reading. It is melancholy enough that to most of our polite readers the Social Factor in Psychology would be a dull subject; for it is certainly no conceit of ours which pronounces it to be the supremely interesting element in the thinking of our time. Frederic Harrison, 10th June

I confess the word "factor" has always been distasteful

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 10th June.

to me as the name for the grandest of forces. If it were only mathematical, I should not mind, but it has many other associated flavours which spoil it for me.

Once more—ever more—thanks.

Charles L. Lewes, 10th June.

You will like to know that Mr Frederic Harrison has sent me a brief paper, which is to be read to-day at the Metaphysical Society, on the Social Factor in Psychology, opening with a quotation from the 'Study of Psychology,' and marking throughout his high appreciation of your father's work. Also the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, kindly sent (with his initials only) to Trübner four errata which he had found in reading the 'Study of Psychology.' Trübner did not know who was the kind corrector, and very properly sent the paper to me, offering to have the corrections made on the plates if I wished it. I said, "By all means," and have written to thank the Rector. What a blessing to find a man who really reads a book!

I have received the enclosed letter, with other papers (about country lodgings at Sevenoaks for poor children). Will you look out a single copy of as many of my books (poems included) as you can find, and send them in a parcel, saying that they come from me for the Free Library? Please not to mind this trouble, as it is for the *impecunious* readers. (You know I am nothing if not "sesquipedalian" and scientific; and a word of five syllables will do for both qualities.)

I wish you could see Coquelin in "Tabourin." He is a wonderful actor, when he gets the right part for him. He has a penetrating personality that one cannot be indifferent to, though possibly it may be unpleasant to some people.

Wm. Blackwood, 12th June.

I was beginning, with my usual apprehensiveness, to fear that you had no good news to tell me, since I did not hear from you, and I should have gone on fearing till to-morrow morning if I had not happened to drive to Godalming and ask for the second post. We only get one post a-day at the benighted Witley, so that if you want me to get a letter quickly, it must be posted early at Edinburgh.

I am heartily glad to know that the invalid is going on well, and I trust that the softer air we are having now will help him forward.

'Theophrastus' seems to be really welcomed by the public. Mr Blackwood will be amused to hear that one gentleman told Charles, or implied, that 'Theophrastus' was a higher order of book, and *more difficult to write*, than a novel.

Wait long enough, and every form of opinion will turn up. However, poor 'Theophrastus' is certainly not composed of "chips" any more than my other books. Letter to Wm. Blackwood, 12th June.

Another amusing bit of news is, that the other day Mrs Pattison sent me an extract from the *livret* of the Paris *Salon*, describing a picture painted by a French artist from "The Lifted Veil," and representing the moment when the resuscitated woman, fixing her eyes on her mistress, accuses her of having poisoned her husband. I call this amusing—I ought rather to have said, typical of the relation my books generally have with the French mind.

Thank you for sending me the list of orders. It does interest me to see the various country demands. I hope the movement will continue to cheer us all, and you are sure to let me know everything that is pleasant, so I do not need to ask for that kindness.

The weather is decidedly warmer, and Tuesday was a perfectly glorious day. But rain and storm have never let us rest long together. I am not very bright, and am ready to interpret everything in the saddest sense, but I have no definite ailment.

My best regards to the convalescent, who, I have no doubt, will write to me when he is able to do so. But I am only one of many who will be glad to hear from him.

> "I spent an hour with Marian (5th June). She was more delightful than I can say, and left me in good spirits for her—though she is wretchedly thin, and looks in her long, loose, black dress like the black shadow of herself. She said she had so much to do that she must keep well—'the world was so *intensely interesting*.' She said she would come *next year* to see me. We both agreed in the great love we had for life. In fact, I think she will do more for us than ever." Letter from Madame Bodichon to Miss Bonham-Carter, 12th June.

I have been having my turn of illness of rather a sharp kind. Yesterday, when your letter came, I was in more acute pain than I have ever known in my life before, but before the morning was over I was sufficiently relieved to read your pleasant news. I am writing in bed, but am in that most keenly conscious ease which comes after unusual suffering. The way in which the public takes 'Theophrastus' is really a comfort to me. I have had some letters, not of the complimentary but of the grateful kind, which are an encouragement to believe in the use of writing. But you would be screamingly amused with one, twenty-three pages long (from an Edinburgh man by-the-by), who has not read Letter to John Blackwood, 20th June.

Letter to John Blackwood, 20th June.

the book, but has read of it, and thinks that his own case is still more worthy of presentation than Merman's.

I think a valuable series (or couple of volumes) might be made up from 'Maga' of articles written *hot* by travellers and military men, and not otherwise republished—chronicles and descriptions by eye-witnesses—which might be material for historians.

What a comfort that the Afghan war is concluded! But on the back of it comes the black dog of Indian finance, which means, alas! a great deal of hardship to poor Hindus. Let me hear more news of you before long.

Mrs Burne-Jones, 29th June.

Your description of the effects you feel from the restless tormenting winds would serve well to represent my experience too. It seems something incredible written in my memory that when I was a little girl I loved the wind—used to like to walk about when it was blowing great guns. And now the wind is to me what it was to early peoples—a demon-god, cruelly demanding all sorts of human sacrifices. Thank you, dear, for caring whether I have any human angels to guard me. None are permanently here except my servants, but Sir James Paget has been down to see me, I have a very comfortable country practitioner to watch over me from day to day, and there is a devoted friend who is backwards and forwards continually to see that I lack nothing.

It is a satisfaction to me that you felt the need for "Debasing the Moral Currency" to be written. I was determined to do it, though it might make me a stone of stumbling and rock of offence to all the comic tribe.

Do not rate my illness too high in the scale of mortal misery. I am prone to make much of my ailments, and am among the worst at enduring pain.

John Blackwood, 29th June.

Thank you for sending me the pretty little book.[1] I am deeply touched by the account of its origin, and I remember well everything you said to me of Mr Brown in old days, when he was still with you. I had only cut a very little way into the volume when a friend came and carried it off, but my eyes had already been arrested by some remarks on the character of Harold Transome, which seemed to me more penetrating and finely felt than almost anything I have read in the way of printed comment on my own writing. When my friend brings back the volume I shall read it reverentially, and most probably with a sense of being usefully

[1] 'The Ethics of George Eliot's Works,' by J. C. Brown. Blackwood: 1879.

admonished. For praise and sympathy arouse much more self-suspicion and sense of shortcoming than all the blame and depreciation of all the Pepins. Letter to John Blackwood, 29th June.

I am better, and I hope on the way to complete recovery, but I am still at some distance from that goal. Perhaps if the winds would give one some rest from their tormenting importunity, both you and I should get on faster.

I am looking forward to reading the "Recollections of Ekowe" in 'Maga,' which came to me yesterday, with its list of my own doings and misdoings on the cover.

Does not this Zulu war seem to you a horribly bad business?

Sir Henry Maine has sent me the one letter that has rejoiced my heart about the 'Study of Psychology.' He says: "In this branch of Mr Lewes's studies I am almost as one of the ignorant, but I think I have understood every sentence in the book, and I believe I have gained great knowledge from it. It has been the most satisfactory piece of work I have done for a long time." I have written to tell him that he has rescued me from my scepticism as to any one's reading a serious book except the author or editor. Charles L. Lewes, 30th June.

The sight of your handwriting on the pamphlet sent me, urges me to do the sooner what I should have already done but for a rather sharp illness, which has kept me chiefly in bed for nearly a fortnight, and from which I am not yet quite free. Madame Bodichon, 2d July.

I enclose a copy of Michael Foster's draught of conditions for the studentship, which I put into the lawyer's hands some ten or twelve days ago, and which is now come to me drawn up in legal form. You said it would interest you to see the draught, and I have been bearing this in mind, but have not been able to go to the desk where the copy lay.

I hope to hear that you have been going on well, despite the cruel restless winds and sad intermittance of sunshine. On the 12th I am going to have two daughters-in-law, *five* grandchildren, and servant for a week—if I can get well enough, as I have good hope now that I shall. The strawberries will be ripe then, and as I don't eat any myself, it would be dolorous not to be able to have the children, and see them enjoy the juicy blessing.

I was beginning to want some news of you, and was almost ready to ask for it. It is the more welcome for having had time to ripen into a decidedly good report of your condition. About myself I have a very poor story to tell, being now in the fifth week of a troublesome illness, in which, like John Blackwood, 16th July.

Letter to John Blackwood, 16th July.

you, I have been partly fed on "poisonous decoctions." Today, however, happens to show a considerable improvement in my symptoms, and I have been walking in the warmer air with more ease than hitherto. Driving I have not been able to manage for some time, the motion of the carriage shaking me too much. The best of care has been taken of me. I have an excellent country doctor (Mr Parson of Godalming) who watches me daily; and Sir James Paget and Dr Andrew Clark have been down to add their supervision. I begin to think that if I can avoid any evil condition, such as a chill that would bring on a relapse, I may soon be pretty well again. The point to be achieved is to stop the wasting of my not too solid flesh.

I am glad to hear that the third edition of 'Theophrastus' has had so lively a movement. If the remainder should be sold off, I think it would be well just to print a small number of copies to carry on, and avoid bringing out a cheaper edition too soon after people have been paying for the expensive one.

I have been always able to write my letters and read my proofs, usually in bed before the fatigue of dressing, but the rest of my time has been very unprofitable—spent chiefly in pain and languor. I am feeling easy now, and you will well understand that after undergoing pain, this ease is opening paradise. Invalids must be excused for being eloquent about themselves.

Mrs Burne-Jones, 22d July.

I feel a perhaps too selfish need to tell you that things have gone ill with me since I last wrote to you. Why do I want to let you know this not agreeable news about myself? Chiefly because I want you to be quite clear that if I do not write to say, "When can you come to me?" it is not from indifference, but from misfortune of another sort. Meanwhile it will do me good to have little items of news from you, when you can find half an hour for the kind deed of writing me a letter. What helps me most is to be told things about others, and your letters are just of the sort I like to have.

I am just now in one of my easier hours, and the demon wind has abated. He seems to enter into my pains with hideous rejoicing.

Miss Blanche Lewes,[1] 24th July

I was very much pleased to have a letter from you, and to know all about your birthday.

'Evenings at Home' is a very pretty book. I read it when I was at school, and I think you will like to read many

[1] Mr Charles Lewes's daughter, aged seven.

Letter to Miss Blanche Lewes, 24th July.

stories in it over and over again till you know them almost by heart. That is very nice, to carry pretty things in your mind so that you can say them to yourself in the dark.

I am sure you must have liked being on the river in the steamboat for the first time. The wide river and the bridges, and the great buildings that can be seen a long way by the waterside, are all very beautiful, are they not? It would seem to you like another and grander sort of picture, after seeing the small pictures on the wall of the Exhibition.

Only think! this was your seventh birthday, and when you have lived three times seven years you will be a tall woman, aged twenty-one, able to do almost everything for dear mamma, so that she may rest after doing so much as she does for you and Maud and Elinor.

Please give my love to Maud, and tell her that I am very glad to hear of her having been at the head of her class.

Yesterday there was sunshine here, the trees made pretty shadows on the grass, and the flowers lifted up their little faces and looked very happy. But this morning it rains again, and the hay that should be nice and dry, ready for the horses to eat, will all be wet through again. This makes people sorry.

I am writing this letter in bed, not being very well, and my paper lies a long way off on a flat board, so it is not easy for me to write well. But I hope the letter is written plainly enough for you to read it without much trouble.

Give my love to papa and mamma, and tell them that I feel a little better.

And now, good-bye, my dear Blanche. Whenever you think of me, remember that I am your loving

GRANDMAMMA.

James Sully, 7th Aug.

Thank you for your kind note. There are to be more than as many proofs as you have already had, for which I must crave the valuable aid of your reading.

You will understand all the better how much comfort it is to me to have your help as well as Professor Foster's, when I tell you that for the last eight weeks I have been seriously out of health, and have often been suffering much pain—a state which I imagine you know by experience to heighten all real anxieties, and usually to create unreal.

It cheers me to be told by you that you think the volume interesting. In reading the MS. again and again, I had got into a state of tremor about it which deprived me of judgment—just as if it were writing of my own, which I could not trust myself to pronounce upon.

I hope that your own health, and Mrs Sully's too, will have been benefited by your change from south to north.

Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones, 11th Aug.

I think that I am really getting better, and shall have to stay among the minority in this world a little longer than I had expected.

Will you send me word how long you shall be at liberty, and whether you would think it worth while to come down to me one morning and stay till the afternoon of the following day? Your letter is delightful to me. Several spiritual kisses for it.

Mrs Peter Taylor, 19th Aug.

Thank you for your sweet affection. I have had rather a trying illness, which lasted, without great relief, for nearly eight weeks. But I hope that I am now out of it—that is, so far established that I may go on without a relapse. The cold weather was against me, as it was and is against much more important matters. The days of warmth and sunlight which have now and then blessed us have been my best medicine, though I acknowledge the benefit of pepsine and steel, and many other drugs. The grey skies and recurring rain are peculiarly dispiriting to me, and one seems to feel their influence all the more for the wide, beautiful view of field and hill which they sadden and half conceal. In town one thinks less of the sky.

If you are ever writing to our dear Mrs William Smith, do give my love to her, and tell her I am very grateful to her for the letter she wrote me with the post-mark *Ventnor* upon it. With her usual delicacy of feeling she did not send her address, so that I could not write in return.

Wm. Blackwood, 3d Sept.

I am much obliged to you for writing me your letter of pleasant news.

It is wonderful how 'Theophrastus' goes on selling in these bad times, and I have only to hope in addition that the buyers will be the better for it. Apparently we shall get through this last edition before Christmas, and then perhaps you will think of adding the volume to the Cabinet Edition. I am especially rejoiced to hear that your uncle is better again, and I trust that Strathtyrum is sharing our sunshine, which will be the best cure for him as for me. I am getting strong, and also am gaining flesh on my moderate scale. It really makes a difference to one's spirits to think that the harvest may now possibly be got in without utter ruin to the produce and unhappy producers. But this year will certainly prove a serious epoch, and initiate many changes in relation to farming. I fear, from what I have read, that the rich Lothians will have to be called compas-

sionately the poor Lothians. By the way, if you happen to want any translation done from the French, and have not just the right person to do it, I think I can recommend a Miss Bradley Jenkins, of 50 Cornwall Road, Westbourne Park, as one who has an unusually competent knowledge of French. We sat side by side on the same form translating Miss Edgeworth into French when we were girls. Letter to Wm. Blackwood, 3d Sept

I have not seen her for many years, but I know that she has been engaged in a high order of teaching, and I have lately heard from her that she is anxious to get work of the kind in question. She already spoke French well when we were pupils together, and she has since been an unintermitting student.

I wonder, talking of translators, how the young Mr Ferrier is going on, who translated Kaufmann's pamphlet on 'Deronda.' What Mr Blackwood told me of him interested me about his future.

Oblige us all by not falling into another accident when the next hunting season comes.

Before I received your letter the other day, I was intending to write to you to ask whether, now that I am stronger and the fine weather shows some signs of permanence, you feel any revival of the inclination to come and see me for a couple of days. I hardly like to propose your taking the journey, now that you are not being brought near me by other visits—for the railway from you to us is, I think, rather tiresome. But if your inclination really lies towards coming, you will be affectionately welcomed. Madame Bodichon, 3d Sept.

About the seaside I am hopeless. The latter part of October is likely to be too cold for me to move about without risk of chills; and I hope to be back in town before the end of the month. I am not very fond of the seaside, and this year it is likely to be crowded with people who have been hindered by the bad weather from going earlier. I prefer the Surrey hills and the security from draughts in one's own home. The one attraction of a coast place to me is a great breadth of sand to pace on when it is in its fresh firmness after the fall of the tide. But the sea itself is melancholy to me—only a little less so under warm sunlight, with plenty of fishing smacks changing their shadows. All this is to let you know why I do not yield to the attraction of being with you, where we could chat as much or as little as we liked. I feel very much your affectionateness in wishing to have me near you.

Write me word soon whether you feel able to come as far as this for my sake.

Letter to James Sully, 10th Sept.

I have read the article[1] with very grateful feelings. I think that he would himself have regarded it as a generally just estimate. And I am much obliged to you for sending it to me in proof.

Your selection of subjects for remark, and the remarks themselves, are in accordance with my feeling to a comforting extent; and I shall always remain your debtor for writing the article.

I trust you will not be forced to omit anything about his scientific and philosophical work, because that is the part of his life's labour which he most valued.

Perhaps you a little underrate the (original) effect of his 'Life of Goethe' in Germany. It was received with enthusiasm, and an immense number of copies, in both the English and German form, have been sold in Germany since its appearance in 1854.

I wish you were allowed to put your name to the article.

Mrs Peter Taylor, 17th Sept.

I am getting strong now, after a long spell of medical discipline. All these long months I have been occupied with my husband's manuscripts: also with the foundation of a Physiological Studentship, which is my monument to his memory, and which is now all settled, as you may perhaps have seen by advertisements.[2] But I am not yet through the proof-reading of the final volume of 'Problems of Life and Mind,' which will contain the last sheets he ever wrote.

I hear very good accounts of Madame Bodichon, who is coming to me for a couple of days on the 29th.

You are wonderful for life and energy, in spite of your

[1] Article on G. H. Lewes—New Quarterly Review, Oct. 1879.

[2] "George Henry Lewes Studentship."—This Studentship has been founded in memory of Mr George Henry Lewes, for the purpose of enabling the holder for the time being to devote himself wholly to the prosecution of original research in physiology. The Studentship, the value of which is slightly under £200 per annum, paid quarterly in advance, is tenable for three years, during which time the student is required to carry on, under the guidance of a director, physiological investigations to the complete exclusion of all other professional occupations. No person will be elected as a "George Henry Lewes Student" who does not satisfy the Trustees and Director, first, as to the promise of success in physiological inquiry; and second, as to the need of pecuniary assistance. Otherwise all persons of both sexes are eligible. Applications, together with such information concerning ability and circumstances as the candidate may think proper, should be sent to the present Director, Dr Michael Foster, New Museums, Cambridge, not later than October 15, 1879. The appointment will be made and duly advertised as soon as possible after that date.

delicate looks. May you have all the strength you need for your sympathetic tasks!

Letter to James Sully 7th Oct.

I have not yet thanked you — and I do so now very gratefully—for the help you have given me in my sad and anxious task. Your eyes have been a most precious aid, not only as a matter of fact, but as a ground of confidence. For I am not at all a good proof-reader, and have a thorough distrust of myself.

Mrs Burne-Jones, 18th Oct.

I cannot wish not to have been cheered by your triple letter, even though I have caused you to rise earlier in the morning, and to feel a disproportionate remorse. "Maggior difetto men vergogna lava," as says Virgil to the blushing Dante. And you have given me the fuller measure because I had to wait a little.

Your legend of 'Fair Women' interests me very much. I feel a citizen of the world again, knowing all the news. But the core of good news in your letter is that your husband is well again, and again happy in his work. Your collapse is what I feared for you; and you must call the getting change of air and scene—I was going to say "a duty," but are you one of those wonderful beings who find everything easier under that name? But at least one prefers doing a hard duty to grimacing with a pretence of pleasure in things that are no pleasure.

I am greatly comforted this morning by the fact that the (apparently) right man is found for the George Henry Lewes Studentship—an ardent worker, who could not have carried on his pursuit without this help. I know you are not unmindful of what touches me deeply.

Go on your visit, dear, and come back well—then show yourself without unnecessary delay to your loving friend.

Charles L. Lewes, 20th Oct.

I have had a delightful bit of news from Dr Foster this morning. He had mentioned to me before, that there was an Edinburgh student, whom he had in his mind as the right one to elect. This morning he writes—"The trustees meet to-morrow to receive my nomination. I have chosen Dr Charles Roy, an Edinburgh man, and Scotchman —not one of my own pupils. He is, I think, the most promising—by far the most promising—of our young physiologists, putting aside those who do not need the pecuniary assistance of the studentship. And the help comes to him just when it is most needed: he is in full swing of work, and was casting about for some means of supporting himself which would least interfere with his work, when I called his attention to the studentship. I feel myself very

Letters to Charles L. Lewes, 20th Oct.

gratified that I can, at the very outset, recommend just the man, as it appears to me, for the post."

This is a thing your father would have chosen as a result of his life.

27th Oct.

I have just had some news that grieves me. Mr Blackwood is dangerously ill, and I fear, from Mr William's letter, that there is little hope of recovery. He will be a heavy loss to me. He has been bound up with what I most cared for in my life for more than twenty years; and his good qualities have made many things easy to me that, without him, would often have been difficult.[1]

I wrote to Mr Trübner to tell him that the printing of the "Problems" being finished, I should be glad if he would arrange with you about the conditions of publication. Bear in mind your father's wish that the volumes should not be made dearer than necessary.

I am going to Weybridge on Friday, and I intend to be at The Priory by Saturday before dusk. But it is *just possible* I may be detained till Monday morning. So if you have any good occupation for Sunday, you had better call on your way home on Monday.

Miss Eleanor Cross, 29th Oct.

Your affectionate note would quite have determined me to do what, when your brother kindly proposed it, raised a certain longing in me. I thought that I should like to see you all in the remembered home again. But I have had a little check in health, and I am feeling so depressed that I shrink from making any engagement which involves others.

A visitor to-day and my own languor threaten to throw me backward in my arrangements for leaving, and I have a sense of impossibility about everything that, under other conditions, would be a pleasure. I am afraid lest a fit of sadness should make me an oppression to you all; and my conclusion this morning is, that I must give up the few hours' happiness of feeling your family love around me as I used to do, and simply go straight up to town with my servants.

But if Friday morning brings me better hopes I will telegraph to you, since you allow me to wait till the eleventh hour. If you receive no telegram, you will understand that I am still too down-hearted to venture on a visit even to those who are amongst the best loved of my friends. In that case you must all make me amends for my loss by coming to see me in the old place in town.

[1] Mr John Blackwood died on 29th October 1879.

Came to Weybridge on 31st October, and returned to The Priory on 1st November.

Letter to Miss Sara Hennell, 22d Nov., from The Priory.

I am very grateful to you for your kind letter. News about you all had been much desired by me; but I have now so many business letters to write that I am apt to defer such as are not absolutely necessary. The careful index is a sign of your effective industry, and I have no doubt that it will be a great help to yourself as well as to your readers. One very often needs an index to one's own writing. My chief objects are quite completed now. The Dr Roy appointed to the Studentship is held by competent persons to be the most hopeful of our young physiologists: and there is a volume of 501 pages (the last) of 'Problems of Life and Mind' ready to appear next month. I am quite recovered from the ailment which made me good for little in the summer, and indeed am stronger than I ever expected to be again. People are very good to me, and I am exceptionally blessed in many ways; but more blessed are the dead who rest from their labours, and have not to dread a barren, useless survival.

M. D'Albert, 25th Nov.

I am deeply obliged to you for your affectionate sympathy, and to my dear venerated "Maman" for still bearing me in her heart.

I returned from the country at the beginning of this month, much restored in health after rather a painful illness, which occupied most of the summer. I have nevertheless completed the two chief objects I had in mind—the editing of the final volume of my husband's work, which will appear in December; and the founding of a Studentship of Physiology, which bears his name, and will perpetuate it in connection with the researches which most deeply interested him.

It seems wonderful to me that Madame D'Albert is more than eighty years of age! The years shrink as I look back through them and recall my first interview with her and you. It is very blessed that her mind is tranquil as well as clear. And your family is apparently a source of continual interest and satisfaction. What I should most dread for you is that solitude that will come when your beloved charge no longer needs your care. Imperative duties—such as leave us in no doubt as to what we shall do next—are the only condition that makes life easy—though we ignorantly rebel against those benignant bonds while we still have them.

My friends are very good to me, and I have many bless-

Letter to M. D'Albert, 25th Nov.

ings. I try to interest myself in life, and to keep my faculties in activity.

'Theophrastus Such' has had a very large sale in England, and in the next edition will make the twentieth volume of the Cabinet Edition of my works. I can well imagine that it is difficult to translate.

E. Clodd, 4th Jan. 1880.

I am greatly obliged to you for sending me your book entitled 'Jesus of Nazareth,' which I have read with much interest both in its purpose and in its execution. I had hardly thought, before, that we had among us an author who could treat Biblical subjects for the young with an entire freedom from the coaxing, dandling style, and from the rhetoric of the showman who describes his monstrous outside pictures, not in the least resembling the creatures within.

My mind cannot see the Gospel histories in just the same proportions as those you have given. But on this widely conjectural subject there may and must be shades of difference which do not affect fundamental agreement.

Mrs Peter Taylor, 5th Jan.

Thank you a thousand times, my dear friend, for your tender New Year's greeting and inquiries. I have passed well from "under the saws and harrows" of the severe cold, and am better, both in apparent organic soundness and in strength for all occupation, than I once thought was possible for me.

Our dear Barbara is painting in water-colours again from her window—just as of old. I know you will be glad to hear of this. And I am now seeing many other friends, who interest me and bring me reports of their several worlds. The great public calamities of the past year have helped to quiet one's murmuring spirit in relation to private sorrows, and the prospect for the future is not yet very bright. One thinks of mothers like Mrs Ruck whose best-loved sons are in Afghanistan. But we must live as much as we can for human joy, dwelling on sorrow and pain only so far as the consciousness of it may help us in striving to remedy them.

Mrs Burne-Jones, 19th Jan.

Life has seemed worse without my glimpses of you. And now I have not the amends of thinking that you are out of our Egyptian darkness, and getting health in the country. I must drive over to ask about you as soon as I can.

As the year went on, George Eliot began to see all her old friends again. But her life was nevertheless a life of heart-loneliness. Accustomed as she had been for so many years to solitude *à deux*, the want of close companionship continued to be very bitterly felt. She was in the habit of going with me very frequently to the

National Gallery, and to other exhibitions of pictures, to the British Museum sculptures, and to South Kensington. This constant association engrossed me completely, and was a new interest to her. A bond of mutual dependence had been formed between us. On the 28th March she came down to Weybridge, and stayed till the 30th; and on the 9th April it was finally decided that our marriage should take place as soon, and as privately, as might be found practicable.

Letter to Miss Eleanor Cross, 13th April.

You can hardly think how sweet the name sister is to me, that I have not been called by for so many, many years.

Without your tenderness I do not believe it would have been possible for me to accept this wonderful renewal of my life. Nothing less than the prospect of being loved and welcomed by you all could have sustained me. But now I cherish the thought that the family life will be the richer and not the poorer, through your brother's great gift of love to me.

Yet I quail a little in facing what has to be gone through —the hurting of many whom I care for. You are doing everything you can to help me, and I am full of gratitude to you all for his sake as well as my own. The springs of affection are reopened in me, and it will make me better to be among you—more loving and trustful.

I valued Florence's little visit very much. You and she will come again—will you not?—to your sister.

Frederic Harrison, 19th April.

I have found the spot in "The Prelude" where the passage I mentioned occurs. It is in Book viii. "The Retrospect," towards the end:—

> "The human nature unto which I felt
> That I belonged, and reverenced with love,
> Was not a punctual presence, but a spirit
> Diffused through time and space, with aid derived
> Of evidence from monuments, erect,
> Prostrate, or leaning towards their common rest
> In earth, the widely scattered wreck sublime
> Of vanished nations."

The bit of brickwork in the rock is

> "With aid derived of evidence."

I think you would find much to suit your purpose in "The Prelude," such as—

> "There is
> One great society alone on earth:
> The noble Living and the noble Dead."

Letter to Frederic Harrison, 19th April.

Except for travelling, and for popular distribution, I prefer Moxon's one-volumed edition of Wordsworth to any selection. No selection gives you the perfect gems to be found in single lines, or in half a dozen lines, which are to be found in the "dull" poems.

I am sorry Matthew Arnold has not included the sonnet beginning—

> "I griev'd for Buonaparté with a vain
> And an unthinking grief;"

and which has these precious lines—

> "'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
> The governor who must be wise and good,
> And temper with the sternness of the brain
> Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
> *Wisdom doth live with children round her knees.*"

Has he the magnificent sonnet on Toussaint l'Ouverture? I don't know where there is anything finer than the last eight lines of it.

Please don't acknowledge this note, else you will neutralise my pleasure in sending it by making me feel that I have given you trouble.

Lady Lytton, 24th April.

The beautiful photograph has reached me safely, and I am very grateful to you for your kindness in sending it to me. In comparing it with the photograph which you gave me seven or eight years ago, I see the effect of a saddening experience which the years must bring to us all, but to my feeling the face is the more endearing because of that effect.

You have been very often in my thoughts, because I have associated you with public affairs, and have imagined sympathetically how they must have affected your private life. I am sure that this momentous experience in India has been a hard discipline both for you and for Lord Lytton. I can imagine he has often been sick at heart with the near vision which his post forces on him, of human meanness and rancour. You, too, must have gathered some melancholy knowledge of that sort, which has perhaps changed a little the curves of the mouth and the glance of the eyes since those Vienna days, when the delightful M. de Villers helped to make the hours pleasant to us.

I saw the photographs of your daughters, which gave me an idea how fast the dramatic authoress has developed physically as well as mentally. When I first saw her at Vienna she was the prettiest little rosebud.

Mrs Strachey called the other day when I was out, and among other reasons for my being sorry not to have seen her, was the having missed some authentic news about your probable movements. What happens to you will always have interest for me, since I have long been, with sincere regard, yours most truly. Letter to Lady Lytton, 24th April.

On the 24th April George Eliot came down to Weybridge, and stayed till the 26th.

I am deeply obliged to you for the care with which you have treated the final volume of the "Problems" in the 'Academy,' which you have kindly sent me. I think you could hardly have written more effectively towards exciting an interest in the work in the minds of the comparatively few who really care for the study of Psychology. You have added one more to the obligations which will make me always yours gratefully. James Sully, 26th April.

I have something to tell you which will doubtless be a great surprise to you; but since I have found that other friends, less acquainted with me and my life than you are, have given me their sympathy, I think that I can count on yours. I am going to do what not very long ago I should myself have pronounced impossible for me, and therefore I should not wonder at any one else who found my action incomprehensible. By the time you receive this letter I shall (so far as the future can be matter of assertion) have been married to Mr J. W. Cross, who, you know, is a friend of years, a friend much loved and trusted by Mr Lewes, and who, now that I am alone, sees his happiness in the dedication of his life to me. This change in my position will make no change in my care for Mr Lewes's family, and in the ultimate disposition of my property. Mr Cross has a sufficient fortune of his own. We are going abroad for a few months, and I shall not return to live at this house. Mr Cross has taken the lease of a house, No. 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where we shall spend the winter and early spring, making Witley our summer home. Madame Bodichon, 5th May.

I indulge the hope that you will some day look at the river from the windows of our Chelsea house, which is rather quaint and picturesque.

Please tell Bessie[1] for me, with my love to her. I cannot write to more than two or three persons.

A great, momentous change is going to take place in my life. My indisposition last week, and several other subsequent circumstances, have hindered me from communicating Mrs Congreve, 5th May.

[1] Madame Belloc.

it to you, and the time has been but short since the decision was come to. But with your permission Charles will call on you and tell you what he can on Saturday.

Journal. *May* 6.—Married this day at 10.15 to John Walter Cross at St George's, Hanover Square. Present, Charles, who gave me away, Mr and Mrs Druce, Mr Hall, William, Mary, Eleanor, and Florence Cross. We went back to The Priory, where we signed our wills. Then we started for Dover, and arrived there a little after five o'clock.

Letter to Miss Eleanor Cross, 9th May, from Paris. Your letter was a sweet greeting to us on our arrival here yesterday.

We had a millennial cabin on the deck of the Calais-Douvres, and floated over the Strait as easily as the saints float upward to heaven (in the pictures). At Amiens we were very comfortably housed, and paid two enraptured visits, evening and morning, to the Cathedral. I was delighted with J.'s delight in it. And we read our dear old cantos of the "Inferno" that we were reading a year ago, declining afterwards on 'Eugénie Grandet.' The nice woman who waited on us made herself very memorable to me by her sketch of her own life. She went to England when she was nineteen as a lady's maid—had been much *ennuyée de sa mère*, detested *les plaisirs*, liked only her regular everyday work and *la paix*.

Here we have a very fair *appartement*, and plenty of sunlight, *au premier*. Before dinner we walked up to the Arc de l'Étoile and back again, enjoying the lovely greenth and blossoms of the horse-chestnuts, which are in their first glory, innocent of dust or of one withered petal. This morning at twelve o'clock we are going to the Russian church, where J. has never been, and where I hope we shall hear the wonderful intoning and singing as I heard it years ago.

This is the chronicle of our happy married life, three days long—all its happiness conscious of a dear background in those who are loving us at Weybridge, at Thornhill, and at Ranby.

You are all inwoven into the pattern of my thoughts, which would have a sad lack without you. I like to go over again in imagination all the scene in the church and in the vestry, and to feel every loving look from the eyes of those who were rejoicing for us. Besides Professor Sellar's letter, which touched J. with grateful surprise, we have had one to him from Mr Frederic Harrison, saying everything affectionate; and two very finely felt letters from Edith Simcox—one to him enclosing the one to me. Certainly she has a

rare generosity and elevation which find their easy channel in writing. My love to Henry and to the gentle Berthe,[1] who was an invisible presence at our wedding.

Letter to Miss Eleanor Cross, 9th May, from Paris.

I think I must thank Florence, too, for her letter to J.; for we accept to the full the principle of "what is mine is thine" on each side.

Write us word about everything, and consider yourselves all very much loved and spiritually petted by your loving sister.

Charles L Lewes, 21st May, from Grenoble.

This place is so magnificently situated, in a smiling valley, with the Isère flowing through it, and surrounded by grand and various lines of mountains, and we were so enraptured by our expedition yesterday to the Grande Chartreuse, that we congratulate ourselves greatly on our choice of route. I think it unlikely that we shall want to wander beyond the second week in July. We shall begin to long for home just when the rest of the London world are longing for travel. We are seeing nature in her happiest moment now: the foliage on all the tremendous heights, the soft slopes, and the richly clad valleys on the way to the Chartreuse, is all fresh and tender, shone through by a sunlight which cherishes and does not burn us. I had but one regret in seeing the sublime beauty of the Grande Chartreuse. It was that the Pater had not seen it. I would still give up my own life willingly if he could have the happiness instead of me. But marriage has seemed to restore me to my old self. I was getting hard, and if I had decided differently, I think I should have become very selfish.

Glorious weather always, and I am very well — quite amazingly able to go through fatigue.

Miss Florence Cross 25th May.

Our life since we wrote to you has been a chapter of delights — Grenoble — Grande Chartreuse—Chambéry—paradisiacal walk to Les Charmettes—roses gathered in Jean Jacques' garden—Mont Cenis Tunnel, and emergence into Italian sunshine. Milan, comfortable *appartement*, delicious privacy, and great minds condescending to relax themselves! We got here yesterday, and of course our first walk was to the post, where we found your delightful budget and other letters, which we took to a *café* in the grand *galleria*, and read at our ease to the accompaniment of tea.

Two of my letters yesterday touched me very gratefully. One was from "Brother Jimmy"—the prettiest letter possible. The other letter that moved me was one from my own

[1] Mrs Hall.

Letter to Miss Florence Cross, 25th May.

brother. Then J. had a graceful letter of congratulation from Mr Henry James, who is still at Florence. I think you did not send that letter of Mr Edmund Gurney's which you mention. I am fond of seeing the letters which put my friends in an amiable light for my imagination. And now that I have had that charming letter from my new brother in America, I feel that my family initiation is complete. No woman was ever more sweetly received by brothers and sisters than I have been; and it is a happy new longing in my life that I may return into their bosoms some of the gladness they have poured into mine.

I have been uninterruptedly well, and feel quite strong with all sorts of strength except strong-mindedness. We are going to hear the music in the Duomo at eleven, and after that we intend to pay our first visit to the Brera gallery. It is our present plan to stay here for some days, and we enjoy the thought of a little stationary life such as we have not had since we left Paris. We often talk of our sisters, oftener think of them. You are our children, you know.

Isaac P. Evans, 26th May.

Your letter was forwarded to me here, and it was a great joy to me to have your kind words of sympathy, for our long silence has never broken the affection for you which began when we were little ones. My husband, too, was much pleased to read your letter. I have known his family for eleven years, and they have received me amongst them very lovingly. The only point to be regretted in our marriage is that I am much older than he, but his affection has made him choose this lot of caring for me rather than any other of the various lots open to him.

Emily Clarke has lately sent me rather a sad account of Sarah's[1] health. I trust that it is now better, for I think it is her lungs that chiefly trouble her, and summer may act beneficently on them. Please give my love to her, and tell her that I like the assurance of her share in the good wishes you send me.

I have often heard of Frederick[2] through the admiration of those who have heard him preach; and it has been a happy thought to me that you and Sarah must feel it a great comfort to have him as well as Walter settled near you.

Edith is the only one of your children whom I have seen since they have been grown up, and I thought her a noble-looking woman.

[1] Mrs Isaac Evans (since deceased).
[2] Rev. Frederick Evans, Rector of Bedworth.

We are going to remain abroad until some time in July, and shall then return to The Heights, Witley, Surrey. Our home in London will be 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, looking on a very picturesque bit of the river. Letter to Isaac P. Evans, 26th May.

I hope that your own health is quite good now, and that you are able to enjoy the active life which I know you are fond of.—Always your affectionate sister.

Many thanks for your delightful letter, which came to me yesterday, with a loving though brief letter from Mrs Congreve to keep it company in making the day agreeable. Charles L. Lewes, 28th May.

We arrived here on Monday, and have been induced by a nice quiet apartment and pleasant attendance to carry out our plan of resting here, and deliberately seeing what is to be seen in this cheerful, prosperous city. I am glad to find that the Luini pictures come up to my remembrance, and that J. is much impressed by his introduction to them. I continue remarkably well, and am every day surprising myself by the amount of walking, standing, and looking that I can go through. To-morrow or the next day we intend to go on to Verona; then after a sufficient pause to enjoy that glorious place we shall move on to Padua and Venice, where it will be best for you to send anything you may have to send. I like to see the letters. They make one realise the fact of one's home and little world there amid the dreaminess of foreign travel. We take our meals in our own apartment and see nothing of our fellow-guests in the hotel—only hear their British and American voices when they air themselves in the *cortile* after their dinner.

The weather has hitherto been delicious, not excessively warm, always with a pleasant movement in the air; but this morning there is a decided advance in heat, and we shall both have our theory of great heat being the best thing for us well tested in the next month.

The change I make in the date of this letter is a sign of the difficulty you well know that one finds in writing all the letters one wants to write while travelling. Ever since Charles forwarded to me your dear letter while I was in Paris, I have been meaning to write to you. That letter was doubly sweet to me because it was written before you received mine, *intended* to inform you of my marriage before it appeared in the newspapers. Charles says that my friends are chiefly hurt because I did not tell them of the approaching change in my life. But I really did not finally, absolutely decide—I was in a state of doubt and struggle— Madame Bodichon, 29th May and 1st June, from Verona.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 29th May and 1st June, from Verona.

until only a fortnight before the event took place, so that at last everything was done in the utmost haste. However, there were four or five friends, of whom you were one, to whom I was resolved to write, so that they should at least get my letter on the morning of the 6th.

I had more than once said to Mr Cross that you were that one of my friends who required the least explanation on the subject—who would spontaneously understand our marriage. But Charles sends me word that my friends in general are very sympathetic, and I should like to mention to you that Bessie[1] is one whose very kind words he has sent to me, for you may have an opportunity of giving my love to her, and telling her that it is very sweet to me to feel that her affection is constant to me in this as it was in other crises of my life. I wish, since you can no longer come in and out among us as you used to do, that you already knew my husband better. His family welcome me with the uttermost tenderness. All this is wonderful blessing falling to me beyond my share, after I had thought that my life was ended, and that, so to speak, my coffin was ready for me in the next room. Deep down below there is a hidden river of sadness, but this must always be with those who have lived long—and I am able to enjoy my newly reopened life. I shall be a better, more loving creature than I could have been in solitude. To be constantly, lovingly grateful for the gift of a perfect love, is the best illumination of one's mind to all the possible good there may be in store for man on this troublous little planet.

We leave Verona to-day, and stay a little at Padua on our way to Venice. Hitherto we have had delightful weather, and just the temperature we rejoice in. We are both fond of warmth, and could bear more heat than we have the prospect of at present.

Yesterday we had a drive on the skirting heights of Verona, and saw the vast fertile plain around, with the Euganean hills, blue in the distance, and the Apennines just dimly visible on the clear margin of the horizon. I am always made happier by seeing well-cultivated land.

Charles L. Lewes, 9th June, from Venice.

We both enjoyed reading your letter on the morning after our arrival at this enchanting city, where the glorious light, with comparative stillness and total absence of dust, makes a paradise much more desirable than that painted by Tintoretto on the wall of the Consiglio Maggiore. Nothing but the advent of mosquitoes would make it easy for us to tear

[1] Madame Belloc.

ourselves away from this place, where every prospect pleases, but also where one is obliged to admit that man is somewhat vile. I am sadly disappointed in the aspect of the Venetian populace. Even physically they look less endowed than I thought them when we were here under the Austrian dominion. We have hardly seen a sweet or noble woman's face since we arrived, but the men are not quite so ill-looking as the women. The singing here (by itinerant performers in gondolas) is disgraceful to Venice and to Italy. Coarse voices, much out of tune, make one shudder when they strike suddenly under the window. Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 9th June, from Venice.

Our days here are passed quite deliciously. We see a few beautiful pictures or other objects of interest, and dwell on them sufficiently every morning, not hurrying ourselves to do much; and afterwards we have a *giro* in our gondola, enjoying the air and the sight of marvellous Venice from various points of view and under various aspects. Hitherto we have had no *heat*, only warmth with a light breeze. To-day, for the first time, one thinks that violent exercise must be terribly trying for our red-skinned fellow-mortals at work on the gondolas and the barges. But for us it is only pleasant to find the air warm enough for sitting out in the evening. We shall not soon run away from Venice unless some plague—*e.g.*, mosquitoes—should arise to drive us. We edify ourselves with what Ruskin has written about Venice, in an agreeable pamphlet shape, using his knowledge gratefully, and shutting our ears to his wrathful innuendoes against the whole modern world. And we are now nearly at the end of Alfieri's autobiography, which is a deeply interesting study of character.

It may well seem incredible to you, for it is hardly credible to myself, that while I have been longing to write to you ever since I received your dear letter, I have not found the time to satisfy my longing. Perhaps you are more able than most people to conceive the difficulty of getting a clear half hour between the business of travelling and the attention to little details of packing and toilette, over and above the companionship of talk and reading. Certainly I have thought of you all the more, but you have not known that, and I have lost my claim to hear about you—a use and wont which I would not willingly part with. Mrs Congreve, 10th June.

I wonder whether you have imagined—I believe that you are quick to imagine for the benefit of others—all the reasons why it was left at last to Charles to tell you of the great, once undreamed-of change in my life. The momentous decision, in

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 10th June.

fact, was not made till scarcely more than a fortnight before my marriage; and even if opportunity had lent itself to my confiding everything to you, I think I could hardly have done it at a time when your presence filled me rather with a sense of your and Emily's trouble[1] than with my own affairs. Perhaps Charles will have told you that the marriage deprives no one of any good I felt bound to render before —it only gives me a more strenuous position, in which I cannot sink into the self-absorption and laziness I was in danger of before. Instead of any former affection being displaced in my mind, I seem to have recovered the loving sympathy that I was in danger of losing. I mean that I had been conscious of a certain drying-up of tenderness in me, and that now the spring seems to have risen again. Who could take your place within me or make me amends for the loss of you? And yet I should not take it bitterly if you felt some alienation from me. Such alienation is very natural where a friend does not fulfil expectations of long standing.

We have already been ten days at Venice, but we hope to remain as long again, not fearing the heat, which has hitherto been only a false alarm in the minds of English travellers. If you could find time to send me word how you all are—yourself, Dr Congreve after his holiday, and Emily, with all her cares about removal—a letter sent to the Poste Restante here would reach me, even if we had left before the next ten days were over. We shall hardly be at Witley before the middle of July: but the sense of neighbourhood to you at Witley is sadly ended now.

We thought too little of the heat, and rather laughed at English people's dread of the sun. But the mode of life at Venice has its peculiar dangers. It is one thing to enjoy heat when leading an active life, getting plenty of exercise in riding or rowing in the evenings; it is another thing to spend all one's days in a gondola—a delicious, dreamy existence,—going from one church to another —from palaces to picture-galleries,—sight-seeing of the most exhaustively interesting kind—traversing constantly the *piccoli rei*, which are nothing more than drains, and with bedroom-windows always open on the great drain of the Grand Canal. The effect of this continual bad air, and the complete and sudden deprivation of all bodily exercise, made me thoroughly ill. As soon as I could be moved we left Venice, on the 23d of June, and

[1] Mr Geddes's death.

went to Innspruck, where we stayed for a week, and in the change to the pure sweet mountain air I soon regained strength.

Letters to Charles L. Lewes, 7th July, from Stuttgart.

I was made very glad by Gertrude's letter, which assured me that Witley had been enjoyed by you and the little ones. We stayed six days at Innspruck, finding it more and more beautiful under the sunshine which had been wanting to it during our first two days. Then we went on to Munich, and yesterday we arrived here, as a temporary resting-place on our way to Wildbad, which, we hope, will put the finishing-touch to J.'s recovery of his usual health.

I wish I had been able to let you know in time that you could have remained a little longer at Witley, as I think we shall hardly be at home before the 20th if we find Wildbad what we want. Your *Mutter* is marvellously well and strong. It seems more natural to her to have anxiety than to be free from it. Let us hope that she will not run down like a jelly-fish, now that her anxiety is over.

13th July, from Wildbad.

I received your welcome letter yesterday morning, and felt inclined to answer it the next minute. J. is quite well again, but is inclined to linger a little in the sweet air of the Schwarzwald, which comes to one on gently-stirred wings, laden with the scent of the pine forests. We mean to drive from here to Baden, which is within easy distance.

Yesterday we sallied forth for a walk over the mountain, to a place where we could rest and lunch, returning in the afternoon. The sky was brilliant. But in half-an-hour the clouds gathered and threatened a storm. We were prudent enough to turn back, and by the time we were in the hotel again, the thunder was rolling and the rain pouring down. This continued till about two o'clock, and then again the sky became clear. I never saw so incalculable a state of weather as we have in this valley. One quarter of an hour the blue sky is only flecked by lightest cirrhus clouds, the next it is almost hidden by dark rain clouds. But we are going to start on our promised expedition this morning, the sunshine flattering us that it is quite confirmed.

I think you had better address your next letter Poste Restante, Strasburg, as I am uncertain how long we shall rest at Baden.

Left Wildbad on the 17th July, and had a delightful drive through the Black Forest by Herrenalb to Baden, and thence by Strasburg, Metz, Luxemburg, and Brussels, arriving at Witley on Monday the 26th of July.

Letter to Madame Bodichon, 1st Aug., from Witley.

We arrived here in all safety last Monday, and if I had not had your welcome little note this morning, I think I should soon have written to you without any such extra stimulus.

Mr Cross had a sharp but brief attack at Venice, due to the unsanitary influences of that wondrous city, in the later weeks of June. We stayed a little too long there, with a continuous sirocco blowing, and bad smells under the windows of the hotel; and these conditions found him a little below par from long-protracted anxiety before our marriage. But ever since we left Venice (on the 23d of June) he has been getting strong again, and we have enjoyed a leisurely journey through Germany in constant warmth and sunshine, save for an occasional thunderstorm. The climate in this beloved country of ours is a sad exchange, and makes one think of a second bad harvest with all its consequences. Still it is a delight to be at home, and enjoy perfect stillness after the noisiness of foreign bells and foreign voices indoors and out. It would be very pretty to pay you a visit next April, if we are all alive, and I think Mr Cross would like it very much. He sends you, hoping you will accept them, his best remembrances, which have been kept up by our often talking about you. I have been amazingly well through all the exertion of our travels, and in the latter half of the time have done a great deal of walking.

Mrs Peter Taylor, 2d Aug.

How sweet of you to write me a little welcome as soon as you knew that I was at home again.

Yes, we are both well now, and *glad* to be at home again, though the change of climate is not of the exhilarating sort. One is so sorry for all the holiday makers, whose best enjoyment of these three days would have been in the clear air and sunshine.

Do not reproach me for not telling you of my marriage beforehand. It is difficult to speak of what surprises ourselves, and the decision was sudden, though not the friendship which led to the decision.

My heart thoroughly responds to your remembrance of our long—our thirty years' relation to each other. Let me tell you this once what I have said to others—that I value you as one of the purest-minded, gentlest-hearted women I have ever known; and where such a feeling exists, friendship can live without much aid from sight.

We shall probably not be in town again till the beginning of November. Our address then will be 4 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where we shall have an outlook on the river and meadows beyond. Just now we have the prospect of

going on family visits to married sisters, which prevents us from feeling quite settled.

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 12th Aug.

I expected your letter, and expected, too, just the sort of letter I have received, telling me everything delightfully. I can follow you everywhere in your journeying except to Ober Wesel. I hope you will have enjoyed St Blasien and some of the walks there consecrated by the beloved Pater's footsteps. We reversed your drive and went to Freiburg, so that I can enter into your enjoyment of the Höllenthal. I am glad that your weather has been temperate. Here we have now had four sunny and really hot days, and this morning promises to be the fifth. That is consolatory as to the harvest, and is very agreeable as to our private life. The last two evenings we have walked in the garden after eight o'clock—the first time by starlight, the second under a vapoury sky, with the red moon setting. The air was perfectly still and warm, and I felt no need of extra clothing.

Our life has had no more important events than calls from neighbours and our calls in return. To-morrow we pay our visit to the Druces, at Sevenoaks, where, you may remember, Mr Druce has built a beautiful house. At the beginning of September we are to visit Mr and Mrs Otter at Ranby, and after that we shall go to Six-Mile Bottom for a day or two. Then our wanderings will be over.

I went to The Priory the other day, and found a treatise on Blood Pressure, by Dr Roy, which he had sent me there, and which he has published as the "George Henry Lewes" student. I imagine that he has come to pursue his studies in England, as he intended to do. Delbœuf's article on the last volume of the "Problems" (in the Belgian 'Athenæum') is very nicely done. He has read the book.

I am pretty well, but find myself more languid than I was when abroad. I think the cause is perhaps the moisture of the climate. There is something langorous in this climate, or rather in its effects. J. gets a little better every day, and so each day is more enjoyable.

Mrs Burne-Jones, 9th Sept.

We have just come home after paying family visits in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, else I should have answered your letter earlier. The former one reached me in Venice, when I was in great trouble on account of Mr Cross's illness. I had had reason to believe that my letters, ordered to be posted on the 5th of May, had not been delivered; so I asked Charles to inquire about the letter I wrote to you—not because it demanded an answer, but because I wished you to know that I had written.

Letter to Mrs Burne-Jones, 9th Sept.

I am so glad to know that you have been enjoying our brief English summer. The good harvest makes the country everywhere cheerful, and we have been in great even districts where the fields, full of sheaves or studded with ricks, stretch wide as a prairie. Now, we hope not to leave this place again till November, when we intend to go to Chelsea for the winter and earliest spring.

I almost envy you the opportunity of seeing Wombwell's Menagerie. I suppose I got more delight out of that itinerant institution when I was nine or ten years old, than I have ever got out of the Zoological Gardens. The smells and the sawdust mingled themselves with my rapture. Everything was good.

It was very dear of you to write to me before you finished your holiday. My love attends you all.

Madame Bodichon, 14th Sept.

Your letter this morning is a welcome assurance about you. We have been away in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, paying visits to the Otters and the Halls. The weather, which is now broken, was glorious through all our wandering, which we made very interesting by pausing to see Ely, Peterborough, and Lincoln Cathedrals. The Otters have a very pretty, happy household. He is a country gentleman now, acting as a magistrate, and glancing towards Parliament. But he keeps up his reading, and is delightful to talk to. Emily looks very pretty in her matronly position, with three little children. The Halls, too, are very pleasant to behold in their home-life. He has done wonders in building nice cottages and schools, and sinking wells where they were wanted, and founding a co-operative store—and, in general, doing whatever opportunity allows towards slowly improving this confused world. We saw (at Six-Mile Bottom) Mr and Mrs Sidgwick. Perhaps you know that they have had, and have, the admirable public spirit to let their house and arrange to live for a year in the new Newnham House, in order to facilitate matters for the double institution.

We are very well. Mr Cross gets stronger and brighter every day. We often mention you, because you are associated with so many of my memories.

Our only bugbear—it is a very little one—is the having to make preliminary arrangements towards settling ourselves in the new house (4 Cheyne Walk). It is a quaint house; and a Mr Armitage of Manchester, of whom you may have heard, has been superintending the decoration and furnishing, but not to the exclusion of old things, which we must carry and stow, especially wallings of

books. I am become so lazy that I shrink from all such practical work.

I have been, and am, suffering under an attack of a comparatively mild sort, but I expect to be well in two or three days, and am just going to drive to Godalming to meet my husband. Hence I write this hurriedly. We should like to see you and Gertrude from Saturday to Monday some week next month, if it would be pleasant to you. Letter to Charles L Lewes, 23d Sept.

This attack was a recurrence of the renal disorder of the previous year. On the 29th September we went for ten days to Brighton, as the most accessible place for a bracing change. The first effects of the sea breezes were encouraging, but the improvement was not maintained. Shortly after our return to Witley, Dr Andrew Clark,[1] "the beloved physician," came down to consult with Mr Parson of Godalming—on 22d October. From that time there was gradual but slow improvement, and, during November, a decided recovery of strength. But an English autumn was not favourable to the invalid. Her sensibility to climatic influences was extreme. It will have been noticed in the preceding letters how constantly change of air and scene was required. I had never seen my wife out of England, previous to our marriage, except the first time at Rome, when she was suffering. My general impression, therefore, had been that her health was always very low, and that she was almost constantly ailing. Moreover, I had been with her very frequently during her long severe illness at Witley in 1879. I was the more surprised, after our marriage, to find that from the day she set her foot on Continental soil, till the day she returned to Witley, she was never ill—never even unwell. She began at once to look many years younger. During the eleven years of our acquaintance I had never seen her so strong in health. The greater dryness and lightness of the atmosphere seemed to have a magical effect. At Paris we spent our mornings at the Louvre or the Luxembourg, looking at pictures or sculpture, or seeing other sights—always fatiguing work. In the afternoons we took long walks in the Bois, and very often went to the theatre in the evening. Reading and writing filled in all the interstices of time: yet there was no consciousness of fatigue. And we had the same experience at all the places we stayed at in Italy. On our way home she was able to take a great deal of walking exercise at Wild-

[1] Now Sir Andrew Clark.

bad and Baden. Decrease of physical strength coincided exactly with the time of our return to the damper climate of England. The specific form of illness did not declare itself until two months later, but her health was never again the same as it had been on the Continent. Towards the middle of October she was obliged to keep her bed, but without restriction as to amount of reading and talking, which she was always able to enjoy, except in moments of acute pain.

During her illness I read aloud, amongst other books, Comte's 'Discours Préliminaire,' translated by Dr Bridges. This volume was one of her especial favourites, and she delighted in making me acquainted with it. For all Comte's writing she had a feeling of high admiration, intense interest, and very deep sympathy. I do not think I ever heard her speak of any writer with a more grateful sense of obligation for enlightenment. Her great debt to him was always thankfully acknowledged. But the appreciation was thoroughly selective, so far as I was able to judge. Parts of his teaching were accepted and other parts rejected. Her attitude towards him, as the founder of a new religion, may be gathered from the references and allusions in the foregoing correspondence, and from the fact that for many years, and up to the time of her death, she subscribed to the Comtist Fund, but never, so far as I am aware, more directly associated herself with the members of the Positivist Church. It was a limited adherence.

We generally began our reading at Witley with some chapters of the Bible, which was a very precious and sacred Book to her, not only from early associations, but also from the profound conviction of its importance in the development of the religious life of man. She particularly enjoyed reading aloud some of the finest chapters of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and St Paul's Epistles. With a naturally rich, deep voice, rendered completely flexible by constant practice; with the keenest perception of the requirements of emphasis; and with the most subtle modulations of tone,—her reading threw a glamour over indifferent writing, and gave to the greatest writing fresh meanings and beauty. The Bible and our elder English poets best suited the organ-like tones of her voice, which required, for their full effect, a certain solemnity and majesty of rhythm. Her reading of Milton was especially fine; and I shall never forget four great

lines of the "Samson Agonistes" to which it did perfect justice—

> "But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,
> And by their vices brought to servitude,
> Than to love bondage more than liberty,—
> Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty."

The delighted conviction of justice in the thought—the sense of perfect accord between thought, language, and rhythm—stimulated the voice of the reader to find the exactly right tone. Such reading requires for its perfection a rare union of intellectual, moral, and physical qualities. It cannot be imitated. It is an art, like singing, a personal possession that dies with the possessor, and leaves nothing behind except a memory. Immediately before her illness we had read, together, the First Part of 'Faust.' Reading the poem in the original with such an interpreter was the opening of a new world to me. Nothing in all literature moved her more than the pathetic situation and the whole character of Gretchen. It touched her more than anything in Shakspeare. During the time that we were reading the 'Faust,' we were also constantly reading together, Shakspeare, Milton, and Wordsworth: some of Scott's novels and Lamb's essays too, in which she greatly delighted. For graver study we read through Professor Sayce's 'Introduction to the Science of Language.' Philology was a subject in which she was most deeply interested; and this was my first experience of what seemed to me a limitless persistency in application. I had noticed the persistency before, whilst looking at pictures, or whilst hearing her play difficult music; for it was characteristic of her nature that she took just as great pains to play her very best to a single unlearned listener, as most performers would do to a room full of critical *cognoscenti*. Professor Sayce's book was the first which we had read together requiring very sustained attention (the 'Divina Commedia' we had read in very short bits at a time), and it revealed to me more clearly the depth of George Eliot's mental concentration. Continuous thought did not fatigue her. She could keep her mind on the stretch hour after hour: the body might give way, but the brain remained unwearied.

Her memory held securely her great stores of reading. Even of light books her recollections were always crisp, definite, and vivid. On our way home from Venice, after

my illness, we were reading French novels of Cherbuliez, Alphonse Daudet, Gustave Droz, George Sand. Most of these books she had read years before, and I was astonished to find what clear-cut, accurate impressions had been retained, not only of all the principal characters, but also of all the subsidiary personages—even their names were generally remembered. But, on the other hand, her verbal memory was not always to be depended on. She never could trust herself to write a quotation without verifying it.

In foreign languages, George Eliot had an experience more unusual amongst women than amongst men. With a complete literary and scholarly knowledge of French, German, Italian, and Spanish, she *spoke* all four languages with difficulty, though accurately and grammatically: but the mimetic power of catching intonation and accent was wanting. Greek and Latin she could read with thorough delight to herself; and Hebrew was a favourite study to the end of her life. In her younger days, especially at Geneva, inspired by Professor de la Rive's lectures, she had been greatly interested in mathematical studies. At one time she applied herself heartily and with keen enjoyment to geometry, and she thought that she might have attained to some excellence in that branch if she had been able to pursue it. In later days the map of the heavens lay constantly on her table at Witley, and she longed for deeper astronomical knowledge. She had a passion for the stars; and one of the things to which we looked forward, on returning to London, was a possible visit to Greenwich Observatory, as she had never looked through a great telescope of the first class. Her knowledge of wild flowers gave a fresh interest each day to our walks in the Surrey lanes, as every hedgerow is full of wonders—to "those who know": but she would, I think, have disclaimed for herself real botanical knowledge, except of an elementary sort.

This wide and varied culture was accompanied with an unaffected distrust of her own knowledge,—with the sense of how little she really knew, compared with what it was possible for her to have known, in the world. Her standard was always abnormally high—it was the standard of an expert; and she believed in the aphorism that to know any subject well, we must know the details of it.

During our short married life, our time was so much

divided between travelling and illness that my wife wrote very little, so that I have but slight personal experience of how the creative effort affected her. But she told me that, in all that she considered her best writing, there was a "not herself" which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which this spirit, as it were, was acting. Particularly she dwelt on this in regard to the scene in 'Middlemarch' between Dorothea and Rosamond, saying that, although she always knew they had, sooner or later, to come together, she kept the idea resolutely out of her mind until Dorothea was in Rosamond's drawing-room. Then, abandoning herself to the inspiration of the moment, she wrote the whole scene exactly as it stands, without alteration or erasure, in an intense state of excitement and agitation, feeling herself entirely possessed by the feelings of the two women. Of all the characters she had attempted, she found Rosamond's the most difficult to sustain. With this sense of "possession," it is easy to imagine what the cost to the author must have been of writing books, each of which has its tragedy. We have seen the suffering alluded to in the letters on the 'Mill on the Floss,' 'Felix Holt,' and 'Romola.'

For those who would know the length and the breadth of George Eliot's intellectual capacity, she has written her books. Here I am only putting down some of my own personal impressions or recollections, which must be taken for what they are worth. In doing this, I should like to dwell on the catholicity of her judgment. Singularly free from the spirit of detraction, either in respect of her contemporaries or her predecessors, she was always anxious to see the best and the most noble qualities of human beings or of books, in cases where she felt some general sympathy notwithstanding particular disagreements. And it was this wide sympathy, this understanding of so many points of view, that gained for her the passionate devotion not only of personal friends, but also of literary admirers from the most widely sundered sections of society. Probably few people have ever received so many intimate confidences from confidants of such diverse habits of thought.

This many-sidedness, however, makes it exceedingly difficult to ascertain, either from her books or from the closest personal intimacy, what her exact relation was to any existing religious creed or to any political party.

Yet George Eliot's was emphatically a religious mind. My own impression is that her whole soul was so imbued with, and her imagination was so fired by, the scientific spirit of the age—by the constant rapid development of ideas in the Western world—that she could not conceive that there was, as yet, any religious formula sufficient nor any known political system likely to be final. She had great hope, for the future, in the improvement of human nature by the gradual development of the affections and the sympathetic emotions, and "by the slow stupendous teaching of the world's events"—rather than by means of legislative enactments. Party measures and party men afforded her no great interest. Representative government, by numerical majorities, did not appeal to her as the last word of political wisdom. Generally speaking, she had little patience with talk about practical politics, which seemed to her under our present system to be too often very unpractically handled by ignorant amateurs. The amateur was always a "stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence." Her wrath used often to be roused, in late years, by the increased bitterness in the language of parties, and by the growing habit of attributing, for political effect, the most shameful motives to distinguished statesmen.

She was keenly anxious to redress injustices to women, and to raise their general status in the community. This, she thought, could best be effected by women improving their work—ceasing to be amateurs. But it was one of the most distinctly marked traits in her character, that she particularly disliked everything generally associated with the idea of a "masculine woman." She was, and as a woman she wished to be, above all things feminine—"so delicate with her needle, and an admirable musician." She was proud, too, of being an excellent housekeeper—an excellence attained from knowing how things ought to be done, from her early training, and from an inborn habit of extreme orderliness. Nothing offended her more than the idea that because a woman had exceptional intellectual powers, therefore it was right that she should absolve herself, or be absolved, from her ordinary household duties.

It will have been seen from the letters that George Eliot was deeply interested in the higher education of women, and that she was amongst the earliest contributors to Girton College. After meeting Mr and Mrs

Henry Sidgwick, in September 1880, when they had gone to reside at the new hall of Newnham College for a time, she was anxious to be associated in that work also, but she did not live to carry out the plan herself. The danger she was alive to in the system of collegiate education, was the possible weakening of the bonds of family affection and family duties. In her view, the family life holds the roots of all that is best in our mortal lot; and she always felt that it is far too ruthlessly sacrificed in the case of English *men* by their public school and university education, and that much more is such a result to be deprecated in the case of women. But, the absolute good being unattainable in our mixed condition of things, those women especially who are obliged to earn their own living, must do their best with the opportunities at their command, as "they cannot live with posterity," when a more perfect system may prevail. Therefore George Eliot wished God-speed to the women's colleges. It was often in her mind and on her lips that the only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is, that human beings should love one another better. Culture merely for culture's sake can never be anything but a sapless root, capable of producing at best a shrivelled branch.

In her general attitude towards life, George Eliot was neither optimist nor pessimist. She held to the middle term, which she invented for herself, of "meliorist." She was cheered by the hope and by the belief in gradual improvement of the mass; for in her view each individual must find the better part of happiness in helping another. She often thought it wisest not to raise too ambitious an ideal, especially for young people, but to impress on ordinary natures the immense possibilities of making a small home circle brighter and better. Few are born to do the great work of the world, but all are born to this. And to the natures capable of the larger effort, the field of usefulness will constantly widen.

In her personal bearing George Eliot was seldom moved by the hurry which mars all dignity in action. Her commanding brows and deep penetrating eyes were seconded by the sweet, restrained, impressive speech, which claimed something like an awed attention from strangers. But to those very near to her there was another side of her nature, scarcely suspected by outside friends and acquaintances. No one could be more cap-

able of enjoying and of communicating genuine, loving, hearty, uncontrollable laughter. It was a deep-seated wish, expressed in the poem of "Agatha"—"I would have young things merry." And I remember, many years ago, at the time of our first acquaintance, how deeply it pained her when, in reply to a direct question, I was obliged to admit that, with all my admiration for her books, I found them, on the whole, profoundly sad. But sadness was certainly not the note of her intimate converse. For she had the distinctively feminine qualities which lend a rhythm to the movement of life. The quick sympathy that understands without words; the capacity for creating a pervading atmosphere of loving interest; the detachment from outside influences; the delight in everything worthy—even the smallest thing—for its own sake; the readiness to receive as well as to give impressions; the disciplined mental habit which can hold in check and conquer the natural egoism of a massive, powerful personality; the versatility of mind; the varied accomplishments;—these are characteristics to be found more highly developed amongst gifted women than amongst gifted men. Add to these the crowning gift of genius, and, in such companionship, we may possess the world without belonging to it.

The November days had come now—cold and clear. My wife was able again to enjoy the daily drives and walks, on which she was very dependent for health. The letters continue.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 3d Nov.

Since I wrote to you I have been much more ill, and have only, during the last few days, begun to feel myself recovering strength. But I have been cared for with something much better than angelic tenderness. The fine clear air, if it lasts, will induce us to linger in the country; and indeed I am not yet quite fit to move; for though I appear to be quite cured of my main ailment, half my bodily self has vanished. We are having deliciously clear days here, and I get out for short drives and walks. I really have nothing to complain of now except a little lack of strength. I play on the piano again, and walk with perfect ease. There is a long chapter about myself!

Madame Bodichon, 7th Nov.

Three weeks ago I had a rather troublesome attack, but I am getting well now, though still reduced and comparatively weak. We shall probably linger here till near the end of the month, for the autumnal landscape is very beautiful, and I am not yet quite fit for the exertion of moving. It is a

comfort to think that you can be very snug through the winter in your nice house. What a pity we are not within an easy driving distance from you! Letter to Madame Bodichon, 7th Nov.

Mr Hall is here to-day. He gave a lecture on Leclaire, the house-painter in Paris who initiated an excellent plan of co-operative sharing for his workmen. It has been printed, and when I have another copy I will send it you. Leclaire is mentioned by John S. Mill in the notes to his 'Political Economy,' but had not been otherwise taken much notice of. Still you may know all about him.

I thank you with great feeling for sending me an account of my revered Maman's peaceful falling asleep. Blessed are the dead, who rest from the struggles of this difficult life. The pitiable are those who survive in loneliness; and I feel sorrowfully that, notwithstanding the numerous friends whose respectful regard you have won, your loneliness will press on you with a weight proportioned to the devoted care which has for years sanctified your life, and made you cherish it in order that you might bless another life to its close. That Maman should have retained full possession of her sweet mind through all her increasing weakness, will always give perfection to your remembrance of her. There will be nothing to blot out from the sacred record. M. D'Albert, 15th Nov.

I trust that your health will continue to bear up, and that you will be able to relieve the weary days by some gentle activity such as you have been accustomed to.

I have been rather ill lately, but am getting well again.

Thanks for your loving remembrance of me. We have been kept in the country by two sufficient causes: I have been ill, and the house at Cheyne Walk has not been ready to receive us. I suppose we shall not be there till the end of the month instead of the beginning. One of the good things I look forward to is the sight of your dear face again. You will see little more than half of me, for nearly half has been consumed. But I have been nursed with supreme tenderness, and am daily gaining some strength. Much love to both. Mrs Burne-Jones, 18th Nov.

We are lingering here for three reasons — the beauty of the weather, the unreadiness of the house, and my unfitness to bear the hurry of moving. I am getting better, but have not yet been able to bear much exertion. Charles L. Lewes, 23d Nov.

Thanks for your pretty letter. I do not think I shall have many returns of Novembers, but there is every prospect that such as remain to me will be as happy as they can be made by the devoted tenderness which watches over

Letter to Charles L. Lewes, 23d Nov.

me. Your years will probably be many, and it is cheering to me to think that you have many springs of happiness in your lot that are likely to grow fuller with advancing time.

Mrs Bray, 28th Nov.

I have thought of you all the more because I have not even heard anything of you for several months. You will wonder less why I have not written, as a consequence of those thoughts, when I tell you that I have been ill, and not allowed to do anything but indulge myself and receive indulgence. I am very well now, and am every day consciously gathering strength, so that if I could like giving trouble, I should look back on my illness as a great opportunity of enjoying the tenderest watching and nursing. I kept my bed only about a week, and have always been equal, except at short intervals, to much reading and talking, so that there is no fair cause for any grumbling on my part. It has not been so bad an illness as that of last summer. You see we are not yet at Cheyne Walk, but we are to be settled there by the end of next week. I have had no trouble, but have remained here on my cushions while Mr Cross has gone early for several mornings running, to superintend the removal. It is difficult to give you materials for imagining my "world." Think of me as surrounded and cherished by family love — by brothers and sisters whose characters are admirable to me, and who have for years been my friends. But there is no excessive visiting among us, and the life of my own hearth is chiefly that of dual companionship. If it is any good for me that my life has been prolonged till now, I believe it is owing to this miraculous affection which has chosen to watch over me.

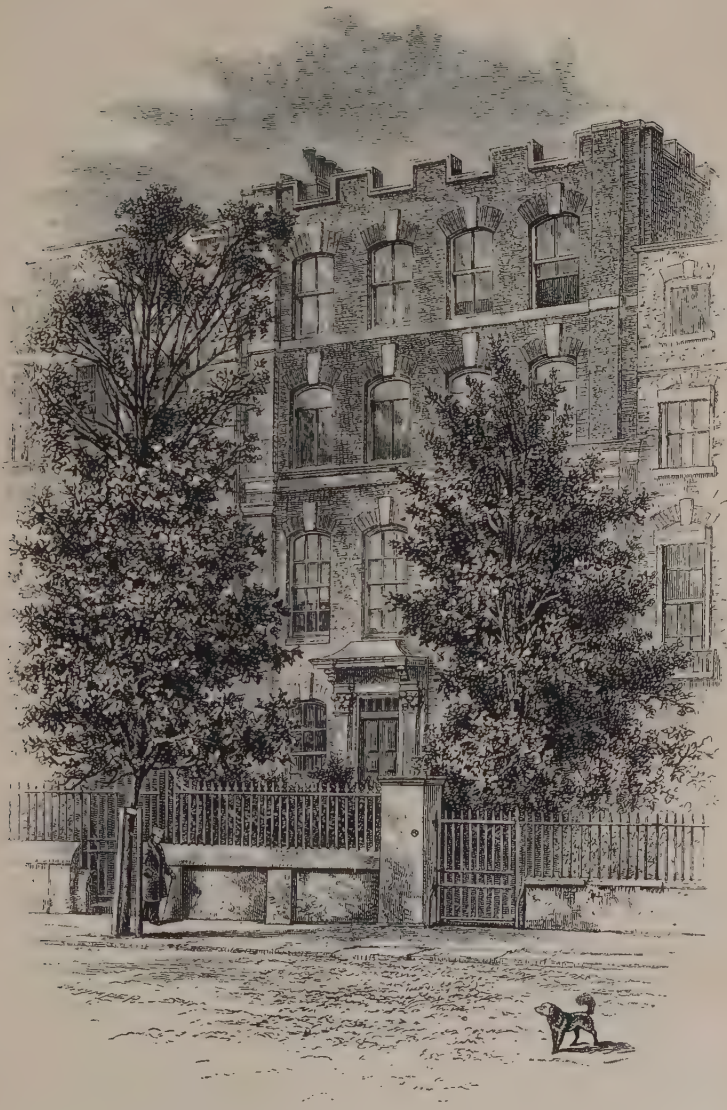
Journal.

Dec. 3.—Came to 4 Cheyne Walk.

Dec. 4.—Went to Popular Concert at St James's Hall. Heard Madame Neruda, Piatti, and Miss Zimmermann.

Letter to Mrs Congreve, 6th Dec., from Cheyne Walk.

Only on Friday evening did we get into this new house, and I had deferred writing to you till I could say, "Come and see me." I can say so now, but on reflection I have come to the conclusion that you would like yourself to fix a time beforehand, the journey here being rather long. Perhaps you will like to choose a day on which you could go to Emily also, her house being less formidably distant—across the Park and down Sloane Street would be an easy way to us. This week we shall be much engaged in household matters, such as the reduction to order of the chaos which still reigns in certain places least obvious to visitors, and the



No. 4, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea.

procuring of small objects, either necessary or desirable. But after this week I shall be most glad if you and Dr Congreve will come to see us just *as* and *when* you would find the least inconvenience in doing so—either at lunch-time (half-past one) or at a later hour. Letter to Mrs Congreve, 6th Dec., from Cheyne Walk.

I find myself in a new climate here—the London air and this particular house being so warm compared with Witley. I hope that you too find the air mild, for I know that suits you best.

Dr and Mrs Congreve paid their promised visit the week after this letter was written; and Madame Belloc lunched with us the following day. Order was beginning to reign in the new house. The books had all been arranged as nearly as possible in the same order that they had occupied at The Priory, Mr Radermacher of the Pantechnicon having given his personal attention to this arrangement of some thousands of volumes, for which George Eliot was particularly grateful. Notwithstanding all this care, however, there were many unforeseen details of furnishing still to be completed, which caused a considerable expenditure of time. We continued reading aloud Max Müller's 'Lectures on the Science of Language,' and Duffield's translation of 'Don Quixote': we were also reading 'Hermann and Dorothea,' Tennyson's last volume of poems, just published, and Mr Frederic Myers's volume on Wordsworth. In the evenings we had always a little feast of music, and were becoming in every way reconciled to town life, notwithstanding the loss of country quiet, light, and beauty. On the afternoon of Friday the 17th December we went to see the "Agamemnon" performed in Greek by Oxford undergraduates. The representation was a great enjoyment—an exciting stimulus—and my wife proposed that during the winter we should read together some of the great Greek dramas. The following afternoon we went to the Saturday Popular Concert at St James's Hall. It was a cold day. The air in the hall was overheated, and George Eliot allowed a fur cloak which she wore to slip from her shoulders. I was conscious of a draught, and was afraid of it for her, as she was very sensitive to cold. I begged her to resume the cloak, but, smiling, she whispered that the room was really too hot. In the evening she played through several of the pieces that we had heard at the concert, with all her accustomed enjoyment of the piano, and with a touch as true

and as delicate as ever. On Sunday there was very slight trouble in the throat, but not sufficient to prevent her from coming down-stairs to breakfast as usual. In the afternoon she was well enough to receive visits from Mr Herbert Spencer and one or two other friends. Afterwards she began the following letter to Mrs Strachey. It was left unfinished in her writing-case, and is printed as it stands.

Letter to Mrs Strachey, 19th Dec.

I have been thinking so much of Lady Colvile, and yet I shrank from troubling even your more indirect sympathetic sorrow with a letter. I am wondering how far her health is in a state to endure this loss—a loss which extends even to me, who only occasionally saw, but was always cheered by, the expression of a wise and sweet nature, which clearly shone in Sir James Colvile's manner and conversation. One great comfort I believe she has — that of a sister's affection.

Here the letter is broken off. The pen which had carried delight and comfort to so many minds and hearts, here made its last mark. The spring, which had broadened out into so wide a river of speech, ceased to flow.

Little more remains to be told. On Monday the doctor treated the case as one of laryngeal sore throat; and when Dr Andrew Clark came for consultation on Wednesday evening, the pericardium was found to be seriously affected. Whilst the doctors were at her bedside, she had just time to whisper to me, "Tell them I have great pain in the left side," before she became unconscious. Her long illness in the autumn had left her no power to rally. She passed away, about ten o'clock at night, on the 22d December 1880.

She died, as she would herself have chosen to die, without protracted pain, and with every faculty brightly vigorous.

Her body rests in Highgate Cemetery, in the grave next to Mr Lewes. In sleet and snow, on a bitter day —the 29th December—very many whom she knew—very many whom she did not know — pressed to her grave-side with tributes of tears and flowers.

Her spirit joined that choir invisible "whose music is the gladness of the world."

The loss is too recent—and in any case it would be inappropriate for me — to say anything here of the massive influence George Eliot exerted on the minds and

on the hearts of her contemporaries. That influence is still present with us.

The place that may belong to her in the minds and in the hearts of future generations will be finally adjudged on the merits of her works. We who write and we who read to-day will never know that final verdict, but I think that those of us who loved her may trust to it with confidence.

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